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BILL O'REILLY INTERVIEW

WHY WE LOVE PANTIES

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ESPN FITNESS QUEEN
KIANA TOM
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BASEBALL PREVIEW 2002

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Playbill

WELCOME TO the wide world of cable—our reception has never been better. Coaxial cover girl **Kiana Tom** (smile by God, body by Rodin) joins us from *Kiana's Flex Appeal* on ESPN2. We'd spot for her in an accelerated heartbeat. Inside, she leaves her spandex behind in a Tom-terrific pictorial by Contributing Photographer **Arny Freytag.** Be careful that you don't pull a muscle. Freytag doubles his ratings with a spread on the girls of *Road Rules* and *The Real World*. Call it MTV Unclothed. From hard bodies to hard news: For six years **Bill O'Reilly** hosted *Inside Edition* and nobody cared. Then came *The O'Reilly Factor* on Fox News—now the highest-rated news show on cable—and all hell broke loose. George Clooney called O'Reilly a liar for his report on the September 11 charity telethon; O'Reilly called Clooney a weasel. **David Sheff** finds O'Reilly combative as ever in a raucous *Playboy Interview*. O'Reilly says Bill Clinton and John Ashcroft owe him answers on the Marc Rich pardon, and that people should shut up about sex.

With tactical successes in the Gulf war and Afghanistan, the U.S. military is the premiere fighting force on the planet. It is also one of the most progressive institutions in the country when it comes to race. *Black Valor*, an article by **Gail Buckley** based on her acclaimed book *American Patriots* (Random House), is a celebration of the often-ignored battlefield heroes of the 20th century—the men who helped make the military what it is today. The artwork is by **Phil Hale.**

This issue is full of big bats. Despite the off-season efforts of baseball owners and Bud Selig to wipe out memories of a great World Series, major league baseball is primed to pitch its way back into our frenzied hearts. *Baseball 2002* by Assistant Managing Editor **Leopold Froehlich** and staffer **George Hodak** will put you ahead of the count. With statistical support by Stats, Inc. and a talk with preeminent numbers man **Bill James,** we have everything on moves by the Yanks, Mets, Braves and Diamondbacks. **Roberto Parada** did the artwork. Control, and the lack of it, is at the center of our small-ball short story this month, *Almost Perfect* by **Lawrence Block** (illustrated by **Malcolm Tarlofsky**). Wild young southpaw Tommy Willis has a perfecto going into the eighth inning when the all-star operator who is slamming his wife steps into the box. That's when Willis brings on the heat. Want to confusticate your pals and fleece their wallets playing poker? It's not in the cards, friend. It's all in the tells. So says **Mike Caro,** dean of Mike Caro University, in *The Art of the Tell*.

Is there anything **Milla Jovovich**—singer, model, actress, hellcat, hard-ass—can't do? You'd have to ask her boyfriends to be sure, but based on her roles in *The Fifth Element*, *Dazed and Confused* and the video game turned movie *Resident Evil*, we say no. Read her answers to *20 Questions* by **Robert Crane** and take notes. Women are such mysteries: They can be inscrutable right up until the moment you get a glimpse of their panties. How they choose to adorn heaven's gate says more about their personality than their personality. **Lisa Carver** parts the curtains at various stores in *The Search for Perfect Panties* and gives us a luscious peek at her inner hetaera. For your next assault up the rolling slopes of mons veneris, make sure you're looking good. *Trend Spotting* by **Joseph De Acetis** cuts through the clutter of today's clothing options. Hint: Buy a striped shirt now. There's more. *The Liars Hall of Fame* separates the spin doctors from the bullshitters, and *Beach It!* is your guide to summer fun. Then cool down with a Shake—**Christi Shake,** our Playmate of the Month. One glance and you'll be all frapped up.

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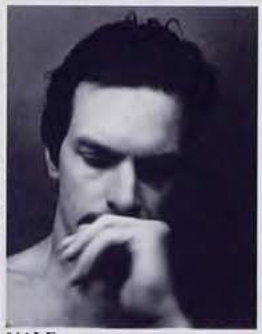
BUCKLEY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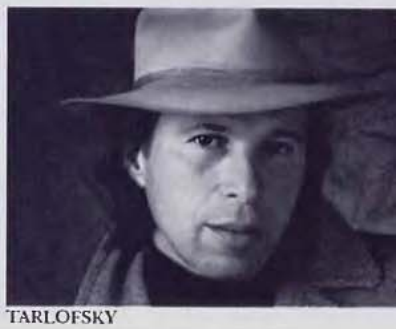
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cover story

Fitness diva Kiana Tom has Flex Appeal. Her show became ESPN2's highest rated soon after it began. Her interests include a new husband and their dogs, Flex and Crunch. She appeared in *Universal Soldier: The Return* opposite Jean-Claude Van Damme, and sees herself in the director's chair one day. We see her in our fantasies. Our Rabbit gets buff.

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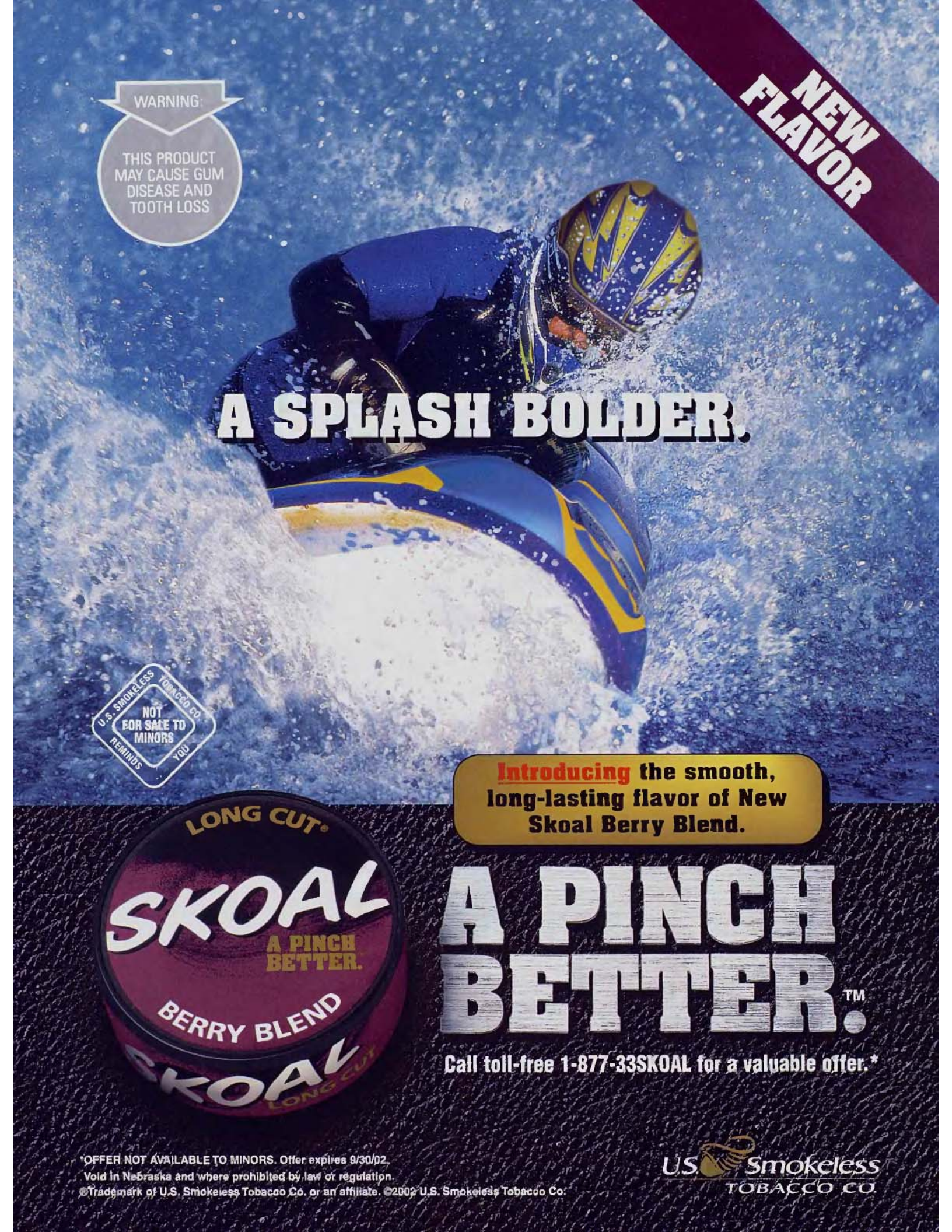
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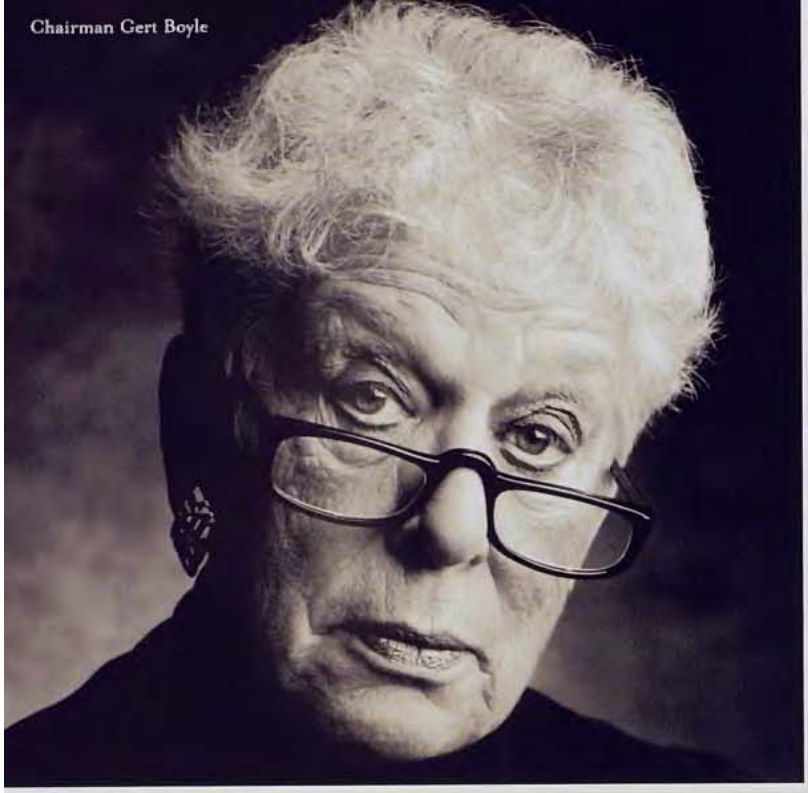

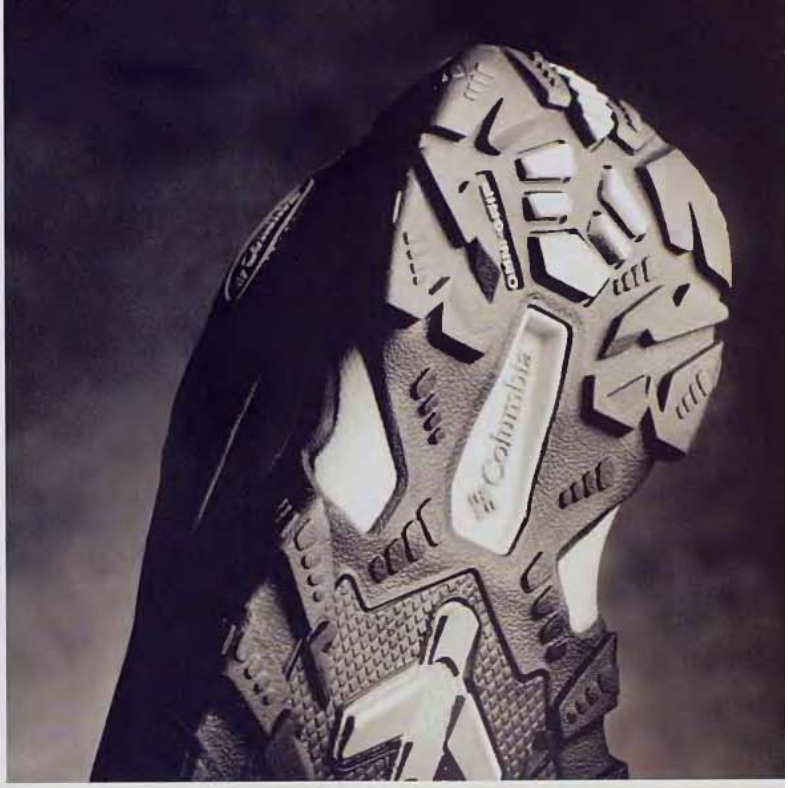

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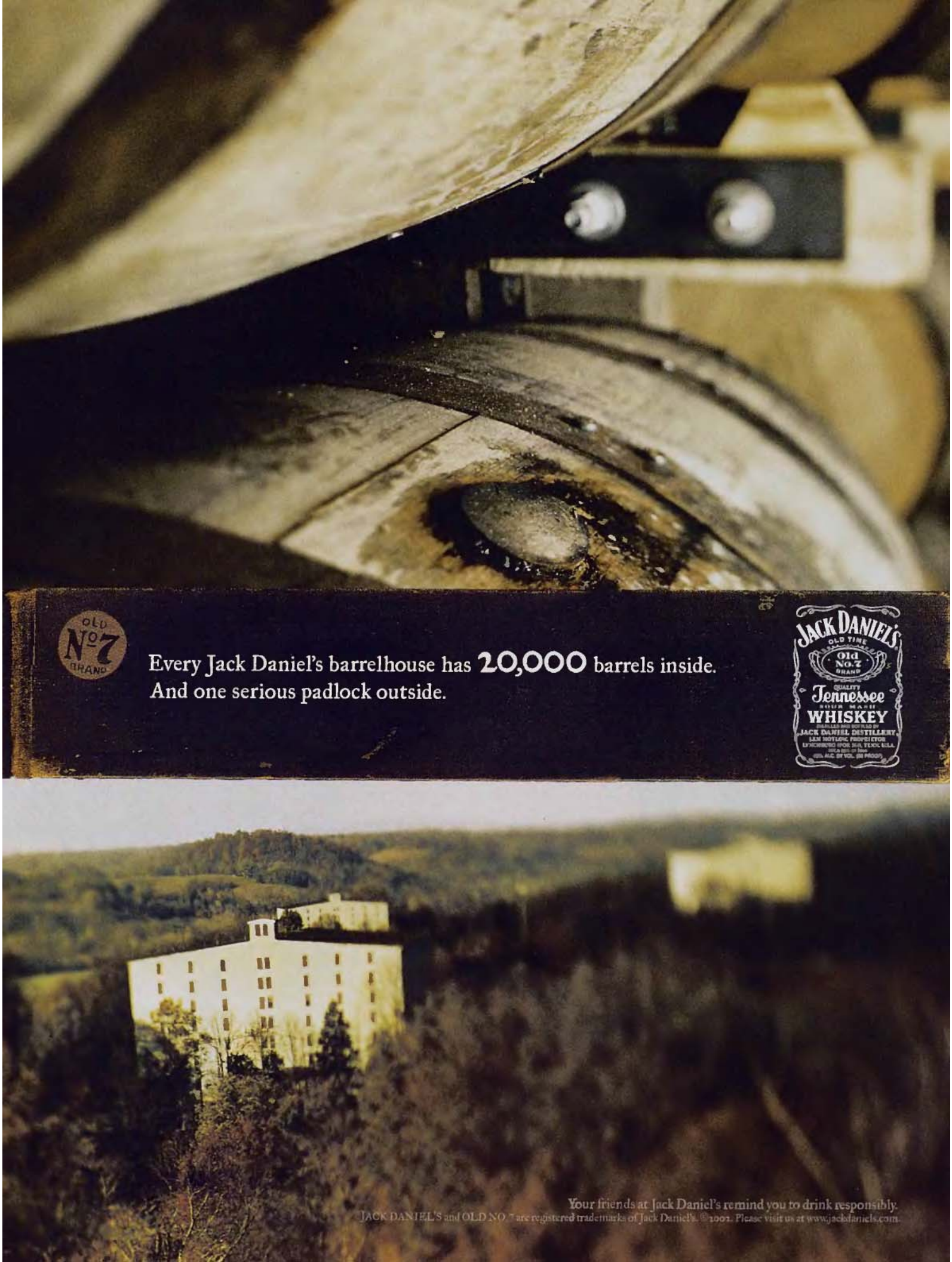
Every day is Christmas for Hef, but when the holidays roll around, the Mansion is transformed into a wonderland of parties and mistletoe. (1) Hef's girls dressed in red lingerie for Christmas Eve. (2) Brande Roderick and her Playmate pals bake cookies for charity. (3) Hef takes his turn on Santa's lap. (4) Christi, Tina and Michelle sharing Yuletide punch. (5) Hef with the Dahms at the Mansion's New Year's Eve bash. (6) Martin Landau and Gary Busey ring in 2002. (7) Gene Simmons and Shannon Tweed. (8) Marilyn Manson and Dita Von Teese. (9) Hef dancing the night away with his posse. (10) Robert Forster, Ron Jeremy and Kato Kaelin go black tie. (11) Joanie Laurer with friends. (12) A partygoer makes a nude year's resolution. (13) Hef with *Buffy*'s Alyson Hannigan. (14) Krissy Cline passing out Jell-O shots. (15) Painted ladies dancing to Ravi Jakhotia's beat. (16) Champ Sugar Shane Mosley and his wife, Jin, before his upset.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DEDEE DOES IT

Move over, Michelle (*Pfabulously Pfeiffer*, February). There's a younger Pfeiffer who's stealing the screen.

Joshua Wolf
Arcata, California

I've loved PLAYBOY for ages, and after sneaking a peek at my boyfriend's February issue, I must say that Dedee's pictorial is the hottest I've seen. The shot of her with a cigarette dangling casually between her fingers is edgy and sexy.

Jane Ayer
Westhampton, New York

This Pfabulous Pfeiffer freed me from my February funk.

Matt Higgins
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Dedee is the highlight of the WB's *For Your Love*—and that's saying a lot with Holly Robinson Peete as her co-star. Pfeiffer's smoking photo shoot has officially placed a PLAYBOY subscription renewal at the top of my to-do list.

Joe Wolfe
Chicago, Illinois

Sister act.

COMPUTER CHICKS

I am counting the days until Cyber Girl Stephenie Flickinger (*Playboy's Cyber Girls*, February) becomes a Centerfold. I wasn't a Cyber Club member, but I will be soon.

Jonathon Barber
Sulphur, Louisiana

Help! I need oxygen. Tailor James is breathtaking, the most beautiful woman I've ever seen.

Jack Graves
Turlock, California

Tailor James is the most amazing Cyber Girl in a pictorial full of beautiful women.

Brad Campbell
Wichita, Kansas

ROCK AROUND THE CLOCK

A.J. Benza's *The Four A.M. Girl* (February) is right on the button. I'm sure that there are many other PLAYBOY readers who can identify. I laughed out loud at how close the story line was to my own experiences.

Matt Thompson
Fort Collins, Colorado

BEDFELLOWS

Your HowGoodInBed.com item (*Living Online*, February) explains why a tall guy like me (6'7") is often attracted to short, talkative women with long hair. It's because I instinctively know that they will be good in bed. Thanks for the information.

Christian Carlson
Huntsville, Texas

CASH-AND-CARRY

In February's "Loose Lips" (*Playmate News*), Miriam Gonzalez says it would be

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heaven to have someone carry her boobs around and that she'd be willing to pay for the service. Let me be the first to volunteer for that wonderful job.

Carlos Gil Sr.
Austin, Texas

In response to Miriam's request: I'll do it for free.

Rene Blansette
Louisville, Kentucky

HUME TO HART

How refreshing that your last two interviews have featured intelligent and insightful subjects—Brit Hume (January) and Gary Hart (February)—who have done more in their careers than make bad movies.

Jeff Bailey
Sacramento, California

Thanks to PLAYBOY and Craig Vetter for the interview with my dad. People always say to me that he could have been one of our great leaders, and I always respond by saying he is.

John Warren Hart
Manhattan Beach, California

UKRAINIAN BEAUTY

I've been happily married for 35 years and have never been unfaithful to my wife, but when I saw Anka Romensky's

Russian minx.

pictorial (*Frost Free Anka*, February), I had second thoughts.

Louis Rodriguez
San Jose, California

Anka Romensky mentions that her parents emigrated to the U.S. to make a better life for her. They've made my life better, too.

Robert O'Sullivan
Deer Park, Texas

HEF SPOTTING

I was at Disneyland last June with my family, and on the way out I noticed a group of hot women walking behind me. I strained my neck to look at them and heard someone mentioning the Mansion and Hef. I turned around and there was Hugh Hefner. I asked if he'd take a picture with me, and he said, "You bet." He put his arm around me, and the girls all fell in line. He couldn't have been nicer.

Scott Jones
Valparaiso, Nebraska

I had the privilege of meeting Mr. Hefner and some of his girlfriends recently. I was honored that he allowed me to sketch a caricature of him and the girls. Thank you for all the wonderful art in PLAYBOY.

James Malia
Santa Barbara, California

I would like to thank Hef for all his support through Operation Playmate and want to make him an honorary member of our battalion. Along with two sets of 101st Airborne Division shoulder patches and Air Assault wings, my battalion commander has donated a coin as a token of his appreciation. There's an old military tradition of coin checking. If someone asks to check and you have it, he owes you a drink. If you don't, you owe him one. I'll always buy Hef a round in appreciation for all he's done for our country's servicemen.

Greg Ford
Captain, U.S. Army
First Battalion
187th Infantry Intelligence Officer

SHE'S ALL WRIGHT

I was happy to see that country music star Chely Wright made it into *Grapevine* (February)—even though she wasn't in your music poll. Please bring her back for a *Playboy Interview*.

Quincy Adams
Flint, Michigan

Thank you for the photo of the gorgeous Chely Wright. After all, Dolly Parton, Crystal Gayle and other country greats have been in PLAYBOY. Why not a future country legend?

George Stanley
Las Vegas, Nevada

THE FROGMAN SPEAKETH

Thanks for the great article by Mick Haven (*Stealth Force*, February). In the tradition of Ernest Hemingway, Haven knows how to live and he knows how to write. I hope he'll make more PLAYBOY appearances.

Gerry Locklin
Long Beach, California

Stealth Force dealt with the Special Operations people without all the bravado and braggadocio that usually accompany such stories. Yes, it's true that they train hard. And, yes, there's a need for esprit de corps, but some writers simply fail to communicate the human element. I especially appreciated Mick Ha-

The wrong side of Reich.

ven's approach; it was perfect because he didn't forget that.

Will Graham
Boston, Massachusetts

I never knew how much training our Special Forces have to endure. They deserve our gratitude and recognition for doing a fantastic job. Thanks for the article. I may cancel my *Vogue* subscription and start one with you.

Elayne Tabraue
Long Beach, California

CYBERSPACE TERRORISTS

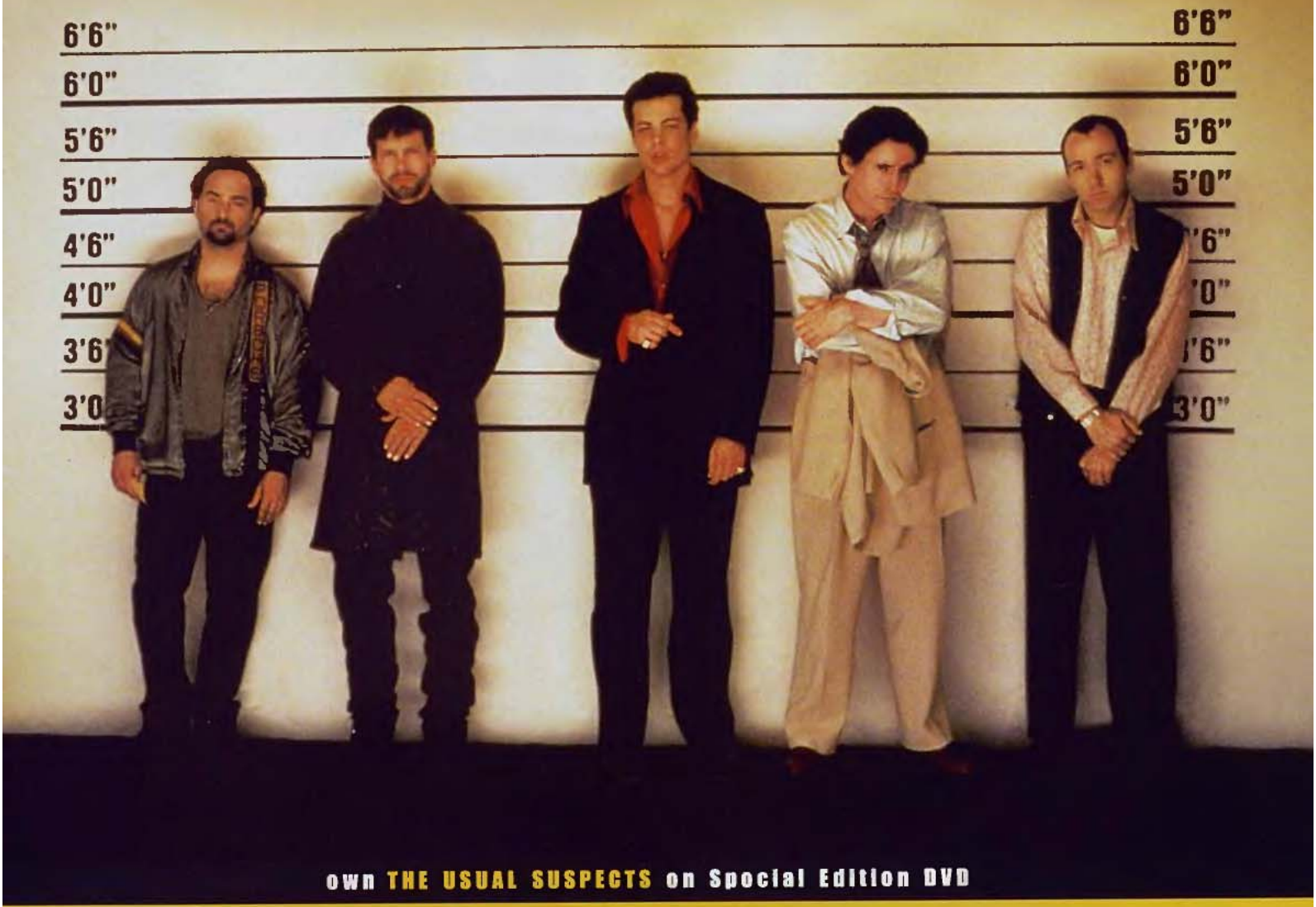
Virtual Reich (February) is both enlightening and unnerving. Michael Reynolds brings together the threads of neofascism in a way that was not previously evident to me. The connection between the disparate strands of international extremism illustrates a problem that must be dealt with, even at the risk of further peril.

Dan Miller
Brighton, Massachusetts

I don't deny that some anarchists are violent neo-Nazis, but most aren't. Reynolds tries to make a connection between Nazi racism and Green leftist politics. With the recent passage of the Patriot Act, good people who are working to make the U.S. better will be targeted. Don't point the finger at compassionate activists; point it at corporate America, which perpetuates inequality.

Tina Phillips
Union City, California

FIVE SUSPECTS.
FIFTY PLOT TWISTS.
ONE KEYSER SOZE.



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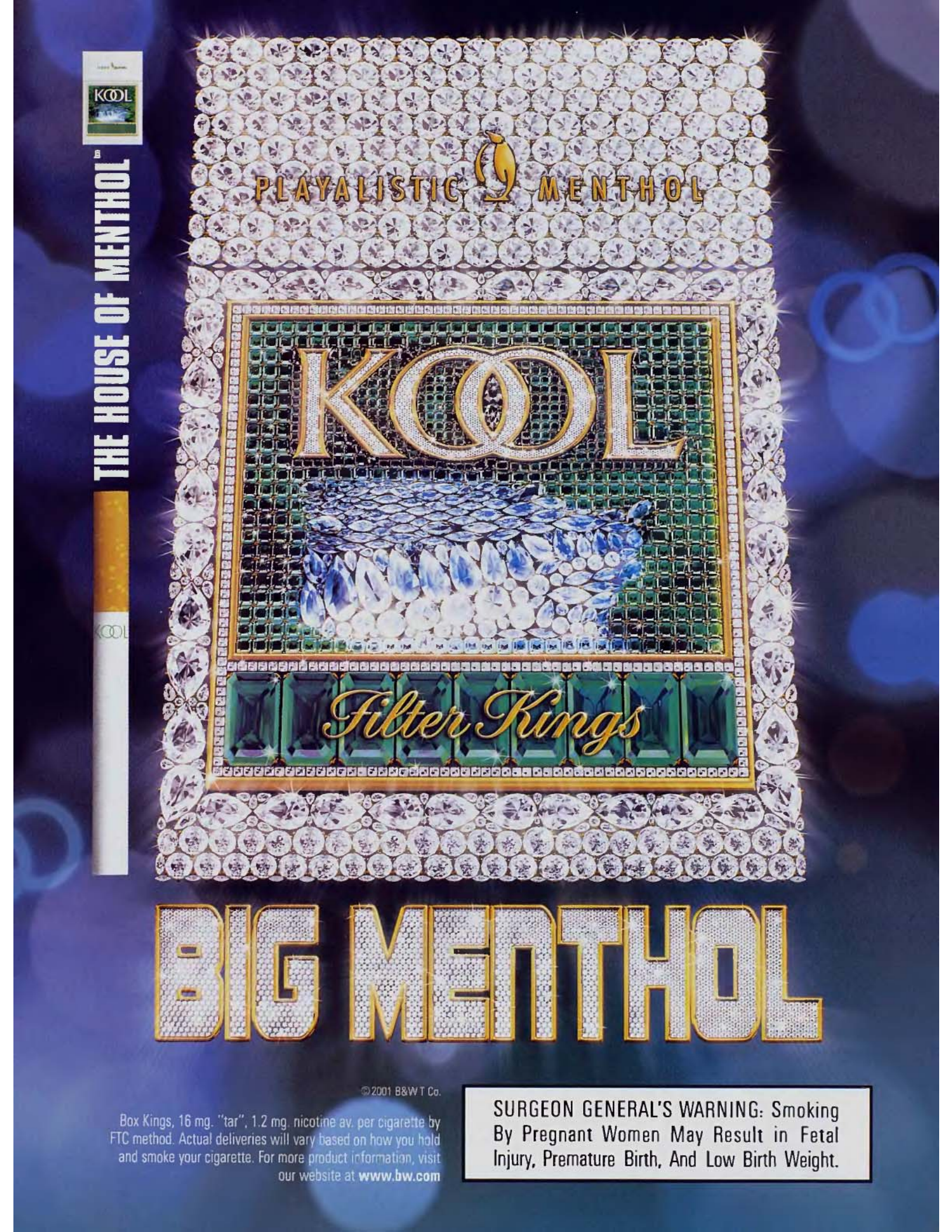

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PLAYBOY after hours

A GUY'S GUIDE TO WHAT'S HIP AND WHAT'S HAPPENING

NOT NECESSARILY GOOD ADVICE

Never get a girl pregnant before you turn 24. (Make that 44.)

Never ruin a good thing by asking too many questions.

Girls who want a drawer want land. Eventually a lawn, too.

Girls with long thin fingers like guys with short fat ones. To prove it, they wear bright red nail polish.

"I think no ego and a sense of humor are important. And a big dick." —Nikka Costa

Girls who wear their glasses to bed know exactly what you have in mind. And they're not buying it.

Girls with tattoos are promiscuous. So are nervous girls.

You already know about girls who smoke.

It's better to have a good lawyer than a good accountant.

When the whites of her eyes are visible above and below her iris, beware. She isn't startled, she's crazy.

In the grand scheme of things, first wives don't count.

Big tits are less sensitive. Have fun.

Never say you like a wine when you don't. It just makes you look stupid.

GLITTER GULCH

As if to remind us of the riches that lie just beneath their jeans, girls who love squeezing into low-riders enhance their look with rhinestone-encrusted Peepshow thongs. The panties help a woman avoid sporting plumber's crack and give her a gem of an ass, too. If you're a guy who likes spelunking for sparklers, your best bet is to head to Los Angeles, where Heather Graham and Eliza Dushku pick them up at Blonde and Fred Segal Feeling.

The shape of a girl's nose is not only indicative of her nipple type, but of her clitoris as well.

Girls with dark hair and blue eyes get anything they want.

Blue-eyed blondes are overrated.

Girls with blonde hair and brown eyebrows have a big problem.

Girls who are gregarious in the office are always promiscuous when they are outside of it.

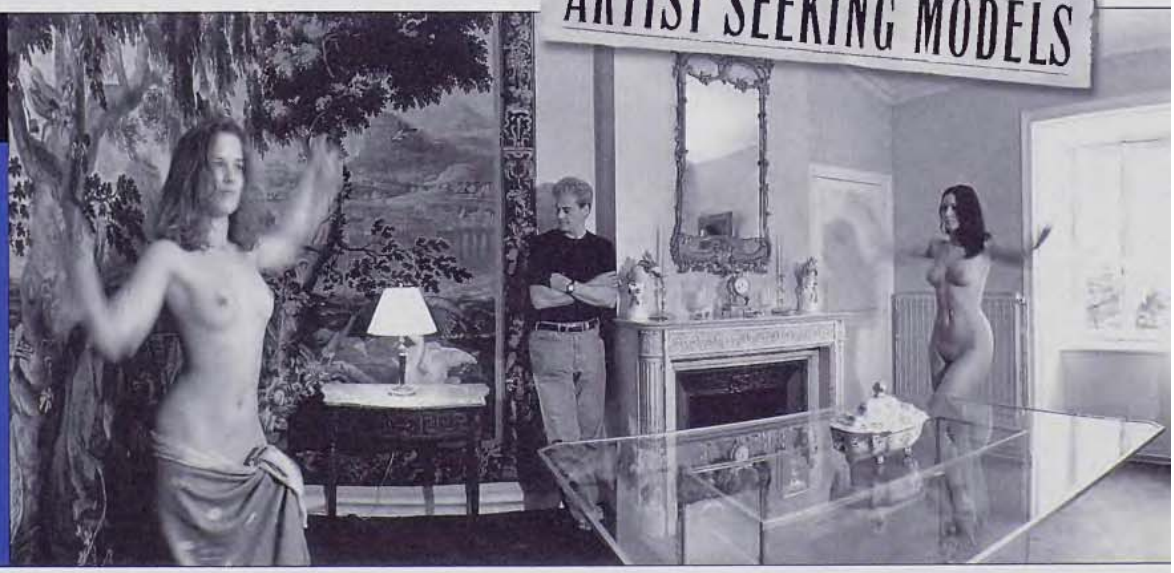
Girls who flush easily are multiorgasmic. They also tend to overlubricate. (It's not you.)

TRIPLE X WORDPLAY

Perversity is rarely a trait that's associated with Scrabble players, but on the tournament circuit—where prize money

SHOTS THROUGH THE ART

It still seems like a good idea: Go around the world and take pictures of naked women. That's the hook of Lincoln Russell's new work, *Artist Seeking Models* (Stinehour Wemyss). It's full of women posing in gardens, living rooms and cars, often with Russell, looking not entirely engaged, in the shot. This is art, after all. Anything else would be too easy.



WHY GIRLS SAY YES—REASON #6

Because I knew nothing would come of it: "At a bar I ran into this sexy guy I had gone to school with. Turns out he had a huge crush on me back then. He told me about poems he had written for me and about times we spent together I could barely recall. He wos in a four-year relationship but his girlfriend was out of the country. He made it clear to me that he was into having an affair. I couldn't wait to rip his clothes off, and I already knew him, so it was safe game. We drove home and made out at every red light. We barely made it to the door with our shirts on. We christened the entire apartment and slept only long enough to regain our strength for a morning session. After that night we never saw each other again. He never told his girlfriend, and I was happy I got laid." —K.E., Evanston, IL

reaches as high as $25,000—dirty words are the rage. While the *Scrabble Players Dictionary* has been cleaned up for use at home, among the game's pros, linguistic modesty is not an asset. Rude expletives such as fuck, shit, cunt, tit, motherfucker and cocksucker will all be perfectly acceptable this August when word freaks convene in San Diego for the North American Scrabble Championship. But don't bother playing shitter or felch—they're not acceptable. "Early in my Scrabble career I tried to play quim and was surprised to discover that it's not allowed in the United States—though it is in the British *Scrabble Dictionary*," says Joel Sherman, 1997's world Scrabble champion. "Blowjob is a word that I like—but not for the reasons you think. I like it because it has a ton of high-scoring, low-probability letters. Placed well on the board, it's a seven-letter word that can get you more than 140 points." Chalk this up as one more reason why blowjobs can't be beat.

"With 'Tick,' I had to lift men's chins up so they looked me in the eye. I looked like Super Whore." —Liz Vassey

RAUNCH AND ROLL

Long before Eminem was just an itch in his daddy's pants, some of the biggest (and not so big) R&B stars of the squeaky-clean Eisenhower era laid down foul-mouthed tracks that would make even Lil' Kim think twice. Thanks to collections such as *Risqué Rhythm: Nasty Fifties R&B* (Rhino) and the sinful bootleg *If It Ain't a Hit, I'll Eat My . . .* , we finally have access to these blushing, buried treasures. Here's a taste:

Big Long Sliding Thing, Dinah Washington: When Washington wasn't seducing romantics with *What a Difference a Day Makes*, she delighted in singing the joys of her lover's large penis.

Laundromat Blues, the Five Royales with Charlie "Little Jazz" Ferguson: Ever stare long and hard at a washing machine and suddenly think, *Gosh, this reminds me of a really good vagina?* Well, the Five Royales did.

Meat Man, Mack Vickery: A song so nasty, it should come with a washcloth. "I plucked a chicken in Memphis, and I still got the feathers in my teeth."

Butcher Pete, Roy Brown and His Mighty Mighty Men: Since foreplay wasn't invented until 1972, the Mighty Mighty Men used what they had—the slaughterhouse-sex attack.

Think Twice, Jackie Wilson and LaVern Baker: When two of the greatest R&B singers got together in the studio, they recorded a tune with lines like, "I give you all the reefer, all the cocaine and you still fuck it up" and the rejoinder "I don't want none of your reefer or your pussy."

Rotten Cocksuckers' Ball, the Clovers: Between 1951 and 1956, the Clovers enjoyed 20 consecutive top 20 R&B hits. This was not one of them.

Keep On Churnin', Wynonie Harris: Always thinking of the children, Wynonie fashioned an idyllic ode to headboard-slamming, complete with Little Boy Blue and the churning of butter.

WICK, WAX, WHOA BABY

Candles are an important staple of a bachelor pad. Now Aromapharmacy.com has lit on a line of candles that will help your attempts at seduction. The Hung-Over candle is a must if you fail, but that won't happen with Niagra. Add flame and you'll both be rewarded with waves of spindrift.

CINCO DE MAYO

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TO CHALLENGING AUTHORITY AND NEVER BACKING DOWN

WHEN THEY FOCUS, THEY SHUTTER

What do two people do when they fall in love? They rut like otters and spend a period of sticky irreality getting to know each other. It's called intimacy. But when the two people are photographers, like Willemine Pernette and Floris Leeuwenberg here, they make whoopee and pictures. The result, *Twogether* (Editions Stemmle), is sort of sweet and, at times, hot. For many of us, when that first blush of love is gone, there's little left. But for these two, there's all this positive stuff left behind—as well as the negatives.

Sixty Minute Man, the Dominoes: "There'll be 15 minutes of kissing, 15 minutes of teasing, 15 minutes of pleasing and 15 minutes of blowing my top!" Hello, Middle America—we are the Dominoes, and we've come for your daughters.

Somebody Else Was Sucking My Dick Last Night, Fred Wolff Combo: This was frog-voiced Wolff's only tune. But if you make only one record, it might as well have a great title.

WELCOME TO LOBE CANAL

"I love men, even though they're lying, cheating scumbags. I'm a very sexual person."
—Gwyneth Paltrow

Notice how ear nibbling puts her in overdrive? You can thank the geography of the brain for that, according to *Sex: A Natural History* by Joann Ellison Rodgers (Times Books). The neurons that fire for nipple sensations and the ones that gauge ear sensations are next to each other. And a fine neighborhood it is.

LADIES' CHOICE

A study of male and female students by psychologists at Northwestern University found that while straight men were not aroused by gay porn nor gay men by straight porn, women of every persuasion were aroused by porn of all persuasions. Or, in the inspiring words of survey co-director Michael Bailey, "It appears that women, regardless of sexual orientation, respond to everything." Nice to know, but it doesn't make them any easier to shop for.

THE TIP SHEET

One Sweet Whirled: The Dave Matthews Band flavor of Ben and Jerry's ice cream—caramel and coffee ice cream with swirls of gooey stuff. It's perfect for smearing on patchouli-wearing hippie chicks.

Coincidencedesign.com: According to Alternet online, an elaborate hoax of a site. It claims to stalk women for shy wealthy guys for the low price of $78,000.

Radio Boink: A webcast outfit devoted to the soundtracks of Seventies porno films. It's where you go to get your wah-wahs out.

Flipper schtuppers: For those who seek loving and mutually satisfying consensual sex with dolphins, a comprehensive tutorial on doing so is available at dolphinsex.org, complete with the answer to the curiously choosy question, "How can I tell a male from a female?"

Heaven scent: An aromatic blend of rose fragrance and male pheromone that Blockbuster Video experimentally released in several of its UK stores in December. It wafted out of vents between 10 and 11 P.M., when the clientele is primarily singles, in order to promote romance and video selections.

THREE BOTTLE BEAUTIES

To make it to the top shelf, spirits have to look as good as they taste. We've found three vodkas that fit the bill. Mezzaluna is an Italian vodka that's made from semolina wheat. Thanks to triple distillation and quadruple filtering, it's smoother than Dean Martin. Another cool vodka, Liquid Ice, comes in a faux ice-cube bottle with matching tumbler. It's an organic multigrain vodka and is certified kosher. Though Napasaki is made from Japanese *akitakomachi* rice, it's produced in the Pacific Northwest. Depending on the time of day, the bottle resembles either a minirocket, a geisha silhouette or a butt plug. The point being: You can't miss it.

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RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"We live in a world with heterosexuals. There are lots of them, and they created us. God bless them."

—BOY GEORGE

BOSS HOG

The number of workers laid off by Disney in 2000: 4000. Amount paid chief exec Michael Eisner that year: $72.8 million. Number of employees laid off by Cisco in 2000: 8500. Percentage increase in chief exec John Chambers' pay that year: 40 (to $28.7 million). Average total compensation for all chief executives who laid off 1000 or more employees in 2000: $23.7 million.

FACT OF THE MONTH

Given the physics of baseball under optimal conditions (maximum pitch speed and bat speed, falling barometric pressure, 100-degree day and the thin air of Denver), the longest home run anybody could hit is about 570 feet.

GOT MLK?

Approximate number of streets in the U.S. that are named for Martin Luther King Jr.: 500. Number in Georgia: 72. Number in Mississippi: 65. In Louisiana: 51. In New York: 3. In Massachusetts: 1. In Alaska, Hawaii, Nevada, Utah, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, North and South Dakota, Maine, Vermont and New Hampshire combined: 0.

SHEIKY LOYALTY

Number of Kuwaiti students who left West Virginia University after September 11 fearing they would be the target of reprisals: 21. Number of students who returned for the next semester: 20.

NFL EXPANSION

Number of NFL players who exceeded 300 pounds in 1991: 83. Number who exceeded 300 pounds in 2001: 290.

ADD LIBS

The percentage of college freshmen who described themselves as liberals in 1971: 41. Percentage who did so in 1981: 21. In 1991: 27. In 2001: 30. Percentage now who say they favor the legalization of pot: 37. Percentage who favor the right to gay marriage: 58. Percentage who took part in an organized demonstration last year: 48.

POW WOW

Number of Taliban and al Qaeda prisoners held at Guantanamo Naval Base: 158. Number of German, Japanese and other POWs imprisoned in Wisconsin and forced into farm labor during World War II: 22,000.

YOU AUCTIONING ME?

The amount Britain's Auction World Dot TV hoped to get for a kidney stone allegedly passed by Robert De Niro in a Los Angeles hospital in 1981: $4500.

WICCAN OVERCOME

According to the American Religious Identification Survey, number of people who identified themselves as practicing Wiccans in 1990: 8000. Number who identified themselves as Wiccans in 2001: 134,000.

NOVELTY ACT

Number of new consumer products introduced annually 20 years ago: 4400. Number introduced annually today: 30,000.

LEGAL BRIEFING

Amount spent by the Justice Department for a set of special curtains to hide the Spirit of Justice—a statue of a woman whose toga covers only one breast—that appears behind Attorney General John Ashcroft whenever he holds press conferences in the Justice Department's Great Hall: $8000.

—ROBERT S. WIEDER

Sexual confusion: The Boston Medical Group ran a curiously worded ad in major dailies: "Premature Ejaculation? Immediate Results." Then again, since the ad lists locations in San Francisco, Orange County, Los Angeles, San Diego, New York, Miami and Chicago—but not Boston—perhaps irony is key to their marketing efforts.

Dave Barry Lift Station No. 16: The official name given to a sewage treatment plant in Grand Forks, North Dakota after the humorist wrote a column making fun of the city and neighboring East Grand Forks, Minnesota.

Nasdaqed: Whether it comes to plunging quarterback ratings or dwindling income or dismal prospects for love, Nasdaq is the bittersweet verb of the year.

Body fluid monogamy: As practiced by polyamorists, it means that you and your partner use condoms only when sleeping with someone else.

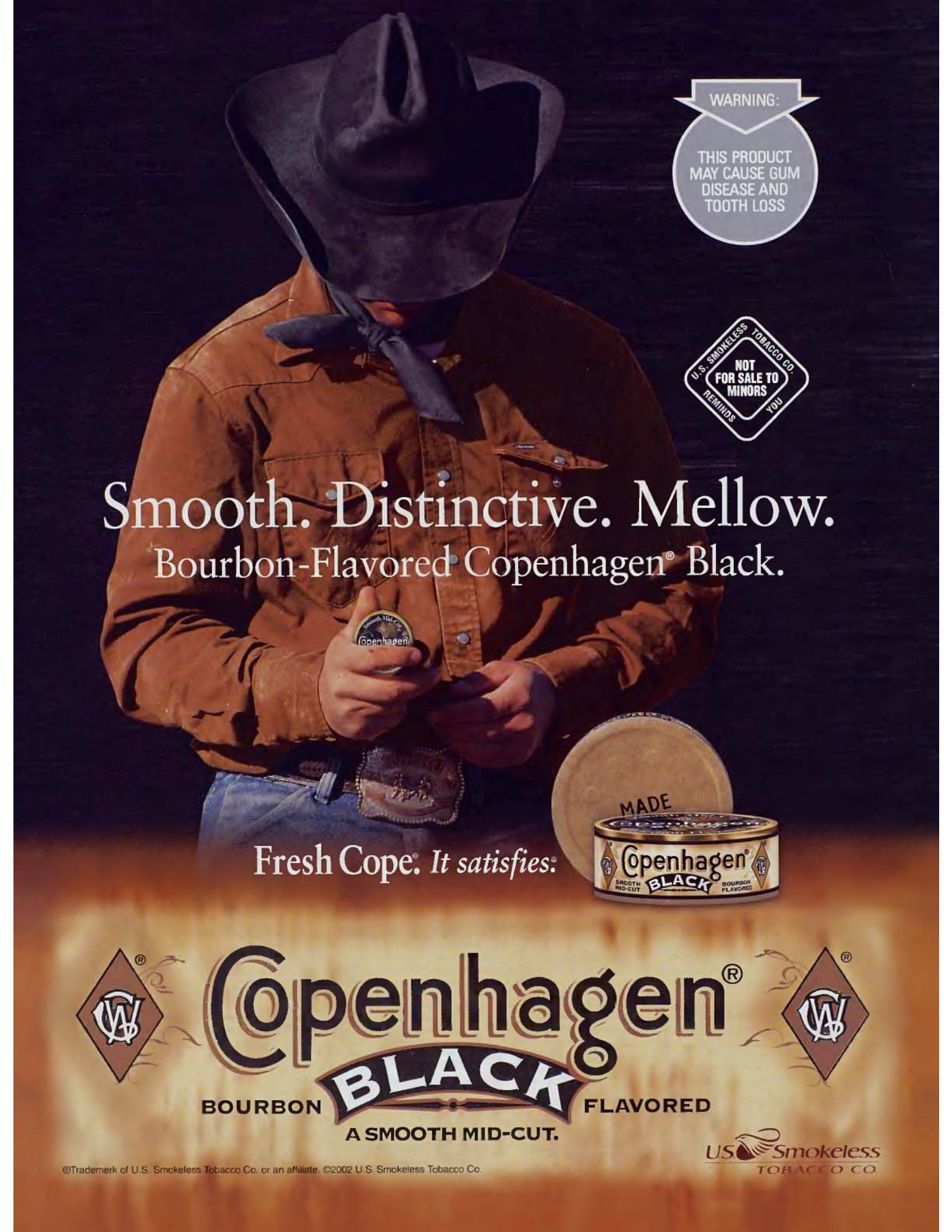
Jeep jean jacket: A clumsy man's wet dream, made out of a Teflon-coated denim that repels water, mud, snow and anything else your SUV will grind into it.

BALMBASTIC

Without a doubt, high-gloss lip balms look great on women (see Heather Graham, above). On a man, though, a juicy set of smackers is just plain wrong. Which is why Lipprication.com offers Lipp Lube, a new balm with a matte finish suitable for guys. Now you can pucker up or pucker down or even pucker on the couch.

BETTER THAN A SHEEPSKIN

Where can women develop their sexual potential and where can people "reclaim and rejuvenate sexual desire"? Make your way to Vulva University, an online sex information and resources site at houseochicks.com. There are free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GAG ORDER

One of the unfortunate side effects of having the breoth of a gila monster is that no one is willing to come within hailing distance to tell you how badly it stinks. We put a new gizmo, Breoth Alert from the TechnoScout catalog, through its paces. It rates your breath on a scale of one to four. At the start of the day, we were at one. But, after tacos, coffee and smokes, we hit four. Oddly enough, no one wanted to hear about it.

classes, discussion groups and even a bumper sticker: MY PARTNER MADE HONOR ROLL AT VULVA UNIVERSITY. We hope this means it's easier to get in than we previously thought.

CONCRETE Q&A

"I always get what I fucking want."
—Eliza Dushku

When Concrete Blonde regrouped after an eight-year hiatus and released a new album, *Group Therapy*, we had to check in with lead singer Johnette Napolitano and make sure everything was all right. It is now—but it wasn't always.

Violent is a song on the new CD—do you feed off your anger?

I'm not angry at the same things I used to be, but I am angry about a lot of things right now, like social conditions that don't change and racism that doesn't end. The lack of evolution—we seem to be locked in these constant cycles.

Do you still live life hard?

Back in the day, no one was wilder than me. I'm amazed I'm still here. I never stuck a needle in my arm—I'm smarter than that—but I was wild. I'd drink a bottle of tequila and hang out a building in New York City just to dangle above Times Square. I didn't choose to be a school bus driver or be responsible for anyone else but myself, and I love nothing more than to have a bottle of wine and write, read, paint or do my flamenco. I was the first member of my family to go back to Italy since my grandfather was born, and then I understood who I was. The Italians are all about food, music, drinking wine, laughing and singing.

You've written a lot about the dangers and pleasures of love, but why haven't you written a song about sex?

There is no plain sex. It's like a fucking bullfight to me. You see someone for the first time, then you get stabbed and you don't know where it's coming from. In the end, one of you is going to go down. It's rare, but if the matador isn't doing a good enough job and the bull is kicking his ass, the bull is let go to spike more bulls because he is such a badass. A good matador respects the bull that gave him a fight. So relationships are like, "Maybe you'll let me go without killing me this time. Maybe I'll come out of this." I admire anybody who can have casual sex, but it's just not me. I've had no problem going a year or two without it. When you see someone across the room that turns you on, that is sexy. You know the bed part is no problem. When somebody's voice and gestures throw electricity around you and make everyone else in the room disappear, you know the sex part is going to be pretty holy. As it should be!

BABE OF THE MONTH

CHARLIE O'NEALE gets our vote as the page-three girl we most want to emigrate to America. The Bedford beauty came to Los Angeles and auditioned for roles on shows like *Baywatch*, but all she heard was, "Sorry, Charlie." "I can't do an American accent," she confessed to *The Daily Star*. "I just want to be a model." The 23-year-old showed up on covers of *Vogue Bride* and *Loaded*, and has appeared in ad campaigns for Dr Pepper and Canon. Now she's been digitized into the new Sony PlayStation game Stuntman. (As if we didn't waste enough time playing games with women.) Even though the acting didn't work for her the first time around, she still has her eye on America. "There's plenty of people there who haven't seen me yet," she says.

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movies

By LEONARD MALTIN

SEX SELLS, but for some reason, only a handful of women—sexy or otherwise—can hold their own against their male counterparts at the box office. Even then, the woman in question has to be in just the right role, such as Jodie Foster in ***Panic Room,*** which puts a new spin on the age-old damsel-in-distress formula. Movies are dominated by male stars, and even some of our most gifted actresses find themselves playing wives or girlfriends in A-list films, instead of being the focal points of the stories. No wonder so many women have started production companies to develop suitable properties to showcase their talents.

WOMEN ON TOP
Stars we'll pay to see.

It remains to be seen whether Angelina Jolie, appearing in ***Life or Something Like It,*** and Ashley Judd, in ***High Crimes,*** can pull in audiences on the strength of their names alone. (Nicole Kidman is as famous as anyone on the planet, but her star power couldn't turn ***Birthday Girl*** into a hit.)

The latest member of the multimillion-dollar club is Cameron Diaz, but she has managed her career with a flair for unpredictability, bouncing from the prevailing Hollywood fare to offbeat indie films and back. This is what builds staying power, the kind that has kept Susan Sarandon in the spotlight for more than 30 years.

Comic books once were for kids, but as society has changed and adolescence has become a way of life, Hollywood has turned to cartoon characters as mainstream movie fodder. At one time, ***Spider-Man*** would have been a Saturday matinee serial. Now it's the tent pole movie that Columbia Pictures hopes all America will see when it opens in May.

An entire generation or two has grown up enjoying ***Scooby-Doo*** cartoons, but does that mean they want to see a live-action version of the character on-screen? (It didn't work for *Rocky and Bullwinkle* or *Josie and the Pussycats*.) Whether we want it or not, Scooby and company are headed our way, with Freddie Prinze Jr. and Sarah Michelle Gellar.

On the other hand, one of last year's most admired films, *Ghost World*, came from kindred—but more adult—source material, the graphic novel. Another such work, Max Allan Collins' ***The Road to Perdition,*** is one of this year's more anticipated films, starring Tom Hanks and Paul Newman and directed by *American Beauty*'s Sam Mendes. So perhaps it's this area that Hollywood ought to be mining, instead of planning a big-screen vehicle for Archie and Jughead. Or is this asking too much?

CURRENT REVIEWS

Finally—finally!—we have some provocative, interesting, offbeat films in release, as alternatives to the standard

COMIC BOOK MOVIES
Get real!

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Hollywood product. Andie MacDowell has her best role in years in ***Crush,*** a promising British feature-film debut for director John McKay. It begins as a lighthearted look at three fortyish women who enjoy a weekly tell-all session, and turns darker when MacDowell—headmistress at a prep school—has a passionate affair with a former student, and her friends disapprove. Fresh and surprising, the film isn't always believable, but it wins on an emotional level.

If you enjoyed *Being John Malkovich*, you'll recognize the same skewed sensibility in Charlie Kaufman's latest screenplay, ***Human Nature.*** Tim Robbins plays a shy behavioral scientist who hooks up with Patricia Arquette, a troubled woman who, because of her abnormally hairy body, went off to live in the jungle for a spell. (Are you still with me?) When the seemingly happy couple comes upon a man-beast, played by Rhys Ifans, Robbins takes him to his laboratory and attempts to transform him into a civilized human being. Directed by French music video veteran Michel Gondry, *Human Nature* isn't as fully realized as *Malkovich*, but it's so nutty it's hard to dislike.

Enigma is another disappointment, especially given its pedigree: It's based on Robert Harris' best-selling book about British cryptographers who break the Nazi code during World War II. Adapted by Tom Stoppard, co-produced by Mick Jagger and directed by Michael Apted, it stars Dougray Scott, Kate Winslet, Saffron Burrows and Jeremy Northam. The subject matter couldn't be more interesting, especially with a love story layered on top of it, and Apted creates a tangible sense of time and place.

Dunst does Dovies.

But the movie loses itself (and the audience) by indulging in endless twists and complications.

Kirsten Dunst plays ebullient movie star Marion Davies, Edward Herrmann is her powerful mentor William Randolph Hearst and Eddie Izzard is a lovestruck Charlie Chaplin in Peter Bogdanovich's entertaining period piece ***The Cat's Meow.*** Herrmann is especially good as the childlike Hearst, and he's joined by Jennifer Tilly, Joanna Lumley and a well-cast Cary Elwes. Set in 1924, and adapted by Steven Peros from his own play, it's an evocative look at famous, powerful people stripped bare over the course of a scandalous weekend. Despite its persuasive performances, it is entirely fictional.

SCENE STEALER

EVA MENDES. FIRST NOTICED: As Denzel Washington's naked girlfriend in *Training Day*. **NOW ON SCREEN:** In *All About the Benjamins*, with Ice Cube and Mike Epps. **WAS SHE SURPRISED BY THE RESPONSE SHE GOT FROM *TRAINING DAY*?** "It was such a small part, and I think it's because I went with full-frontal nudity. I don't think Americans are used to that. People are so protective of me, even people I don't know. They ask, 'Do you think you should have had to do that?' And I say, 'Did it ever occur to you that I wanted to do that?'" **WHAT TURNS HER ON ABOUT ACTING?** "I haven't figured out what acting is for me, and that's what keeps me loving it. It keeps me on my toes—and I become bored easily. Since I started acting I feel like I've gotten to know myself, because I'm put in so many different situations and scenarios. It's interesting how I deal with it all." **IS THERE A PART SHE'D LOVE TO PLAY?** "The industry is pegging me as the tough, feisty girl. What would be fun to do would be Sandy in *Grease*, just because it's ironic and people wouldn't expect it. I think I could pull that one off. People would probably have figured me to play Rizzo."

SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films by leonard maltin

American Chai This charming movie about a young Indian American's attempt to pursue his dreams—despite his father's oppressive insistence he maintain old-world values—has equal doses of truth and humor on its side. An impressive low-budget debut for director Anurag Mehta. ¥¥¥

The Cat's Meow Hollywood saw more than its share of scandals in the Twenties, and this one dramatizes a famous one based entirely on hearsay, with Kirsten Dunst, Edward Herrmann, Eddie Izzard and Jennifer Tilly as the rich and famous protagonists. ¥¥¥

Crush Andie MacDowell and her two gal pals share everything—until she falls for a much younger man and they can't deal with it. A fresh, original tragicomedy by new British director John McKay. ¥¥¥

Enigma Dougray Scott plays a British cryptographer who tries to break the Nazi code during World War II—while living in the shadow of a love affair gone wrong with a woman who's almost as enigmatic as the code. Unfortunately, this handsomely crafted film gets bogged down in its own endless complications. ¥¥½

Hart's War Bruce Willis and Colin Farrell star in this entertaining World War II yarn set in a POW camp, with some unusual story wrinkles and an urbane Nazi villain. ¥¥¥

Human Nature The writer of *Being John Malkovich* cooks up another off-the-wall comedy, with an excessively polite Tim Robbins and an excessively hairy Patricia Arquette teaming up to turn man-beast Rhys Ifans into a proper gentleman. ¥¥½

Scotland, Pa. James LeGros and Maura Tierney star in *Macbeth*, reset in a Seventies Pennsylvania fast-food restaurant. Clever ideas abound in this black comedy, but, as you know, Shakespeare doesn't provide a happy ending. Christopher Walken causes sparks as Inspector McDuff. ¥¥½

We Were Soldiers Mel Gibson is solid as the Army Air Cavalry commander who led the first elite squadron into battle in Vietnam, but the film is so violent that its message of personal valor is compromised. ¥¥½

World Traveler Billy Crudup walks out on his family to find himself and hooks up with a series of unusual characters as he travels across the country. Julianne Moore co-stars in this undercooked stew. ¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

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Newport Pleasure Goods!

Vivitar® ViviCam
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It's a backpack and a cooler! Ice chest at base fits 12 pack and ice, with mesh center for wet items and large dry storage for anything else.

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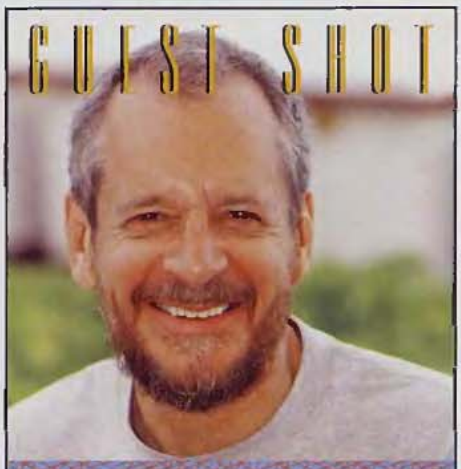
video

GUEST SHOT



Compared with his controversial photographs of teenagers and his MPAA-defying films *Kids*, *Another Day in Paradise* and *Bully*, **Larry Clark**'s favorite flicks are almost benign. "The first film that really did it for me was John Cassavetes' *Shadows*, which I saw when I went to art school in Milwaukee in the early Sixties," recalls Clark. "The style, the look, the acting—there's an honesty to all his films. And I can always pop a Sam Peckinpah film into the VCR. I love *The Getaway*, *The Wild Bunch* and especially *Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia*. Now there's a dark view of the world." —LAURENCE LERMAN

APRIL IN PARIS? OUI? NO!

The Harburg–Duke pop standard *April in Paris* waxes poetic about springtime in the City of Light—"chestnuts in blossom, holiday tables under the trees"—but the reality is: natives without deodorant, waiters without decorum, toilet paper that won't tear and a hard-to-say word for everything. They hate you, too.

An American Werewolf in Paris (1997): No wonder the women there have hair under their armpits. Not only does comely Frenchwoman Julie Delpy bite unsuspecting American men, but she turns them into lycanthropes, too!

Frantic (1988): Harrison Ford tries to unkidnap his wife, who is given the wrong luggage at Charles DeGaulle Airport in this Hitchcockian thriller. Director Roman Polanski isn't allowed into the States (something about an affair with a 13-year-old), yet France loves him.

Kiss of the Dragon (2001): The violently corrupt, spittle-spewing detective played by Tchéky Karyo makes LA's scandal-plagued police department look like the Boy Scouts as he goes after cop Jet Li. The Gaul!

Is Paris Burning? (1966): Gert Fröbe defies Hitler's order to incinerate the city—amid an all-star cast.

Moulin Rouge (2001): Know what's odd? The entire movie takes place in Paris, and no one is seen smoking. In France, land of that *certaine odeur*? Oh, right, it's a fantasy.

Another 9½ Weeks (1997): We can't figure out why the French tolerate Mickey Rourke. He flies to Paris looking for Kim Basinger and lands in the bed of Angie Everhart. We're starting French lessons.

Last Tango in Paris (1972): *The Simpsons* called the French "cheese-eating surrender monkeys." Brando just adds butter.

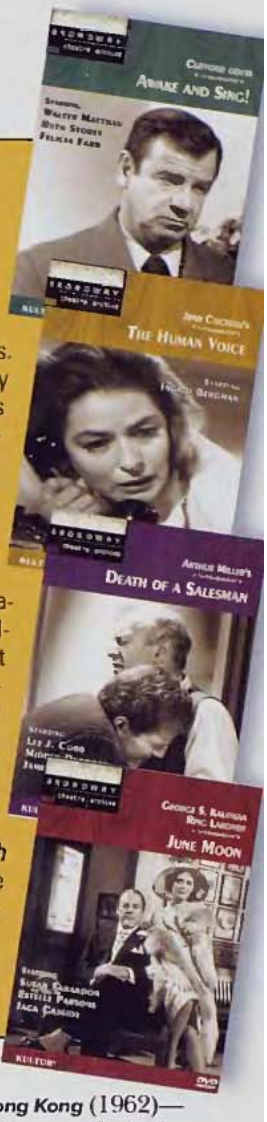
The Story of O (1975): The French are so romantic. Udo Kier shows his love for O (long-limbed Corinne Clery) by imprisoning her and making her the mistress of anyone she turns on—which is just about everybody. Director's name: Just Jaeckin. No kidding. —BUZZ MCCLAIN

DISC ALERT

The Bob Hope–Bing Crosby–Dorothy Lamour "road movie" hits of the Forties and Fifties still constitute one of the all-time champion franchises in Hollywood. The first four of the seven films—***Road to Singapore*** (1940), ***Road to Zanzibar*** (1941), ***Road to Morocco*** (1942) and ***Road to Utopia*** (1946)—recently arrived in digitally remastered form on DVD (Universal, $20 each, boxed together for $70). The films, grouped with five other new-to-DVD releases under the Bob Hope Collection banner, are a mother lode of Hope, but it's clearly the *Road* movies that endure. Hope's screen persona, the high-strung horn-dog who wisecracks his way out of one life-threatening bind after another, proved the perfect complement to Crosby's crooner cool. Alas, as Hope and Crosby took control of the series in later years—the roads to ***Rio*** (1947), ***Bali*** (1952) and ***Hong Kong*** (1962)—they focused less attention on their female foil, the remarkable Lamour, whose status among the all-time sex symbols is reinforced while cruising these early *Roads*. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

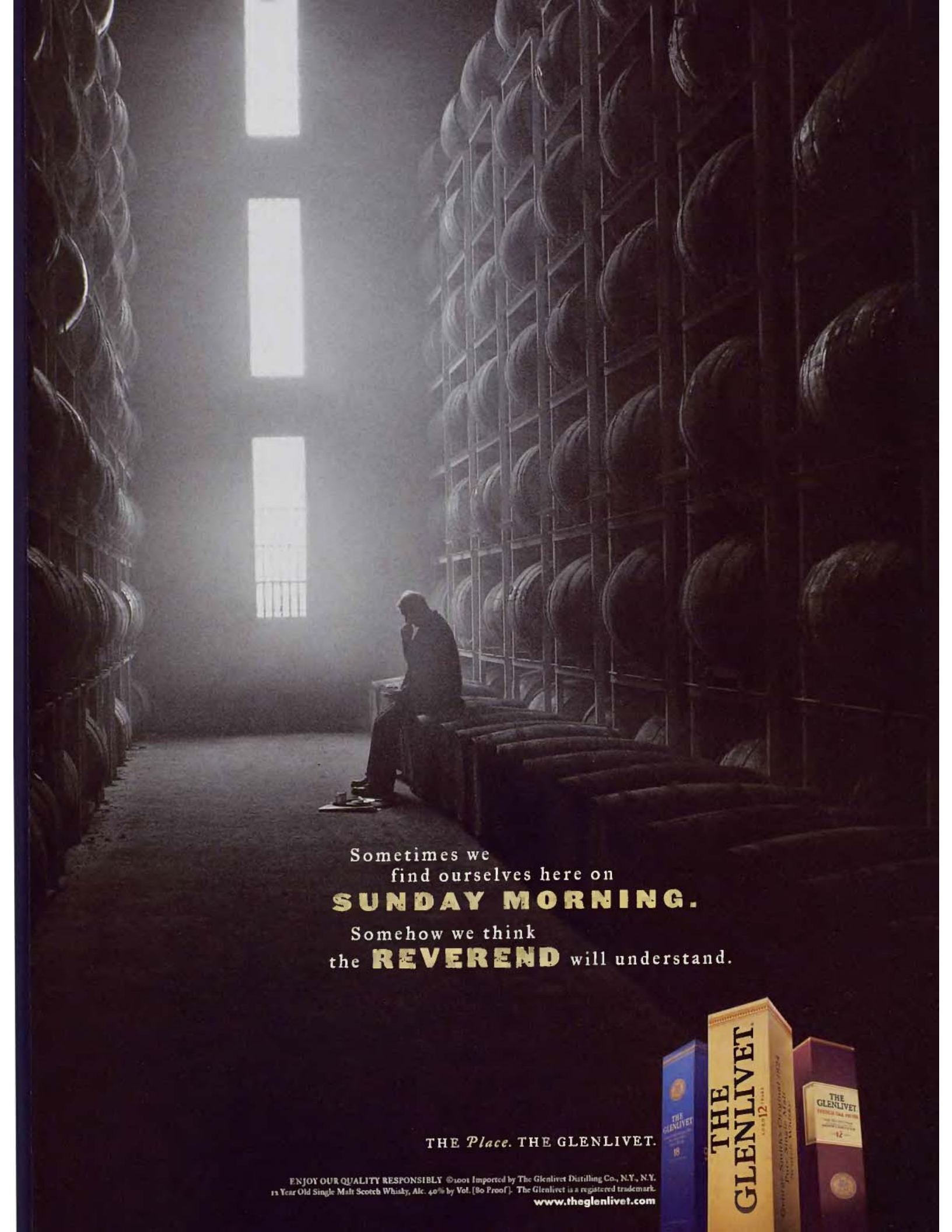
GUILTY PLEASURES

If you need proof that there were dramatic highlights in TV's vast wasteland, then here it is. Twenty-five of Broadway Theater Archive's series of plays produced for television are now being released by Kultur Video (kultur.com) in digitally remastered DVD format. They include great actors at the peak of their careers performing award-winning plays. The first batch in the series includes ***Awake and Sing!*** by Clifford Odets starring Walter Matthau, Jean Cocteau's ***The Human Voice*** with Ingrid Bergman, Arthur Miller's ***Death of a Salesman*** with Lee J. Cobb, and George S. Kaufman and Ring Lardner's ***June Moon*** with Susan Sarandon.



video mood meter

MOOD	MOVIE
MUST-SEE	***Mulholland Dr.*** (David Lynch's neonoir experiment plays like a dream, works like a charm; Naomi Watts equals good hot fun), ***Sexy Beast*** (bile-spewing überthug Ben Kingsley goads a mob retiree into a last heist; it's not Ghandifellas).
DRAMA	***The Deep End*** (Tilda Swinton's boy kills a sexual predator and a blackmailer bushwhacks her cover-up; quietly intense), ***The Man Who Wasn't There*** (Billy Bob's a cuckolded barber whose get-rich/get-even scheme goes bad; pure Coen Bros.).
TALKIN' BALKAN	***Behind Enemy Lines*** (flyboy Owen Wilson dodges Bosnian goons while Hackman honchos a rescue op; satisfying and slick), ***No Man's Land*** (it's Bosnian vs. Serb in a ditch while NATO's guy referees; bleak comedy by Danis Tanovic).
THRILLER	***Spy Game*** (retiring spook Redford diagrams an escape plan for his captured protégé, Brad Pitt; breathlessly proficient), ***Joy Ride*** (two guys and a girl in a car face 18-wheels of doom! John Dahl updates Steven Spielberg's *Duel* with flair).
COMEDY	***Donnie Darko*** (a high school loser's invisible rabbit pal presages the apocalypse; *Harvey* meets postmodern ennui), ***Novocaine*** (pill-popping patient Helena Bonham Carter jolts dentist Steve Martin like a hot probe; hygienic fun).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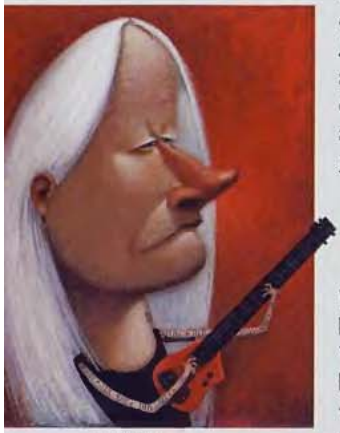
JOHNNY WINTER kept the white-boy blues alive during the Seventies. Underappreciated today, he played the blues with more passion and authority than anyone this side of Hendrix. ***The Best of Johnny Winter*** (Legacy) should turn on a new generation to the ragged glory of his incendiary playing. —VIC GARBARINI



GEORGE SCHILL

"Life is not a bitch, life is a beautiful woman/ You only call her a bitch because she won't let you get that pussy," says Aesop Rock on the title track of his **Daylight** EP (Definitive Jux). He gets an everyday feel out of dense language and catchy beats. The new songs match the best ones on his earlier *Labor Days*, notably the post–September 11 *Nickel Plated Pockets*. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

For years, Nils Lofgren has been making the background music for John Madden's loopy all-Madden team TV bits. He has collected the best of it on ***Tuff Stuff! The Best of the All-Madden Team Band*** (Vision). His other new CD, ***Break Away Angel*** (Vision, nils lofgren.com), reveals Lofgren as a beautiful soft-rock singer with gorgeous, painful songs. —DAVE MARSH

Denials, Delusions and Decisions (MCA) is the latest from the vibrant Philly soul scene. Jaguar Wright makes an impression on this collection with a meditation on a wayward lover, *2 Too Many*. Sharp-tongued and assertive, she comes across like a vet supported by retrofunk rhythms and tightly orchestrated backing vocals. —NELSON GEORGE

Chicago soul great Tyrone Davis has been making underrated records for more than three decades. His ***Back to the Future Years*** (Malaco) is a chance to discover neglected treasures—that wonderful voice and these fine songs. —D.M.

Ragtime pianist Brun Campbell studied with Scott Joplin. Campbell was past the age of 60 and running a barbershop in California when he first recorded in the Forties, which makes his complete works, ***Joplin's Disciple*** (Delmark), almost ancient history. Campbell meant to get you going, and he still does. —R.C.

Call them guilty pleasures or one-hit wonders. ***Pure Nineties: 20 Modern Rock Hits*** (UTV) is an almost flawless collection of gems from the golden age of alt-rock. The Gin Blossoms' *Hey Jealousy* and *There She Goes* from the La's bump up against EMF's *Unbelievable*. Who needs MP3s? —V.G.

There can't be a more welcome reissue than the Fugs' anthology ***Electromagnetic Steamboat*** (Rhino). The funniest, most political, obscene visionary band of the Sixties had endless censorship problems. They weren't great musicians, but they opened minds and stirred antiwar sentiment. Their 1967 exorcism of the Pentagon is worth the price of admission. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

Looking for the latest in Euro lounge music? Try ***Ultra.Chilled*** (Ultra). It covers the spectrum from France's St. Germain to DC's Thievery Corporation. Dido and Moby are present alongside up-and-comers such as Zero 7. —N.G.

Orchestras no longer rely on record companies to issue product—they make their own. The Cleveland Orchestra marks the end of Christoph von Dohnányi's 17-year tenure as music director with the ***Dohnányi Compact Disc Edition*** (MAA, clevelandorchestra.com), 10 CDs of live performances by the best orchestra in America.—LEOPOLD FROEHLICH

This CD caused much of that flap at Harvard. It's ***Sketches of My Culture*** (Artemis) by professor Cornel West. His oratorical flare translates well to rap. —C.Y.

fast tracks

TWO QUEENS DEPARTMENT: The queen of soul is singing for the queen of England at Elizabeth's Golden Jubilee gala in June. **Aretha** says a person "just doesn't get many invitations to sing for the queen"—except in front of the mirror. **REELING AND ROCKING: DMX** reunited with **Jet Li,** his *Romeo Must Die* co-star, in *Cradle to the Grave*. He plays a suspected diamond thief. . . . That controversial scene in *The Debtors* is intact as the movie opens in America. The holdup was over footage of **Rammstein** spraying milk on an audience through a large phallus. **NEWSBREAKS:** *Blues Brothers* director **John Landis** has put together an all-star group (**Keith Richards, Bonnie Raitt, Chuck D** and **Brian May,** among others) for a TV concert paying tribute to the blues. Expect a CD and an international blues education program for kids from it. . . . **Little Steven's** syndicated radio show, *Little Steven's Underground Garage*, will debut any day now, tracing garage rock from the Electric Prunes till now. . . . The **Grateful Dead** still plans to open a museum in San Francisco. . . . **U2** has been awarded an Irish commemorative stamp. . . . **Patti Austin** is getting her one-woman show, *On the Way to Love*, ready for Broadway. . . . **Kurt Cobain's** journals, containing lyrics, drawings and essays, are being shopped around for publication. . . . The Experience Music Project has a new exhibit, Uncommon Objects, opening next month that will include **Elvis'** shoes and **Liberace's** coat. —BARBARA NELLIS

ROCK METER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Aesop Rock *Daylight*	8	7	7	7	8
Fugs *Steamboat*	8	9	6	7	10
Nils Lofgren *Break Away Angel*	6	6	7	8	7
Johnny Winter *Best of Johnny Winter*	8	9	7	9	9
Jaguar Wright *Denials*	7	8	8	6	7

Fahrenheit

Lift here
to discover
Fahrenheit

Dior

Burdines

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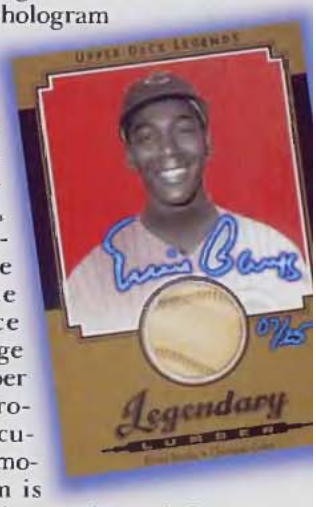
HUNT BOOTY WITH GPS PIRATES

Anyone with a global positioning system and some free time can join in on a scavenger hunt for thousands of boxes of loot buried around the world. The sport, officially named geocaching, began in May 2000 when a Portland resident buried a bucket containing some CDs, a can of beans and a logbook, then posted the coordinates online. Within days the stash was discovered, and the sport was born. There are now more than 12,000 geocaches buried in 100 countries (and no, there are none on Antarctica yet). The challenge in finding them ranges from easy walks to journeys that require climbing and camping gear. One in Alaska suggests you "bring bear protection." While most geocaches contain only a few dollars' worth of treasure, the sport generates some high-stakes contests in which thousands of dollars in prizes are hidden and weekend warriors gather for the hunt. Contributing to the sport's popularity is the drop in the prices of GPS units; a decent one costs around $100. Even better, Garmin's new RINO series (pictured here) features two-way radios for keeping in contact with your team ($200–$300). (The name RINO is derived from the FRS and GPS antennas that give them their rhinoceros-like appearance.) To see if treasure is buried near you, visit geocaching.com and enter your zip code. If there isn't, bury one yourself. —LAZLOW

SIGNED, SEALED AND DIGITIZED

In the past, any schmo with a Sharpie and a steady hand could fake Michael Jordan's signature on a trading card—and then get some sucker to pay big bucks for it. But with its new PenCam, the California-based trading card company Upper Deck plans to put rip-off artists out of business. Touted by jocks such as Jordan, Tiger Woods, Kobe Bryant, Ken Griffey Jr. and Kevin Garnett, the PenCam combines a writing instrument with a miniaturized video camera at the tip. The camera, which is about the size of a fingernail, points downward (at the autograph) and is equipped with circuitry and software that enable the pen to record visual images wirelessly. As an athlete puts his John Hancock on a photograph or jersey, both the signature and video footage of the event are captured electronically and saved onto a computer file. The digital file bears the same number as the hologram that appears on the item, the certificate of authenticity and a CD-ROM. The last also features a photo and description of the item, a time- and date-stamped video of the signing, where the signing took place and interview footage with the athlete. Upper Deck's goal is to provide a chain of documentation from the moment that the item is signed until you fork over the cash for it. That way, when you spend $2000 for your favorite superstar's signature, you'll get the real deal, not the work of some counterfeiter. Upper Deck spokesman Justin Kanoya claims that the PenCam authentication doesn't add to the price of the company's memorabilia, so you don't have to worry about inflated costs. Woods, Jordan and Griffey Jr. are among the first official PenCam users. They've autographed photos, pin flags and jerseys. —BETH TOMKIW



GAME	BOXERS	FEATURES	VERDICT
MIKE TYSON HEAVY-WEIGHT BOXING	Fourteen boxers, including Tyson and his previous punching bag, Larry Holmes.	Nine gameplay modes and a wince-inducing first-person view (PS2 and Xbox).	We love the gameplay, but where's the ear biting? And they call this realistic?
KNOCKOUT KINGS 2002	All the best boxers from Muhammad Ali to Oscar De La Haya—minus Tyson.	Ten arenas, multiplayer action and a build-a-boxer feature (PS2 and Xbox).	Blow for blow, the best boxing game. Still, we'd love to pit Mike against Liston.

WILD THING

The new external DVD recorder from Vivastar is one piece of computer gear cool enough to live up to its science fiction–inspired design. The RS-121 reads all CD formats, including CD-ROM, CD-R, CD-RW, CD-Audio and CD-Video. As a DVD recorder, the RS-121 can burn 120 minutes of high-quality video onto a single 4.7GB DVD-R disc. It connects to a PC via FireWire (for fast file transfers) and can burn the entire disc at once or in increments, so you can create your DVD one segment at a time. An internal version is also available. —JASON BUHRMESTER

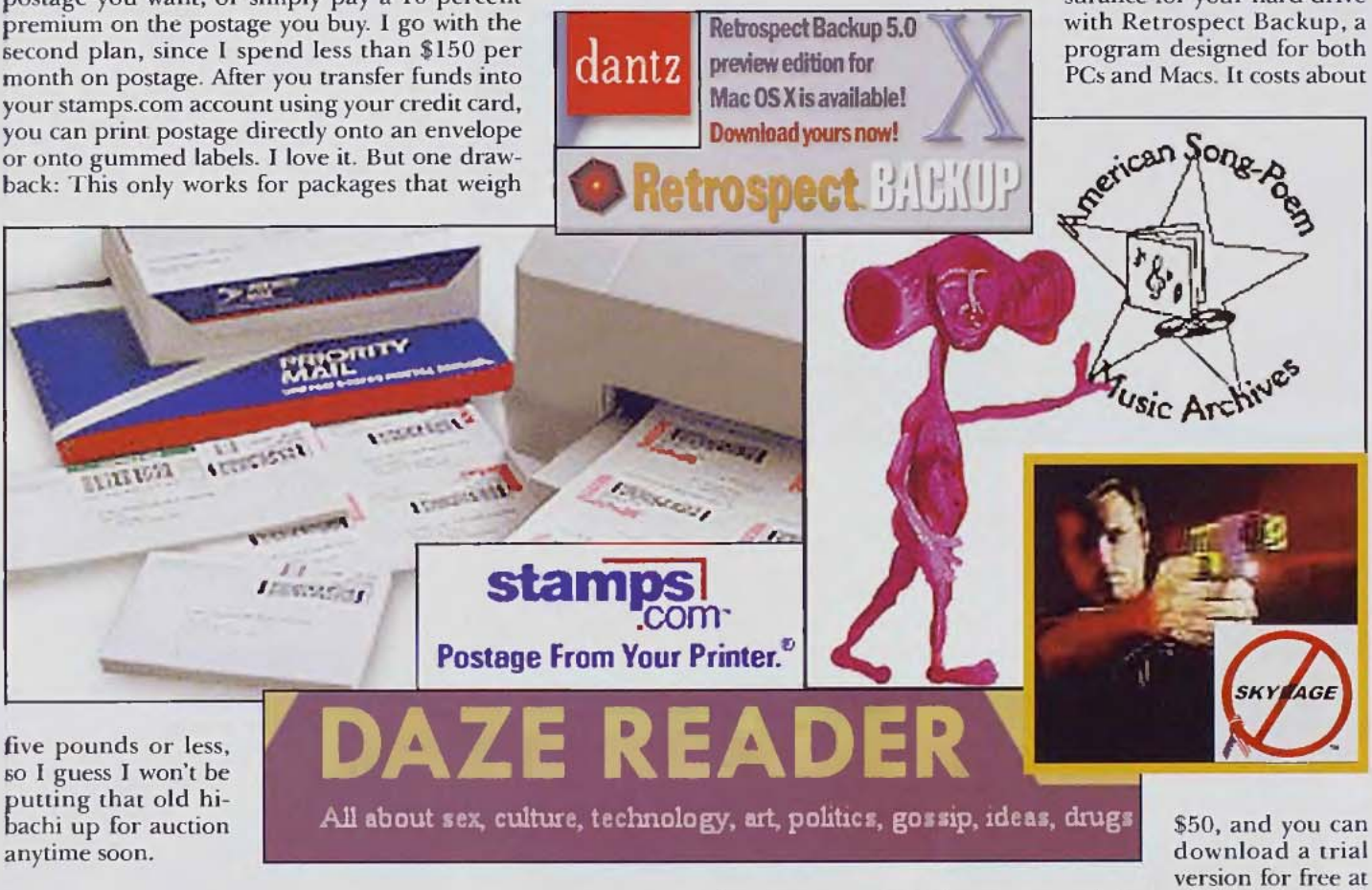
WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 145.

living online

By MARK FRAUENFELDER

FRANKLY SUPERIOR POSTAGE

I sell a lot of stuff on eBay and Half.com. It's great to get rid of junk that's piled up around the house, and I like the extra cash. But here's the problem: the post office. The parking lot is always full, and I have to stand in line for 20 minutes. I miss the old days, when I could stick stamps on a package and drop it in a mailbox. Thanks to terrorists, however, the rules have changed. You can no longer put stamped packages weighing over a pound into a mailbox. You need to take them to the post office or get them "franked," which requires one of those machines that puts a unique ID on the postage mark. About a month ago I started using **stamps.com**, a Windows program that lets me print postage franks at home. Stamps.com has two programs: You can pay $16 a month and buy all the postage you want, or simply pay a 10 percent premium on the postage you buy. I go with the second plan, since I spend less than $150 per month on postage. After you transfer funds into your stamps.com account using your credit card, you can print postage directly onto an envelope or onto gummed labels. I love it. But one drawback: This only works for packages that weigh five pounds or less, so I guess I won't be putting that old hibachi up for auction anytime soon.



MOSTLY SEX

The Daze Reader (**dazereader.com**) is a news site about "sex, culture, technology, art, politics, gossip, ideas, drugs and rock and roll . . . but mostly sex." There's great stuff on here, like a news item about a banned TV commercial for Agent Provocateur lingerie. Best of all, Daze provides a link so you can watch the commercial (**agentprovocateur.com/site/movies/cinemaKylieNarrow.html**). Don't miss the rest of Agent Provocateur's site, either. You can buy some excellent lingerie for your wife or girlfriend.

SONG POEMS

In the Sixties and Seventies, many popular magazines ran small advertisements inviting people to send in their poems to be considered for song lyrics. Once the poor suckers submitted their poems, they got a package in the mail full of enticing literature painting a rosy picture of their future as fabulously well paid songwriters. And, for just a few hundred dollars, they could get their poems turned into real 45s, recorded by professional musicians. Of course, the poor suckers never received a dime back, because no record company would be willing to listen to song poems. The American Song Poem Music Archives (**aspma.com**) is a repository of MP3 song-poems. I can't get enough of this music. Most of it is clunky and rough, but oddly intriguing. I've got *Psychic Cigarette* on my heavy-rotation list.

QUICK HITS

Read the latest headlines about senseless violence and wanton incontinence at 30,000 feet at **skyrage.org**. . . . Get crash insurance for your hard drive with Retrospect Backup, a program designed for both PCs and Macs. It costs about $50, and you can download a trial version for free at **dantz.com**. . . . Is it fun to pretend that you're a giant who likes to fry hapless citizens with a big magnifying glass? You bet it is: **bossmonster.com/games/antcity.html**. . . . Is it OK to accept *kyande* from strangers? Find out at this glossary of Japanese sex slang: **members.aol.com/cobaltjade/Other/Japslang.html**. . . . Finally, a website for fans of the camel-toe (a.k.a. crotch cleavage): **cameltoe.org**. . . . Giants walk among us—or at least they stand on top of car dealerships and lumberyards. Meet them here: **infomagic.net/~martince/hugebein.htm**. . . . Not sure which DVD you should rent tonight? Let MovieLens use artificial intelligence to find something that you'll like: **movielens.umn.edu/main.cgi**. . . . Do you fall asleep in front of the television before Letterman and Leno deliver their monologs? You can catch last night's one-liners at **newsmax.com/liners.shtml**.

You can contact Mark Frauenfelder by e-mail at livingonline @playboy.com.

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books

BARE BONES

Michael Connelly has earned his spot on best-seller lists with almost a dozen dark, dense, carefully plotted novels of the type known as police procedurals. Detective Harry Bosch is a moody, thoughtful homicide cop who is as far removed from an action hero as Sherlock is from Schwarzenegger. The joy of reading one of the Bosch books is watching him munch on the details of a case, then work his way through its contradictions and false leads. In ***City of Bones*** (Little, Brown), Bosch deals with a cold case. After an afternoon run, a dog returns home with the bone of a long-dead child clutched in its jaws. This is the kind of opening you'd expect from a mystery featuring a female forensic anthropologist or coroner. That character here, a publicity-hungry expert fresh from Court TV, makes an appearance with tragic consequences. As Bosch interviews neighbors in the area of the crime scene, Connelly takes a textured look at Los Angeles—the culs-de-sac where crimes can be committed and then go undetected for decades. When Bosch falls for a risk-taking rookie cop, the mysteries of his heart are as fascinating as those of old bones—though the outcome is seldom as satisfying. Connelly is a master storyteller in peak form.

—JAMES R. PETERSEN

NOT SUFFICIENTLY DERANGED

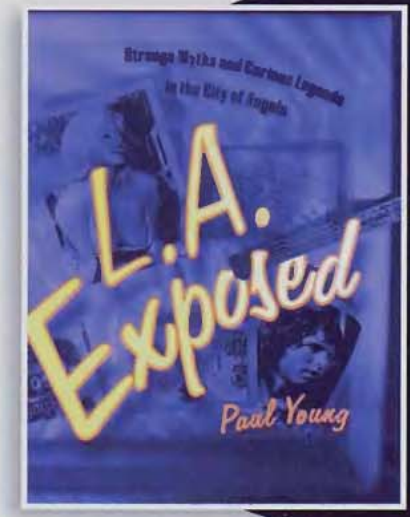
What a strange concept—a coffee-table book about punk. If ever a subject should resist effete treatment, it's the bottle-throwing negativism of the Seventies. Yet nihilism is now just another lifestyle choice, as authors Stephen Colegrave and Chris Sullivan make clear in ***Punk*** (Thunder's Mouth). Safely appropriated and commodified, the energy and anger of punk are gone. In place of Sid Vicious we have Billie Joe Armstrong. The book's subtitle claims this is a definitive record of a revolution, but it isn't. Colegrave and Sullivan (the creators of *The Beatles Anthology*) are more concerned with the look of punk than with music or ideas. You'll find, for some reason, Gisele Bündchen, yet you won't find photographer Godlis. There's too much of the UK and not enough of the U.S., too much Vivienne Westwood and not enough Stiv Bators. If you want a more accurate look at the scene, go to Hilly Kristal's CBGB website (cbgb.com). Punk wasn't about spiky hair and torn shirts; it was about setting the world on fire. But if you like your punk slick, this book is for you.

—LEOPOLD FROEHLICH

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS

Our only gripe about ***The Mammoth Book of Illustrated Erotica*** (Carroll and Graf) is that it's too small. The black-and-white images—by Wolfgang Eichler, Nic Marchant, Craig Morey and 75 other photographers—feature erotic scenarios to fulfill every fantasy. Tattooed prostitutes from South American brothels share space with high-fashion models. The subjects are diverse, sometimes serious, but always breathtaking.

—ALISON LUNDGREN



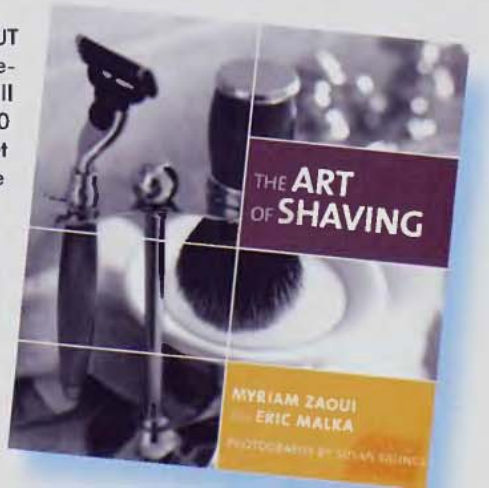
TABLOID TRUTH

No pop culture library is complete without Paul Young's ***LA Exposed*** (St. Martin's). It reveals the lurid truth behind the rumors, myths and urban legends in Tinseltown. Is Jamie Lee Curtis a hermaphrodite? Did Richard Gere use a gerbil as a sex toy? Were David Geffen and Keanu Reeves married in a top-secret ceremony? We could spill all, but why spoil the fun?

—PATTY LAMBERTI

CLEAN CUT

Over the course of a lifetime the average man will have to shave 20,000 times. He will shed 27 feet of facial hair and endure countless nicks and cuts. ***The Art of Shaving*** (Clarkson Potter), written by Myriam Zaoui and Eric Malka, cuts to the cheek with tips and techniques for the perfect shave—as smooth as a baby's bottom.—HELEN FRANGOULIS



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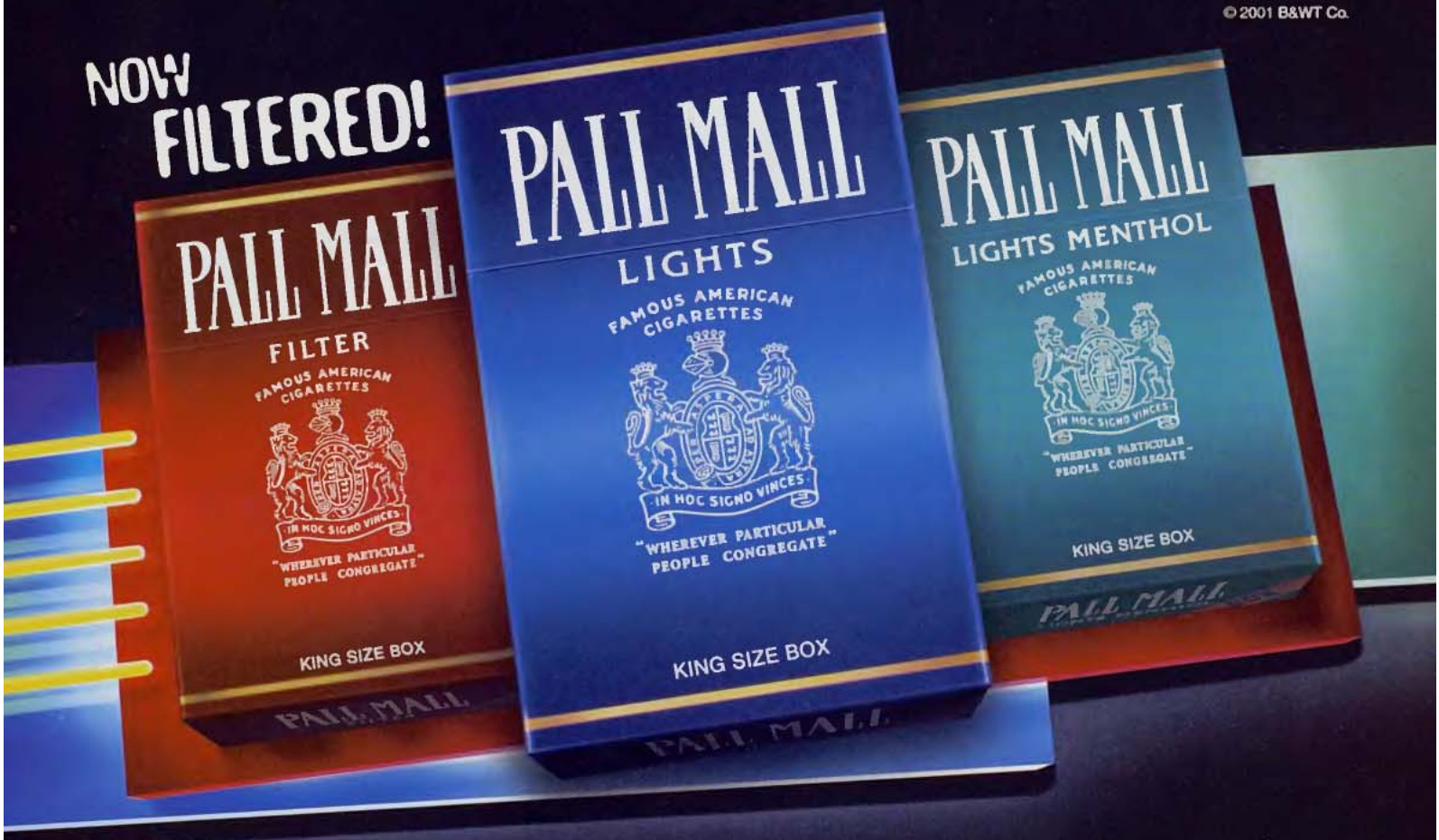

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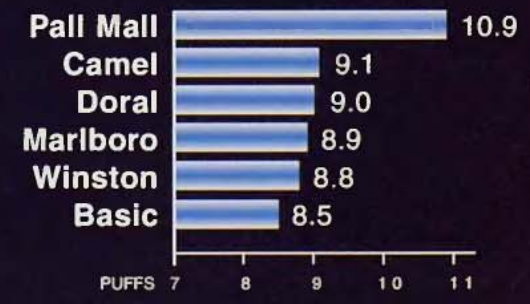
LASTS LONGER

Filtered Pall Mall gives you more puffs than other major brands



Avg. Puffs Per Cigarette
Source: B&W Analytical Test Results (FTC Method)
Comparison of Pall Mall, Marlboro, Winston, Camel, Doral and Basic Filter Box 100's

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BRANDE STRAIGHT UP

We asked Brande Roderick, 2001 Playmate of the Year, for her opinion of the provocative shows on Playboy TV. Brande herself considered participating in a celebrity *Big Brother*, which is a tame version of Playboy TV's 7 *Lives Xposed* (webcams broadcast the sex lives of seven roommates brought together by adult star Devinn Lane). No matter where the roommates are in the house, the cameras catch them. "Everybody loves reality TV, and 7 *Lives Xposed* shows what everyone wants to see," says Brande. "You get the real deal because the cameras stay on all day and night. I was tempted to do *Big Brother* to earn money for my charity, City of Hope, but I would have been stuck in that house for six days with no contact with the outside—no e-mail, no boyfriends, nothing. Unfortunately, that fell through."

Brande also digs Playboy TV's *Naughty Amateur Home Videos*, which features erotic footage sent in by viewers. "If a guy out there thinks that he's doing something odd but then sees someone doing it on the show, he'll feel better knowing he's working it like everyone else," she says. "He can also pick up some sexual pointers."

Julia Ann and Taylor Hayes dare you to try out for *Naughty Amateur Home Videos*.

"*Night Calls* and *Night Calls 411* are helpful when you have sexual questions," says Brande. "It's great to listen to average people talking frankly about sexuality and relationships."

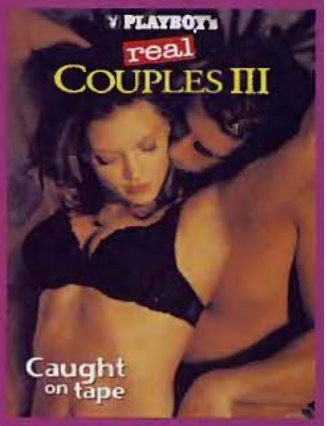
Brande relates to *Sexy Girls Next Door*, the show in which beauties compete to be in a professional Playboy video. How did Brande overcome her fear of posing nude? "Lots of tequila," she says. Her advice to potential contestants? "Play to the camera and don't think about the people around you. Have fun with it. I drank margaritas and champagne. I also pretended that a certain celebrity was in the camera. That made it easy."

Her pick of assignments on the documentary news show *Sexcetera*? S&M clubs. "I used to go dancing with my friends at an S&M club in San Francisco, and there was a little room where they would do all of this crazy stuff. I've never understood how someone could think pain felt good, but I'd like to find out more." In her own life, Brande will next be portraying a medical student with a thirst for blood in *Dracula: Resurrection*, which is the sequel to Wes Craven's *Dracula 2000*. The 27-year-old former *Baywatch Hawaii* star is also winding down her reign as Playmate of the Year. "I've had a great time during my reign," she says. "One of the real highlights has been working with City of Hope, which researches cancer, diabetes and AIDS. I try to help with the charity as much as possible, because it's a great cause. I have friends who have been affected by all three."

Tera Patrick is ready for your wild and kinky sex queries on *Night Calls 411*.

THIS MONTH'S PICKS

We don't wont to give anything away, so let's just say that the *Playmate of the Year 2002* video is filled with vignettes of the winner ond is releosed on Moy 7, a few days after the new PMOY is announced. Remember the last time you ond your lover thought you were olone? In the office, the dressing room, the pork? Whot if your lust was exposed on tape? *Real Couples III* is a voyeuristic view of couples sharing their kinkiest encounters with the rest of the world. Both titles are ovoilable on VHS and DVD and con be ordered ot ployboytv.com.



WHY IS PLAYBOY TV GOING ALL THE WAY TO JAMAICA TO FIND A GIRL NEXT DOOR? Because Hedonism III in Runaway Bay is the best place to find beautiful women. Playboy TV will be there looking for hot girls June 13 to 16 to compete for a chance to appear on the hit show *Sexy Girls Next Door*. The debauchery will be hosted and judged by your favorite personalities from *Night Calls 411* and *Naughty Amateur Home Videos*. The best port? You're invited to the party. To book your Jamaican adventure, call 800-GO SUPER, extension 6969.

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CYBER GIRL OF THE YEAR

It's been our sexy experiment in digital democracy. Playboy's Cyber Girls first showed up on computer screens in September 2000, and in January 2001 Cyber Club members voted for their first Cyber Girl of the Month. Now we have another first to present: Playboy's inaugural Cyber Girl of the Year, **Erika Michelle Barré.** "When I got the call, I thought it was a joke," Erika told us from her home in St. Martin. "I found out on the night of my father's birthday, so we turned it into a dual celebration, complete with several bottles of Dom Pérignon." As Cyber Girl of the Year, Erika spent a week on the beaches of Puerto Vallarta shooting photos and video that let you see her from every angle. Get your close-up at cyber.playboy.com, where you'll also find chat transcripts, hundreds of pictures and exclusive video clips of other sexy Cyber Girl contenders from around the world.

Our security guys were helpless against the masses, and we had to concede that the spring breakers got the hottest personal photos a college kid could hope for." At cyber.playboy.com, members get the photos to go with the dirt. Check out uncensored footage of a South Padre bikini contest, in which the contestants flash as often as Playboy's cameras do and where girl-on-girl fun gets the crowd rocking. Go behind the scenes of nude photo shoots with our favorite spring break babes. Who knows? You may even see that cute girl in your Chaucer class.

IN THEIR OWN WORDS

"I love that people think I'm o sex symbol, and I don't want to diminish thot. But I want to prove that I can do more than stick my boobs out."—Playmate of the Year 1997 Victoria Silvstedt

"Money never hurts. I need somebody to toke care of me. I'm an only child, and I like to be dominated."—Miss October 2000 Nichole Van Croft

"I like my sex and my music the same way—hard and fost."—Cyber Girl Sydney Moon

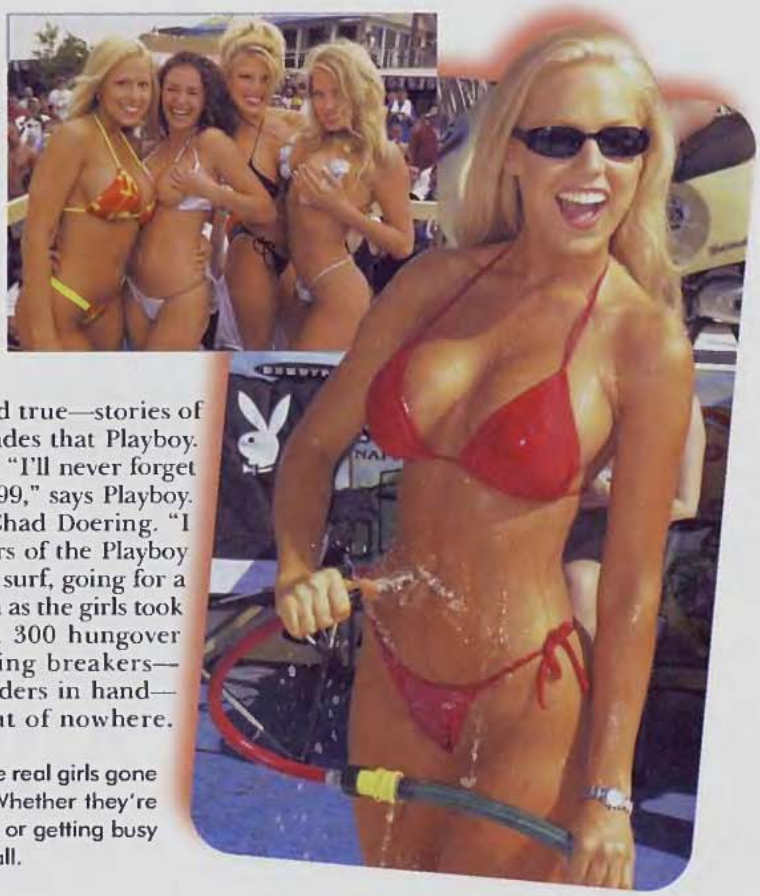
HEF ILLUSTRATED

Hugh Hefner, who aspired to be a cartoonist before settling for the title of world's most famous magazine publisher, has often been the subject of artists' pens and paintbrushes. In Playboy.com's pages (hughhefner.com) you'll find Mr. Playboy immortalized by such renowned

artists as New York line drawer Al Hirschfeld and international pop sculptress Marisol, as well as Shel Silverstein and LeRoy Neiman. Images from television feature Hef with the likes of Matt Groening's Bart Simpson and Mike Judge's Hank Hill. Elsewhere you can read the Playboy Philosophy (the sexual revolution's ultimate playbook), take a tour of the Playboy Mansion West or check out an illustrated history of Hef's Special Ladies, from Janet Pilgrim in the mid-Fifties to today's Party Posse.

THRONGS IN THONGS

You don't need water to surf at the hottest spring break resorts—just log on to Playboy.com. There is something about sun, sand and the Rabbit Head that makes college girls lose their inhibitions—and their bikinis. You won't believe the wild—and true—stories of spring break sexcapades that Playboy.com has rounded up. "I'll never forget Daytona Beach in 1999," says Playboy.com photographer Chad Doering. "I was shooting members of the Playboy X-Treme Team in the surf, going for a *Baywatch* vibe. As soon as the girls took off their tops, about 300 hungover and sunburned spring breakers—cameras and camcorders in hand—came rushing up out of nowhere.



Playboy.com features the real girls gone wild on spring break. Whether they're flashing on South Podre or getting busy in Daytona, we have it all.

By ASA BABER

HER CHEATIN' HEART

THIS COLUMN is not about you or me. After all, we've never dated women who fooled around behind our backs. How do we know? Because we are too handsome and virile and debonair to put up with that kind of disloyalty. And everybody knows we are hung like horses and wield tongues like 10-inch skillets and have so many notches on our weenies that they resemble raw cube steak. You and me, jefe, we are irresistible to our women and have always kept these same women totally satisfied and under control, right?

OK, let's just say this column is about somebody besides you and me—a good friend of ours. Yeah, that's the ticket: This is about some wimpy sap of a guy who couldn't keep his woman satisfied and lost her at the movies while he was getting popcorn, after which he learned that she had been carrying on with his best friend (or brother, cousin, neighbor, personal trainer, office colleague, her gynecologist, religious advisor, postman, etc.), after which he received a Dear John letter announcing that she was moving on to studlier pastures, so would he please send her books, clothes, furniture, cats and quilts to her new address in Hawaii.

For the sake of our egos, gentlemen, we should make it clear to everyone that our interest in discussing the sensitive question of how men deal with female infidelity is purely academic and has never touched us personally. (However, immediately after we make that claim, we should prepare a table for ourselves in Liars Hell, simply because no man goes through life without dating at least one woman who steps out on him, leaving him feeling gypped, insulted, hurt and confused.)

Sure, being cheated on by a mate undoubtedly happens more often to women than to men. You can never underestimate the male potential for random horniness. But if we are honest about it, we will admit that being deceived in romance happens to us, too—and when it does, we usually have no idea how to handle it. Indeed, female faithlessness ranks among the top 10 male fears (right up there with death, castration, IRS audits and the heartbreak of psoriasis). Its impact is even worse on us, because we never talk about it.

Think for a minute: What is the oldest living institution in human history? The female coffee klatch, of course, wherein a bunch of women sit around the kitchen table (or the office watercooler) every morning and lament the tragic treatment they receive from the male sex, especially the average man's inability to keep his zipper zipped. Girls talk it out and help one another recover from the battles of the sex wars.

But how many men are willing to admit that they've been cuckolded? That is the $64 billion question, and since I asked it, allow me to be the first to confess: The first time it happened to me, I was a teenager and in boot camp. My platoon had been in the field for several days, training to serve our country, and at mail call back at the barracks I got the bad news, packed like cordite in a pretty perfumed envelope addressed in delicate feminine handwriting. The woman I had been steadily dating had found life boring without me, she wrote, but guess what? She wasn't bored anymore. As a matter of fact, I quickly discovered, she hadn't been bored for a long time. Someone had been amusing her frequently for the past year, and she now realized she loved him best.

My first reactions to this were feelings of anger and competitiveness. I had been bested by another man, and it had happened right under my nose. Nobody could do that to macho Ace. I had just fired expert with both rifle and pistol and could paratroop-shuffle through heat and rain for miles with a full pack. Who could fuck with me? Was I not invincible?

But those inflated and defensive feelings quickly resolved into deep shame, coupled with the sincere belief that I was the only man in the world who had ever experienced anything like this. Not only did I see myself as weak and unmanly because she had cheated on me while she was supposedly committed to me, but I was also flying solo in boot camp with no one to talk to. I had failed as a man, and I hated what it was doing to me. But I was damned if I was going to talk to anyone else about it.

Even cowboys get the blues when their women wander off the range and consort with other hombres, so if these words describe a place you're in or a place you've been, here are three maxims for surviving the aftershocks of her cheatin' heart:

Payback hurts when the tables are turned, but that does not mean you didn't deserve it. In the midst of your anger and shame at being fooled by a woman you thought you loved and trusted, consider this: Unless you are a rare member of the male gender, the odds are that you have done to others what has just been done to you. Somewhere in your checkered past, you two-timed a woman who assumed you were being faithful to her. You even enjoyed juggling more than one woman at once. So a healthy reaction to your difficulties would be to conduct a reality check on your own life. Payback comes in many forms and at surprising times, but it always does. If it is your turn in the payback bull's-eye, smile and take it like a man. Then forget about it.

"Girls are like taxis: Another one will come along soon." That is a quote from the late, great father of your favorite *Men* columnist. He said it to comfort me shortly after that boot camp incident. He could see me moping around when I returned, and he wanted to help. Maybe it sounds like politically incorrect advice today, but so what? It works. This glorious globe is populated by billions of smart, gorgeous, loving and humorous women. They run like a roaring river through our lives, so if one of them snubs us, another one might not. How do you recover from her cheatin' heart? It's simple. Don't grieve; *socialize!*

Caveat sucker (sucker beware). Cheating in all areas of life has become a national pastime in America, so any man who is unwittingly blindsided by an unfaithful partner has probably been living in a cocoon of self-delusion. The concepts of loyalty and fidelity and integrity in relationships between people today—whether in romantic liaisons or hard-nosed business negotiations or athletic competitions—are as rare as a truthful annual report from Enron. Many of our political, corporate and cultural leaders have spread the virus of dishonesty across the land, and that stuff is contagious (not that most of those leaders seem to give a damn). So it should come as no surprise to us when some of our female friends are similarly infected. To paraphase: Deceit happens.

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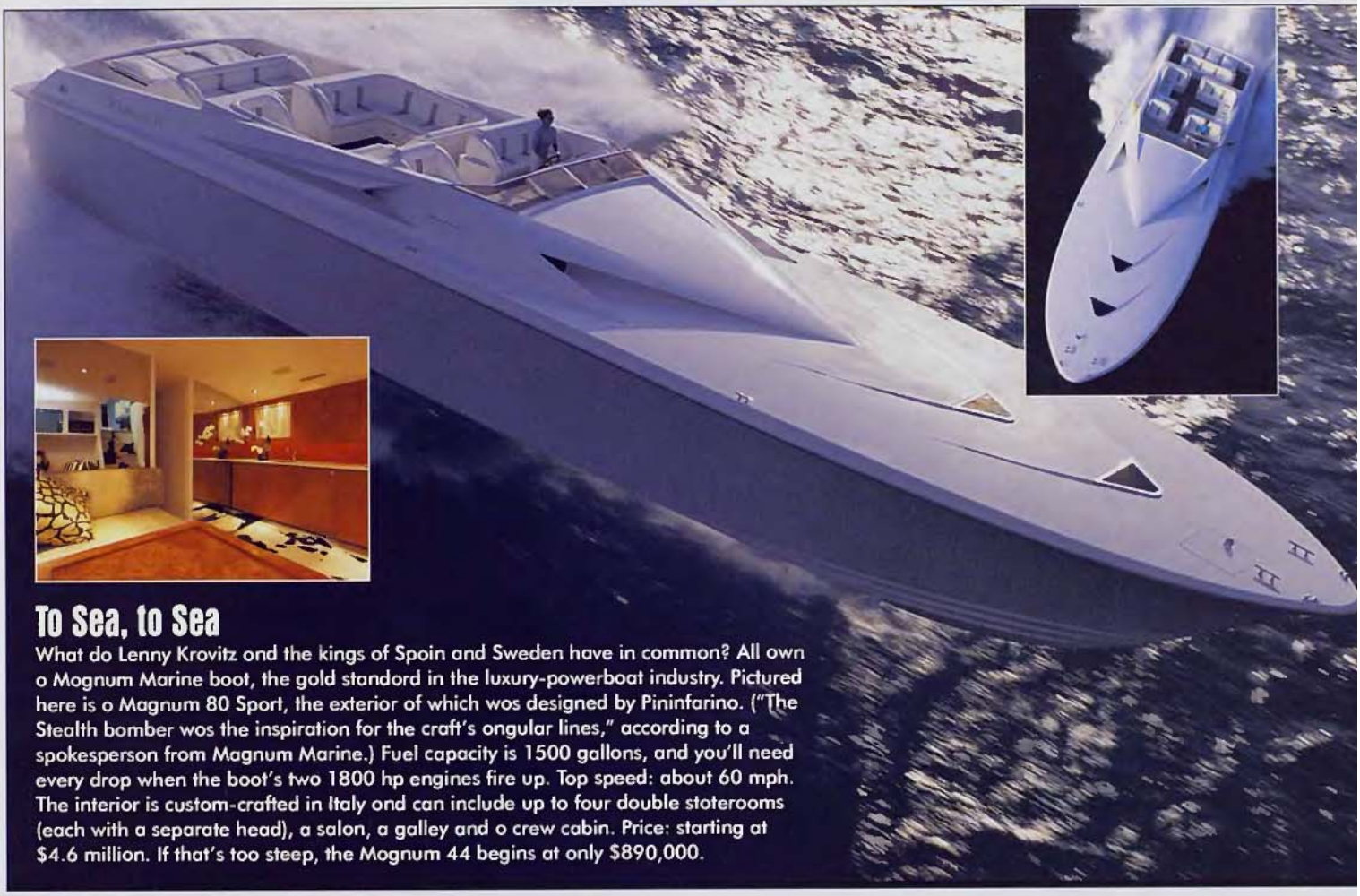
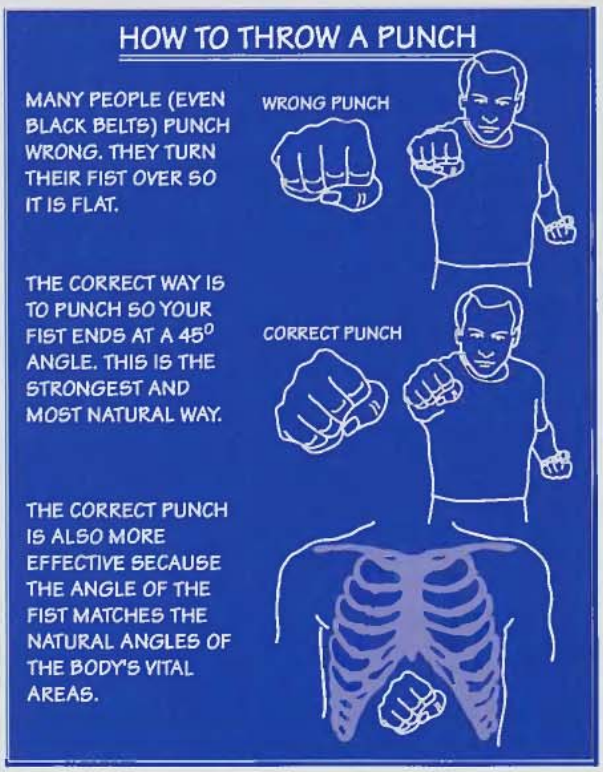


To Sea, to Sea

What do Lenny Krovitz ond the kings of Spoin ond Sweden have in common? All own o Mognum Marine boot, the gold standord in the luxury-powerboat industry. Pictured here is o Magnum 80 Sport, the exterior of which wos designed by Pininfarino. ("The Stealth bomber wos the inspiration for the craft's ongular lines," according to a spokesperson from Magnum Marine.) Fuel capacity is 1500 gallons, and you'll need every drop when the boot's two 1800 hp engines fire up. Top speed: about 60 mph. The interior is custom-crafted in Italy ond can include up to four double stoterooms (each with a separate head), a salon, a galley and o crew cabin. Price: starting at $4.6 million. If that's too steep, the Mognum 44 begins at only $890,000.


HOW TO THROW A PUNCH
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Oriental Expressions

You've seen Martin Yan on public television. He's the punster whose Yan Can Cook show tells Americans thot they must learn to wok before they con run wild in preparing Asion delicacies. His new cookbook, *Martin Yan's Asian Favorites* (10 Speed Press), is a componion to his latest YCC series. In it, Yon trovels to Hong Kong and Taiwon, then visits Thailond for the first time. Throughout, he samples and experiments with local delicacies and deconstructs and odapts recipes for his audience. Among the treats thot caught our eye was this cookie-cutter fish appetizer ot right. Deceptively simple to moke, it combines solmon, shiitoke mushrooms, Chinese eggplant ond toro root, ond hos o plum souce for dipping. Other interesting dishes include Yon's steamed fish in bonono leof, and fried oysters in roasted chile poste. Despite Yan's hideous puns, the book—and perhops even his series—is pretty useful.

MANTRACK

Great Basins

Many of the trendiest hotels—the Hudson in New York, the Clift in San Francisco and the Delano in Miami—showcase Philippe Storck–designed bathrooms, and for good reason. Storck's relotionship with Duravit, a monufocturer of fine tubs, toilets, towel racks, bidets, mirrors ond more, helped transform both furnishings. Pictured here ore three of his new washbosins. The pair ot the top measure 18" in diometer and cost $995 eoch. The one in the center features a foucet hole thot projects into the basin (also $995). The hond-rinse unit at the bottom hos o slightly conicol form and on oversize bosin ($450). None of the prices include the faucets, countertops or supports. You hove to be financially flush to hove a Philippe Storck bathroom.

Prowler Arrested

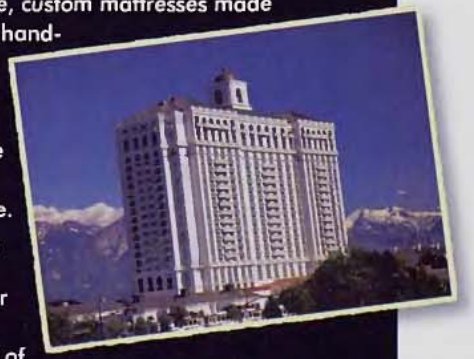
It's fitting that the lost 300 Prowlers to be manufactured by DoimlerChrysler will be painted deep condy red—o classic hot-rod hue. "The color will use o new point technology that makes the car sparkle in bright light," said Tom Marinelli, vice president, Chrysler/Jeep Global Brond Center. More than 11,000 Prowlers have been sold since 1997, when the vehicle hit showrooms. The most populor color? Black. (All told, 1911 were sold.) The lost model will feoture the some 253 hp V6 engine as previous versions did ond on AutoStick shifter thot ollows the driver to chonge geors by tapping the geor lever. The price: about $45,000. Since the Prowler has no trunk, you might want to pop for a matching troiler. It's $5075.

Clothesline: Dr. Drew

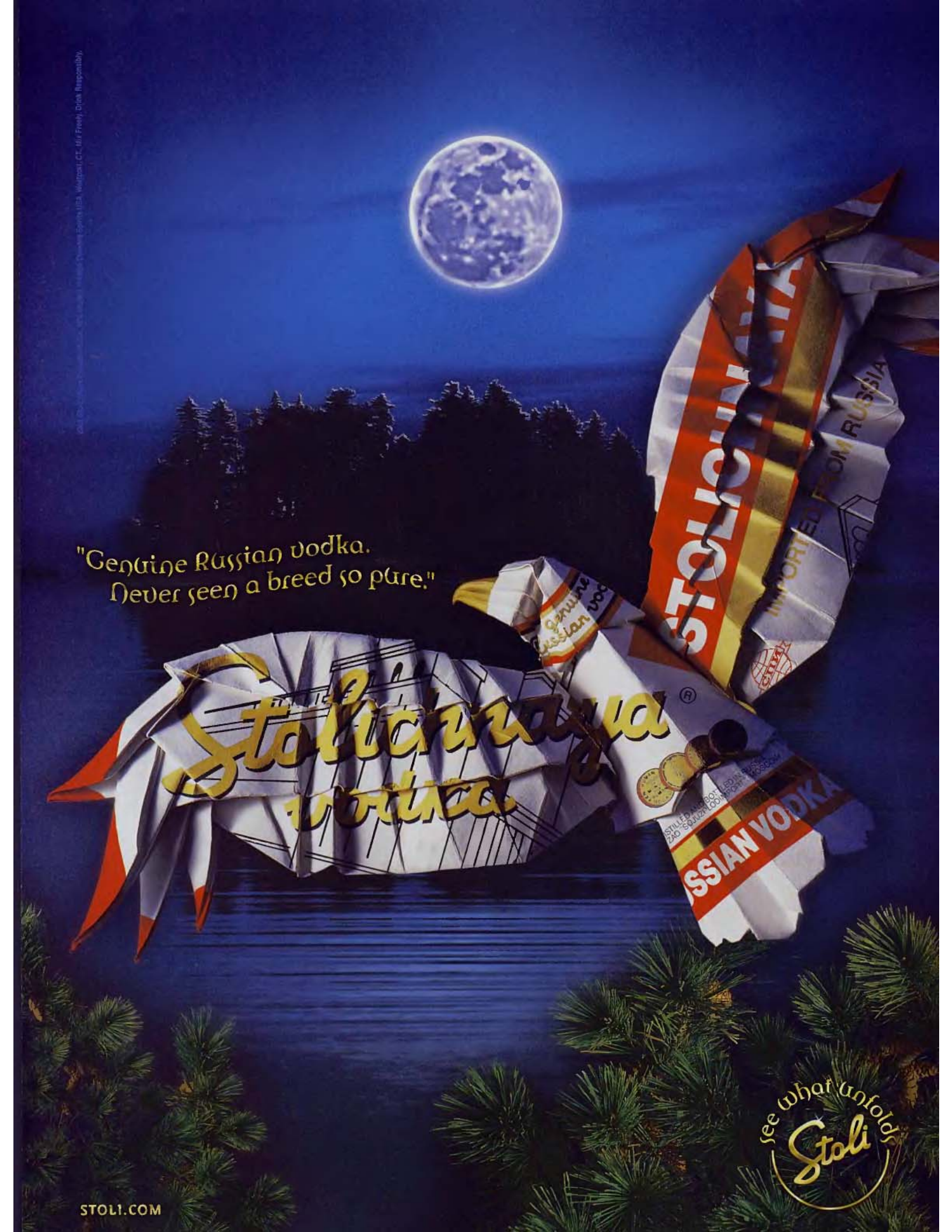
The relationship doctor who co-hosts the syndicated TV show *Men Are From Mars, Women Are From Venus* confesses thot he used to be clueless when it come to fashion: "I didn't give a crop obout clothing, ond I hod a wordrobe person for years." All this chonged when Dr. Drew learned he wos going to be on TV. Then he become o veritable Mr. Blackwell. "Armani hos the best-cut coats in the world. But Vestimento and Hugo Boss also fit me. I like Mossimo for edgy cosual and Banono Republic sweaters for not so edgy. One of my favorite orticles of clothing is o poir of Abercrombie & Fitch flonnel tie-up ponts thot I wear when I do radio shows late ot night. They feel like pojomos." Dr. Drew's favorite ploce to shop? Barneys in Beverly Hills. "You con hove a nice lunch upstairs."

Guys Are Talking About...

Luxurious hotels. The Mormon Tabernacle is Salt Loke City's most renowned building, but the new Grand America hotel (below) could soon top it. Owner Eorl Holding, who has deep pockets, spared no expense when he built his opulent 775-room European boutique–style hotel on 20 acres in the heart of town. More than 300,000 square feet of Vermont white granite grace the bathrooms, the grand lobby and the halls, plus there are crystol chandeliers galore, custom mattresses made specifically for the hotel ond hand-sewn English wool carpeting. No wonder it took five years to build. Room rates range from $235 for a single to $4500 for the 3000-square-foot presidentiol suite. The latter has two fireploces, two balconies, his-and-hers bothrooms, a dining table for six ond o full kitchen. The Grand America is a member of the Leading Hotels of the World, a marketing firm with picky guest-comfort standards. • *Golf survival.* The authors of *The Worst-Case Scenario Survival Handbook: Dating and Sex* and one on travel have come up with another book in the series: *The Worst-Case Scenario Survival Handbook: Golf.* "How to Tee Off in Front of a Crowd," "How to Thwart a Cheat," "How to Disarm an Irate Golfer" and "How to Deal With an Alligator Neor Your Ball" are some of the chapters. The information on "How to Survive Being Hit in the Goolies" is also helpful. *Goolies* is the Scottish term for cojones.



WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 145.


"Genuine Russian vodka.
Never seen a breed so pure."
Stolichnaya
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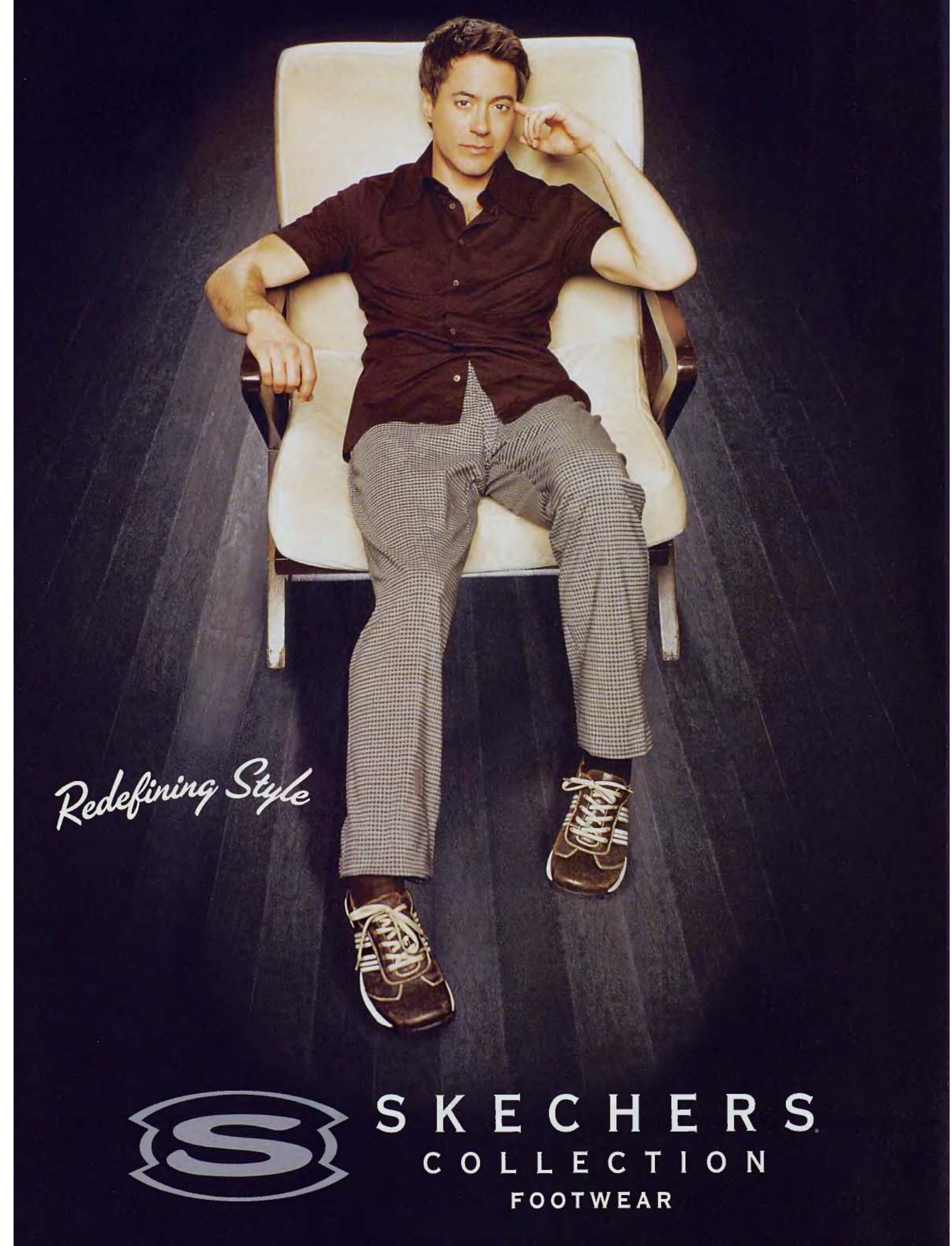

Redefining Style
SKECHERS
COLLECTION
FOOTWEAR

The Playboy Advisor

I know the house has the advantage in all casino games, but will I get the same odds at an online site? Who regulates casinos that exist only on computers?—B.S., Oro Valley, Arizona

Most sites claim to provide the same or better odds than Vegas—their overhead is lower, and they offer enticements such as credits with each deposit—but there's no way to know for sure. That's because there's not yet an online equivalent of the Nevada Gaming Control Board. As a result, the industry is largely self-regulated. Word travels quickly on the Net, and casinos that cheat customers or are slow on the payout don't last long. Most sites also license their software from publicly traded companies that oversee the betting and can't afford even a hint of scandal. Finally, for whatever it's worth, the countries where the gaming house sets up its servers—often in the Caribbean—have licensing processes designed to weed out the crooks. You realize, of course, that the federal government and every state except Nevada consider online gambling illegal. The police aren't going to knock on your door, but they also aren't going to be there if you get ripped off.

A year ago I told my wife she had the freedom to be with other men. A couple of days ago, she took me up on the offer. The man is a friend, and I'm having a hard time with it. I asked her not to sleep with him again until I could accept it. My wife is disappointed, but understanding. Now I feel like an ass. How can I get over these feelings of inadequacy? I want to give my wife what she desires.—J.S., Lawrence, Kansas

Did she ask for her freedom, or did you volunteer it? Giving your wife what she desires should turn you on—if not, you're giving away too much. A large part of the problem is that she's sleeping with a friend, and you imagine they have or will develop an emotional bond. A guy may fantasize about his wife's fucking another man, but it's only her body he's sharing. Perhaps you can arrange to give your wife this freedom in a place where neither of you has anything invested but the pursuit of pleasure. Find a swing club where you can arrive and leave as a couple. You may feel more comfortable with this arrangement, especially if you're getting a blow job at the time. The next letter describes a similar situation.

My husband and I went to a bar one night, and a female friend of ours hit on me. Later, my husband wanted to know why I hadn't let her continue so he could watch. A few months later we ran into the woman at a party. This time, I had enough wine in me to let her kiss me. I

glanced over and my husband looked shocked. Suddenly I felt dirty, like a pervert. My husband said he was upset because of all the people there who might have seen us. I thought I was fulfilling a fantasy for him. Can you explain?—T.B., Youngstown, Ohio

Your husband prefers to keep his fantasies behind closed doors, or at least in the relative anonymity of a bar. He likes to watch, but he doesn't want to be watched while he's watching. If he hopes to see you with another woman, he didn't play his hand well.

I have seen catalogs that offer sex toys made of cyberskin. Supposedly it feels like the real thing. I've read elsewhere that it's hard to keep clean, that bits of it can break off and that it should be cleaned with talc, which has been linked to cervical cancer. What do you know about it?—M.C., Boston, Massachusetts

The sex toy store Good Vibrations sent us a dildo and a fake vagina (positioned at the end of a 10-inch cylinder called the Fleshlight) so we could handle the stuff ourselves. We found it to be soft, pliable and clammy. It also easily picked up smudges, was difficult to clean and looked like bits could flake off. Yet we can understand the appeal—every guy who stopped by our office stuck his finger inside, then examined his digit as if he felt it should be wet. Good Vibrations recommends using cornstarch rather than talc to preserve the surface of the toys, and to rinse it off before penetration. However, cyberskin becomes stickier after being washed, which attracts more grunge. You could slide condoms over the toys before you use them, but that certainly doesn't help the fantasy. Despite these drawbacks, the Fleshlight sells well enough, and you also can find butt plugs and even fake mouths that are made of cyberskin. The question is, does anyone buy them a second time?

The letter in January from the reader who asked if a woman always bleeds the first time she has sex brought back memories. When I was in college, I dated a woman who told me she was a virgin. But when we made love, there was no blood. She insisted she had never had sex before. I believed her, and I told her so. I also told her it didn't matter, because anything that had happened before she met me was none of my concern. We've been married now for more than 30 years. The sex is still great. And it still doesn't matter.—J.F., Woodbridge, Virginia

You said it.

My girlfriend says that she feels numb, usually in her hands, after she has an orgasm. Is this normal?—C.T., State College, Pennsylvania

Better loosen those handcuffs. Actually, temporary numbness is common and occurs because the blood was needed elsewhere, namely in her genitals. People have even been known to faint after orgasm.

As I've gotten older, I have acquired a taste for good scotch: single malt, at least 18 years old. My problem is that I drink it only on the rocks. Am I ruining $150 scotch by pouring it over ice?—N.G., Minneapolis, Minnesota

It's your scotch and your money, so you can drink it any way you want. But you're missing much of the flavor. If you were to offer us a glass, we'd take it neat. That's also how it's traditionally served in the UK. If you need a dash of water, there are pitchers around the pub. While we're on the topic, older whiskeys don't necessarily taste better. If anything, they start to taste more like the oak barrel. You'll find more good whiskeys in their teens than older.

A few years ago the Advisor stated that "the only reliable way to increase the volume of your ejaculation is to hold off from having sex or masturbating for a few days." I know I'm behind in my reading, but I have a technique for increasing volume and distance. Here it is: (1) Whatever method you use to come, make sure it's consistent. Don't surprise your penis. (2) Keep all the promises you make to your body. For example, at the moment you feel yourself about to come during a blow job, don't pull your penis away. Come all over her face, because your penis thinks that's what you're

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

going to do. If you don't, your body will consider you a promise breaker. (3) Use your imagination. It's easier for me to have a forceful orgasm if I have a fresh fantasy in mind. I don't have a large penis, but I'll match my ejaculations—for volume, intensity and distance—against any porn stud.—M.A., Troy, New Jersey

It sounds like you're ready to audition. Your methods may provide more force, but not more volume. Penis size has nothing to do with how much semen you produce. And you won't have a second chance to work on your technique if you come on a woman's face without her OK.

I've read that commercial sex in all its forms is the fourth-largest industry in the U.S. That includes videos, magazines, websites, topless bars, prostitution, phone sex, fetish services, etc. Do you know of any statistics to back this up?—C.H., Van Nuys, California

It's fourth behind food, shelter and clothing. There are no hard figures, only wild guesses. We've seen estimates of $10 billion, $11 billion, $13 billion, $14 billion and $20 billion, excluding prostitution. Because most adult businesses are privately held and don't have to release financial data to stockholders, we're left with extrapolations from sales. For example, the Video Software Dealers Association estimates that Americans spend $8.4 billion each year to rent videos and DVDs. It guesses that porn rentals make up three percent to five percent of that total, or $253 million to $422 million. A survey of adults-only stores by Adult Video News found they earn a total of $970 million annually from sales and rentals. A VSDA survey of 90 stores that carry mainstream and adult titles found that porn accounts for an average of 16 percent of their gross. Using that figure, AVN pegs the total hard-core video and DVD market at $4 billion, not including mail order. Forbes calls that number "wildly inflated" and points out that even if each of the 13,000 porn titles released annually sold 2000 copies at $20 apiece—all generous assumptions—the total would be just $520 million. The magazine estimates the annual gross from adult movies, websites, pay-per-view and magazines at $2.6 billion to $3.9 billion. So, who knows? We'll start saving our receipts.

While working out at a gym I discovered not one, but two orgasmic pieces of equipment. Both are abdominal machines. One has you strap yourself into a seat and lift your legs into a crunch. With the other you lie on your back with your knees bent and lift your upper body into a crunch. I couldn't believe the intense feelings. The more reps I did, the closer I came to climaxing. My face turned red, my pussy was buzzing and I was so embarrassed that I left the room. How can I duplicate that intensity during sex with my boyfriend?—Y.L., Long Beach, California

You're the reason that gyms ask members to wipe down the machines. Why not enjoy yourself? Everyone turns red while they work out, and even if you scream, "Oh, God!" just follow it up with "Solid reps!" You certainly aren't alone. As she revealed this past July, Playmate Kerissa Fare has experienced the orgasmic benefits of leg lifts and sit-ups. It shouldn't be difficult to take these exercises home. Improvise as your boyfriend lies on his stomach and fingers and licks you, or have intercourse as he stands next to the bed. You're going to have killer abs.

I was taking a shower with my girlfriend of a few months when out of the blue she pointed at my penis and made reference to the fact that she thought it was small and that her ex-boyfriend had one that was huge. As you can imagine, this ruined the mood. I measured my penis and it's 6.5 inches. I wish I could understand why she said this. Do you think it was a hint that she's not satisfied with me?—P.T., Woodstock, New York

It's a hint that you're dating a woman who's ignorant, insensitive, immature or all of the above. You're on the large side of normal, and you need a new girlfriend.

When I took business law in college, a professor said that you can return any product, with no questions asked, if you could show that you were high, drunk or mentally incompetent when you bought it. True?—R.Y., Milwaukee, Wisconsin

You must have heard this on the first day of class, because it's one of the basics of contract law. An agreement can't be binding if either party is not of sound mind. If you can prove you were drunk or stoned when you bought that sports car and that the seller knew you were in this state, you might be able to wriggle out of the deal. However, there would be plenty of questions asked. You'd also have to return the car the minute you sobered up. If you drove it around for a week, you wouldn't have a case. You want fun? Claim you were insane with lust when you signed the prenup.

I've been blessed—or cursed—with an odd fetish. I love to have girls sit on my face and cut off my oxygen supply. I haven't figured out a good way to bring it up in conversation. Most of the time I just out and say it; other times I drop hints. Most women get squeamish when the topic comes up. I know other men enjoy this as well, but how do I arrange this pleasure? I suppose I'm just one of those submissive, dominatrix-paying types and I'll never be able to enjoy this with someone I love.—J.S., Albuquerque, New Mexico

Why don't you first find someone you love and who loves you? That may make it easier to negotiate. Your fetish, known as queening, also can be accomplished by having a woman hold your nose and mouth against her vulva with her thighs. As you know, this is a dangerous game. Cutting off someone's air for even a few minutes can have dire consequences. If you're a submissive, we can understand why this turns you on. Controlling a person's breathing is as close as it gets to controlling his life, and when a person panics from lack of oxygen, the body responds with a surge of adrenaline. But there's another problem besides potential brain damage. If you can't get excited except when a woman suffocates you, she isn't going to find the sex that interesting.

A friend sent me an article he found online that reads: "The secret to keeping pounds off may lie in the chemical makeup of semen. A 12-month study of 200 women showed that those who performed fellatio to completion (swallowing) gained an average of 48 percent less weight than those who did not. 'We are focusing on an alkaline substance found in semen,' said Ingrid Fleischer, a professor of science and medicine at the University of Hamburg. 'By itself, it has no effect on burning calories, but when mixed with other elements in semen, the results are staggering.'" A group of us are debating whether this could be true.—R.K., Duluth, Minnesota

Don't believe everything you read on the Internet. But pray she does.

One night my roommates and I had a party, and this drunk girl grabbed me by the arm, dragged me into the bathroom and asked me to sit with her while she peed. She didn't make any moves on me, just pulled down her pants and sat on the john. When she was done, she pulled up her pants and thanked me, and we walked back to the party. A year later, a drunk girl at another party pulled me into the bathroom for the same routine. Are these women trying to hint that I should try something? Or were they just showing how comfortable they feel with me as a friend?—R.G., Atlanta, Georgia

Have you ever noticed how women always go to the john in pairs? One woman pees, and the other sits with her. No one is sure why. The parties you attended likely had more females who had to pee than who wanted to sit, so the women grabbed you. Trouble is, it's not supposed to happen twice. Once you've sat with a woman, you're obligated to marry her and then spend your life waiting outside while she pees.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or send e-mail by visiting playboyadvisor.com.*

THEOCRACY SUCKS

or, there but for the grace of god goes god

By PATTY LAMBERTI

The Taliban, may they rest in paradise, taught the world a valuable lesson: Theocracy sucks. That gang of religious thugs never rose to the level of government. Oh, they gave themselves important titles like the Ministry for the Promotion of Virtue and the Prevention of Vice. They had a code of laws that deemed as unclean "satellite dishes, cinematography, any equipment that produces the joy of music, pool tables, chess, masks, alcohol, tapes, computers, VCRs, televisions, anything that propagates sex and is full of music, wine, lobster, nail polish, firecrackers, statues, sewing catalogs, pictures and Christmas cards," etc. That list, reported in *The New York Times*, sounds surprisingly familiar. We call it the good life.

America has no shortage of religious zealots who would turn the nation into a theocracy. Like the Taliban, our fundamentalists are adverse to having fun. Were it not for the Bill of Rights and a vigorous democracy, we might well be in the same paradise. Consider the following scorecard:

Women's rights: The Taliban forced women to abandon work and school. Women were not allowed to leave the house unless accompanied by a male relative. Once outdoors, they were required to wear a burqa that covered them from head to toe. The gender roles were clear: Men got to carry guns and lounge around telling stories about kicking Russian butt, while women stayed at home. In America, the religious right managed to thwart an equal rights amendment. The men get to lounge around talking about kicking Russian butt. They celebrate the stay-at-home mom, replacing the burqa with cellophane. (Fans of *The Total Woman*, a sex manual for Christian wives, are famous for greeting their husbands at the door clad only in Saran Wrap.)

The right to read: The Taliban found truth in one book—the Koran. They would stop people in the street and ask them religious questions—their version of a Breathalyzer test. We have no shortage of fundamentalists who claim there is a single truth, the one in the Bible. They show up at libraries to protest such classics as *The Catcher in the Rye*. They hound school boards because teachers assign fairy tales that "promote witchcraft."

Rock and roll: The Taliban banned pop music as intoxicating. One radio station broadcast pro-Taliban propaganda 24 hours a day. In America, preachers who burned the records of Elvis Presley and railed against rock, disco and rap got what they deserved—kids who thought anything that bugged parents was cool. As for power plays, the religious right pesters the Federal Communications Commission into enforcing guidelines that ban swear words and sexual lyrics on the airwaves.

AMANDA DUFFY

Homosexuality: The Taliban killed several suspected homosexual men by crushing them beneath a wall with a tank. In America, our record is only somewhat better. The Moral Majority railed against AIDS, gays in the military, gay marriage and Ellen Degeneres. The power play has gone pretty far: Generals defend an absurd "don't ask, don't tell" détente, and congressmen pass the Defense of Marriage Act. On the other hand, we have *Will and Grace* and a gay cable channel in the works.

Small Business Administration: During prayer time in Afghanistan, everything shuts down. If a shop owner were seen working during this time, his store would be closed for up to five days. In many places in America, blue laws still outlaw the sale of liquor on Sundays.

Science and health: The Taliban forbade male doctors to examine female patients (they could look only at the part in need of attention). Here the religious right has had some success controlling the relationship between women and doctors. On his first working day in office, President George W. Bush banned funding overseas organizations that discussed abortion. The government spends millions promoting abstinence education, but how many kids pay attention in school?

Television: The Taliban banned televisions, VCRs and anything else that might promote sex and nudity. In America, the religious right has a love/hate relationship with TV. They complain about racy plots on *Boston Public*, but also use television to rip off the spiritually needy. The satellite dish is a giant collection plate.

Toys: The Taliban banned dolls and kite flying. In America, Jerry Falwell criticizes Teletubbies, and some nutcase in the Bible Belt goes ballistic over a *Where's Waldo?* illustration that shows a sunbather with an exposed breast. No clear victory here for the zealots.

Catalogs: The Taliban banned sewing catalogs with pictures. In America, the religious right protests Victoria's Secret catalogs, Abercrombie and Fitch catalogs, the Spice catalog—though the government does deliver them to your door, usually within the same year they are mailed.

Retirement plans: According to *The New York Times*, the head of the Ministry for the Promotion of Virtue and the Prevention of Vice was "chased down and shot to death by a group of youths." Here in America, we can still hope.

BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING

and no one seems to mind

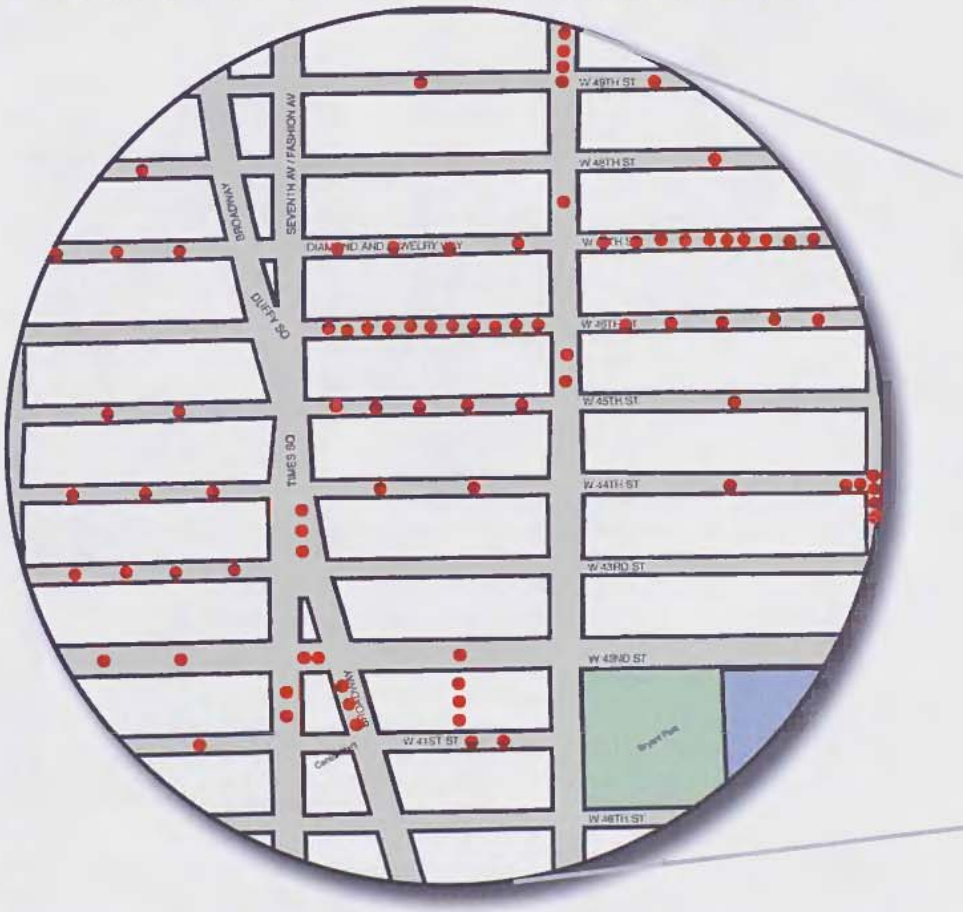
By JAMES R. PETERSEN

Tomorrow on your way to work, count the number of security cameras pointed at you. The last time I did this, I stopped when I reached two dozen. Had they the energy or the suspicion, security guards could have isolated me filling my Subaru at the corner gas station, getting cash at the ATM drive-through, returning videos to Blockbuster, carbo-loading at the 24-hour convenience store, dropping off my kids at their schools, trying to squeeze into an atrophied indoor parking space that costs me $245 a month, entering the lobby of my workplace, boarding the elevator (from the lobby to my desk I pass five cameras), going across the street for a workout at the health club, grabbing a salad at a cafeteria and window-shopping on Michigan Avenue (to capture my attention, a few shop owners put my image on televisions). Book and record stores keep track of my literary and musical taste or lack of it. There are the news helicopters that monitor my commute home, radar guns that register my speed and cameras at intersections that snap a photo of my license plate if I run a red light.

My experience is not unusual. Over a five-month period prior to December 1998 (with regular updates since), volunteers for the New York Civil Liberties Union walked the streets of Manhattan tallying spy cams. They spotted them inside alcoves and above garage doors, affixed to the walls of private and public buildings, on traffic-light and streetlight poles—virtually everywhere. The Surveillance Camera Project team counted 2397 cameras, of which only about 300 appeared to be maintained by government entities. Big Brother is more likely to be a businessman. Citibank has a video network connecting all its branches to a central control, putting a quarter million New Yorkers under its watchful eye each day.

Using the NYCLU survey, a group of privacy advocates calling themselves the Institute for Applied Autonomy created a website (appliedautonomy.com) that challenges you to find a route between your Manhattan office and, say, Tony's House of Pain, without being captured on video. We're not saying it's impossible, but you may have to detour through South Dakota.

This flicker of scrutiny, the visual caress of high-tech cameras, has in a single generation become ubiquitous. The surveillance culture that George Orwell presented as the icon of tyranny is not only a common part of the American experience, it is actively sought in the post–September 11 quest for a secure homeland. Nowadays, politicians and so-called security experts demand more cameras, and cities such as Virginia Beach, Palm Springs and Boulder City, Nevada rush to deploy surveillance systems.



The cameras are supposed to prevent crime, but the litany of larcenous acts (and worse) preserved in grainy videotapes suggests otherwise. People rob banks and convenience stores every day. They are caught on camera but less often in real life. One of our favorite police reports as described in *The Miami Herald* earlier this year: "The owner of Benny's Truck Sales told police a burglar cut part of the east fence, pried open a steel grill door and broke the front glass door to gain entry. Once inside, the burglar took a Ruger rifle, a 12-gauge shotgun, between 12 and 15 fishing rods, two computers with monitors, two laser printers, a fax machine and a surveillance camera."

According to one Los Angeles detective, graffiti artists who are targets of surveillance usually "rip off the cameras, break them, turn them away or shoot them up. It's a game. If they are doing illegal activities, they are going to make sure the cameras aren't working." Resourceful business owners have come up with their version of a crash-proof black box. Police in California installed a bullet-resistant, steel-encased, battery-powered Flashcam, triggered by a motion sensor device, at a location favored by taggers. The unit delivers a recorded warning, then snaps a photo. Somewhere there's a wanted poster of a blurred, paint-covered middle finger.

Take a look at the close-up of Times

Square taken from the NYCLU's mapping project (all of Manhattan is shown at right). Despite the presence of several dozen cameras, over a 22-month period the surveillance resulted in 10 arrests. There's no success like failure. Local politicians have called for the installation of an additional 100 cameras in the Times Square area.

Not a day goes by without a story on some new development that promises greater security. A report about a safety exercise at Phoenix' Bank One Ballpark, home of last year's World Series, described how three cops posing as terrorists infiltrated the stadium. They were spotted on camera, identified as the culprits and "neutralized" by a sharpshooter. The press dutifully reported the successful test of facial recognition software.

At Super Bowl XXXV in Tampa, security forces tested a program that compares some 80 physiognomic indicators with faces in the crowd (even the ones with fluorescent fright wigs and rude slogans painted on their foreheads) with a data bank of known felons.

Tampa police subsequently used a biometric recognition program that compared people who were caught on several dozen cameras with a database of 30,000 wrongdoers. The earliest logs showed promise. The Face-It software identified 14 possible matches. Of the 14 matches, all were false positives. Fortunately, no snipers tried to neutralize those threats.

The system set off alarms four or five times a night. When police set the software to a more stringent standard, not a single match appeared. The project was discontinued without anyone being arrested.

People familiar with the technology say that even under the best conditions—a subject staring directly into the camera under bright lights—the results are far from ideal. According to one study, the system can be tripped up by "changes in lighting, in the quality of the camera used, in the angle from which a face was photographed, in facial expression, in the composition of the background of the photo, and by the donning of sunglasses or even regular glasses." Monty Python's John Cleese was able to outwit a Visionics face recognition system in use in England by wearing earrings and a beard. We can't help wondering if, in addition to the disguise, Cleese performed a silly walk.

England has more than 1 million security cameras in place. *The New York Times* reported on some success stories: One system in Hull recorded the license plate numbers of johns who frequented prostitutes conducting business in the doorways of a housing project. After police paid the customers a visit, business plummeted.

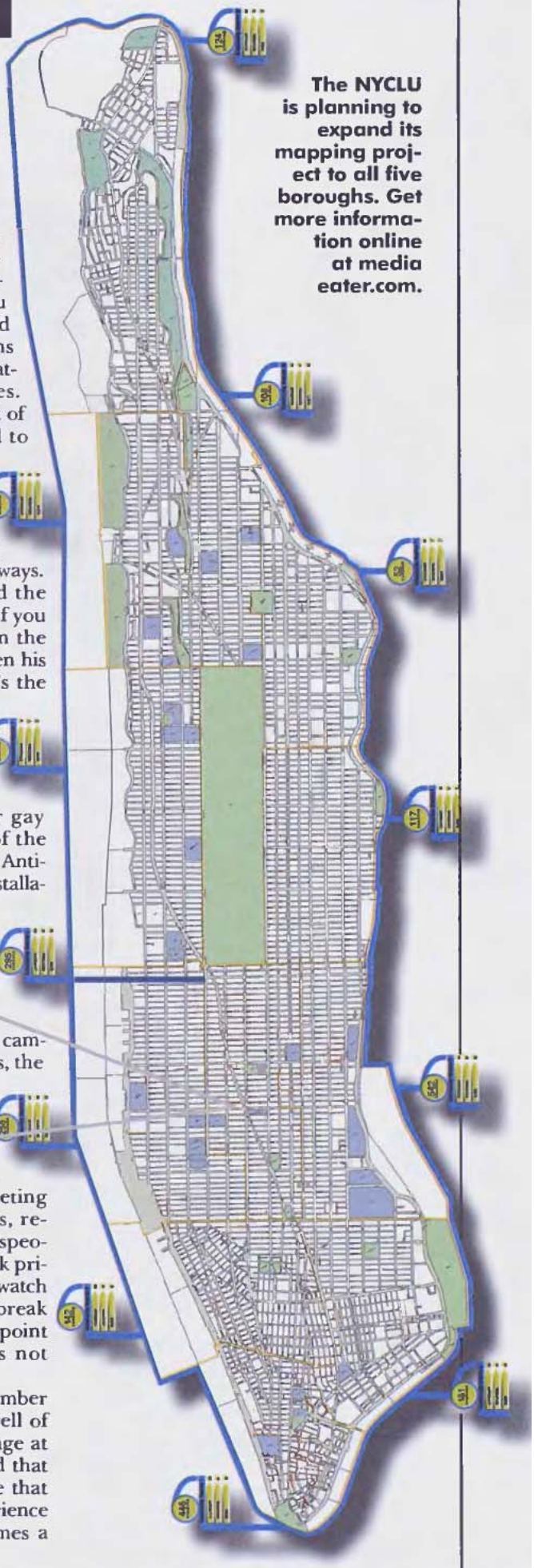
It should come as no surprise that the surveillance systems gravitate toward sex. The *Times* described what happens "when you put a group of bored, unsupervised men in front of live video screens and allow them to zoom in on whatever happens to catch their eyes. They tend to spend a fair amount of time leering at women." Taped to the wall in one control room the reporter found close-up shots, captured from videocams, of women with large breasts. Watchers also had zoomed in on lovers making out in cars or doorways.

The courts have not afforded the right to privacy in public spaces. If you can be seen by a police officer on the beat, there is no difference between his eye and that of the camera's. It's the permanent record of the moment that is troubling.

In a report prepared for the mapping project, the NYCLU singles out cameras placed in neighborhoods noted for their gay populations. Michael Rosano of the New York City Gay and Lesbian Anti-Violence Project feels that the installation of cameras along places like the Greenwich Village piers, a cruising strip for gay men, will stop many couples from even embracing, fearing "the tapes will get into the wrong hands."

The report continues: "When cameras are mounted at street corners, the vast majority of the time they monitor people engaged in innocent and lawful activities. However, these innocent activities may be personally damaging. Public spaces often serve as meeting grounds for lawyers and clients, reporters and sources and businesspeople and politicians who want to talk privately. Cameras also capriciously watch off-guard moments: a cigarette break or a goodbye kiss, which at one point or another most everyone has not wanted captured on video."

Consider your own life. Remember the time you did it in the stairwell of her dorm or in the parking garage at the airport or in the alley behind that restaurant? The thrill used to be that you might get caught. The experience is far different when that becomes a certainty.



The NYCLU is planning to expand its mapping project to all five boroughs. Get more information online at mediaeater.com.

READER

MORE SEX AND WAR STORIES

I enjoyed reading about the sexual experiences of Vietnam vets during the war ("Sex and War," *The Playboy Forum*, February). In 1968 we were young and Vietnam was the Wild West. We lived like there was no tomorrow in a place where the values we were raised with meant nothing. Many of us were naive and believed the horror stories about VD. We thought there wasn't a cure and pictured ourselves doomed on an unnamed island, unable to return Stateside. There was also the widely believed rumor about a Vietcong beauty who had a razor blade in her vagina. Perhaps I did not stay in Vietnam long enough to reach the point that I needed a "boom-boom girl"—my tour was cut short by a grenade. The situation was different in the rear. In the boonies, only the least desirable women wandered our way, some pregnant, some old. What I lusted for was the beautiful blonde who was waiting for me at home.

J.T.S.
Fourth Battalion,
Ninth Infantry

JOHN LAUBE

FOR THE RECORD

TOO LATE

"At this point, there is the possibility that a mistake was made."

—Travis County, Texas Sheriff Margo Frasier, after an unidentified SWAT officer burst into a mobile home and killed 19-year-old Antonio Martinez, who was sleeping on a couch. The SWAT team was searching for a stockpile of weapons. Instead, they found one bullet and $55,000 worth of cocaine and methamphetamine, none of which belonged to Martinez.

I recently read that Vietnamese prostitutes are offering late-night sex in the infamous "Hanoi Hilton" where U.S. pilots were once tortured, now a museum. Apparently, the nexus between Vietnam and sex hasn't disappeared.

James Mark
San Jose, California

I was a single first lieutenant when I served as a platoon leader in Korea in the mid-Sixties. A couple of weeks in, a buddy asked if I wanted to go to a house. I said, "I'm not sure I'm attracted to the locals." He replied, "Give it a month or two."

Sure enough, a few months later, I found a steady in Seoul, Ms. Kim. She was a lovely and gracious woman who worked for a house but had her own digs a block away. She wore a billowing traditional dress. We would bathe with buckets of warm water. No kissing—that was reserved for serious, long-term loved ones. I still have a photo of her, and she still looks beautiful.

The occasional weekends that I spent with her were a wonderful stress reliever. I would practice judo, bathe to soak out the bruises, have a few beers, then taxi over to Ms. Kim's. Paradise, just 20 miles from the front.

Officers were ordered not to consort with local women and reminded of this every month by the battalion commander. Accordingly, there was no VD among officers. On Monday mornings two lines formed to the medical station, one for enlisted men to receive penicillin for the clap, and the other for officers to receive penicillin for "strep throat."

An appropriate sign hung at the Kimpo Airbase as we left: HERE WE LEAVE OUR LOVED ONES AND RETURN TO OUR FAMILIES.

M.Z.
Seventh Infantry

I served during the Bosnian war. The Army shuttled us to Budapest for a four-day R&R. We arrived after some five months of deprivation. As we got off the bus, other men were getting on. They handed us brochures for clubs where women were available for $100 per hour. This seemed kind of steep, but we had been on lockdown with nowhere to spend all our hard-earned, tax-free money. My buddy and I headed for a club. The rest of our friends had been there all day, fucking and getting blow jobs. The girls at the club were sleazy but plenty beautiful. There was a babe for each dude in the room.

After I returned from the bar, one chick with great tattoos was doing her number onstage with another woman. They were eating each other out like nothing any of us had ever seen. The first babe pulled me onstage and grabbed my cock. She began taking off my clothes and jerking me off. The next thing I knew she was giving me head, and proceeded to fuck my brains out right there. Everybody started taking pictures and soon there was an orgy. I don't remember too much until the next day, when I had more hookers. We all took HIV tests when we hit home, and all of us were free and clear.

J.M.
First Armored

PROBLEMATIC PRISONS

In "Pork Barrel Prisons" (*The Playboy Forum*, February) James Bovard claims the California Correctional Peace Officers Association "spearheaded a campaign for the three-strikes law that has resulted in life sentences for many relatively small-fry offenders." That's ludicrous. It's true we supported this public safety initiative, which has helped reduce crime in California by twice the national average. But the notion that "small-fry offenders" are filling our prisons as a result is absurd.

A recent investigation by the *San Jose Mercury News* found that the three-strikes law "hasn't overwhelmed California's prisons with vast numbers of petty criminals doing life sentences, as critics predicted. Instead, California's seven-year-old three-strikes law appears to have accomplished the goal its supporters touted: It has targeted the

RESPONSE

state's worst repeat offenders and taken them off the streets."

Equally absurd is Bovard's claim that correctional officers have "almost unlimited power over prisoners" and they are "almost never" prosecuted for "killing or beating inmates." Where does this come from?

On average, nine correctional officers are assaulted by inmates every day in California prisons—up 70 percent since 1998. Meanwhile, the number of felons who have died in prison disturbances has fallen from 27 in 1989, when the state's inmate population was 88,000, to seven in 1999, when the population was 160,000.

In addition to physical assaults, correctional officers are routinely harassed by inmates throwing urine and feces, and are exposed to deadly diseases like AIDS, hepatitis and tuberculosis. I'd happily escort Bovard on a tour of a max joint so he can see the dangers we face.

The 28,000 men and women represented by this association walk the toughest beat in the state. Our officers conduct themselves professionally under the watchful eyes of local, state and federal authorities. Our job is to protect these dedicated men and women. It's a job we take very seriously.

Don Novey, President
California Correctional Peace Officers Association
West Sacramento, California

Bovard replies: The article in the San Jose Mercury News did draw the conclusion that the three-strikes law had targeted the state's worst offenders and taken them off the street. However, the same article points out that "among the 26 states with three-strikes laws, California stands alone in not requiring that the third strike be violent." Nearly half of California's 7206 third-strikers are doing 25 to life for nonviolent third strikes, including drug possession, petty theft (in one case, a guy stole two bottles of cognac), vehicle theft (including two bicycles and a truck), forgery, DUI and sodomy. But Novey is correct: Third-strikers make up only four percent of California's prison population. Drug laws that incarcerate people for simple possession account for a far greater percentage of the prison population.

As for the statistics on the number of guards who beat or kill inmates without facing prosecution, let Novey consult his own records. How many of the guards who killed seven prisoners in 1999 or 27 in 1989 were held accountable? None.

James Bovard's article is nothing but the truth. I am incarcerated in one of the two new supermax prisons in Virginia. Most of the inmates are small-time offenders. The prisons have brought gobs of money to this little community. Virginia even makes money from other states, including New Mexico, Connecticut and Wyoming, for housing some of their inmates. Prisons in America are nothing but businesses.

Erick Guzman
Big Stone Gap, Virginia

Bovard's article persuaded me to finally sit down and ask: When are you going to change the title of your magazine from PLAYBOY, Entertainment for Men to PLAYBOY, Entertainment for Liberal Men?

Bryant Higgs
Bozeman, Montana

Actually, we think of ourselves as libertarian, not liberal. We have considered changing the magazine's title to PLAYBOY, *Entertainment for Men Who Are Great in Bed, but it won't fit.*

I've been a correctional officer for the California Department of Corrections for about six years. While I agree that our lawmakers have gone overboard in sentencing nonviolent drug offenders to long terms, Bovard is way off base when he blames my department and my union. He seems to imply that our top salary of $52,000 per year makes us aristocrats. Is he living in the U.S. in the 21st century? As for the "ample overtime" that Bovard refers to, I did about $12,000 worth last year, nearly all of which was involuntary because my institution is so understaffed.

Furthermore, where does Bovard get his information about guards killing and beating inmates? The CDC currently has the strictest use-of-force policy in its 100-year history. Most of us hope and pray a situation never arises that requires us to use force. We know such actions will be under scrutiny. Most local district attorneys are aware of this and therefore prefer to spend their time and resources prosecuting criminals.

I wonder how Bovard would like it if he had to submit to a search every time he entered his workplace. The majority of us are honest, hardworking Americans who are just trying to support our families like anyone else. Anybody who thinks correctional officers are bringing drugs and/or weapons into our prison system should never watch another prison movie. Inmates simply can't afford what I would have to charge them to throw away my life and career. Bottom line: The California Department of Corrections is hiring, Mr. Bovard. Why not apply?

(Name withheld by request)
Susanville, California

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to The Playboy Forum, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, e-mail forum@playboy.com or fax 312-951-2939. Please include a daytime phone number and your city and state or province.*

FORUM F.Y.I.

We've always known that good things come in threes. It's too bad everybody doesn't feel the same way. Media Markt, a German electronics chain store, posted 15,000 of these advertisements in and around Berlin. The caption reads, THERE'S MORE INSIDE THAN YOU THINK. After it received several complaints from two-breasted women, the company removed the posters.

WHEN LUST ME

a crash course in kink

I'm watching *Porsche's Ordeal*. A dominatrix, clad in purple latex, is attaching clips to Porsche's labia. She then methodically adds tiny weights to each clip, stacking them like iron plates on a Cybex machine, except these weights are the size of half-dollars. When the stack is maxed out and Porsche, chained to a wooden, leather-covered X, is breaking like a wave against a pier, the dom adds a grace note. She waves a large magnet back and forth beneath the clips, tugging at them with the invisible pull. Labia dance like the aurora borealis.

Actually, Porsche's torment is not all that private. It's captured on an adult video, one of about a dozen specialty tapes I'd picked up for review. (That's my story and I'm sticking to it.) Curious, I'd embarked on a B&D/S&M film festival, working my way through *Dungeon of the Borgias*, *Dangerous Desires*, *Misty's First Whipping*, *The Lair of the Bondage Bandits* and others, all featuring damsels in distress and the damsels who distress them.

In the Seventies it was not unheard of to encounter a B&D scene in a porn flick. *The Joy of Sex* celebrated bondage. Even Ann Landers admitted that a little rope work might spice up a marriage. But then the radical feminists started claiming that pornography in all its forms was violence against women. They toured the country with slides taken mostly from bondage and S&M magazines. The Meese Commission did pretty much the same thing, muttering darkly about porn that featured "actual or unmistakably simulated or unmistakably threatened violence presented in a sexually explicit fashion." The *Journal of Popular Film and Television*, commenting on the evolution of the genre, cited an Arizona statute: Lawmakers banned videos that showed "flagellation or torture by or upon a person clad in undergarments, a mask or bizarre costume, or the condition of being fettered, bound or otherwise physically restrained on the part of one so clothed, for the purpose or in the context of sexual gratification or abuse."

By the letter of the law, that could ban *WWF Smackdown*, the *Indiana Jones* epics, some Madonna videos and the *CSI* episode that featured death by asphyxiation torture in a house of bondage. Prosecutors were not that literal, but when the feds raided adult shops they usually seized titles that were most likely to shock John Q. Juror. In response, porn producers developed a system of self-regulation: Mainstream porn would show fucking and sucking but no bondage. Specialty tapes would show bondage and S&M but no intercourse or oral sex.

The result offers splendid proof of Freud's theory of repression. If you block normal, healthy lust, sexual urges go underground, where they get twisted into weirdness and obsession. Yet, for the most part, this bizarre legal strategy has worked. Because specialty videos do not show erect penises or penetration, they are rarely considered hard-core by prosecutors. Without a penis, porn is almost quaint, with a hint of Bettie Page, the innocence of the soft-core pin-up (except that these pin-ups wriggle and writhe). Perhaps this is what the Meese Commission, Andrea Dworkin, Catharine MacKinnon and the religious right intended all along. Pornography without the penis. A series called *Leather-Bound Dykes From Hell*. It would explain a lot.

Deprived of the services of eight inches of throbbing manhood, the tapes reveal serious inventiveness. In video after video, the mistress of bondage goes to a table to sort through an incredible array of toys and tools. (I can almost see the PBS series, *This Old Dungeon*.) The whips vary from riding crops with flyswatter-like appendages to colorful cat-o'-nine-tails that resemble cheerleading pom-poms—only louder. There is as much variety in nipple clips as there used to be in roach clips. One dominatrix wielded a suction device, handheld pumps and miniature bell jars that are placed over the nipples or clit. One video featured the Wartenburg pinwheel—the little rotating disc of spikes that doctors use to test nerve response. The dom ran it across a slave's nipple, then traced a line of sensation down the abdomen to the clit. Yes, we have nerve response.

Right up there with Porsche's tiny home gym is something called a Violet Wand. The device is visually breathtaking, a variation of the desktop lightning machines you see in the gift shop at Chicago's Museum of Science and Industry. When the glass sphere touches a nipple, or thigh, or clit, purple lightning bolts dance over the targeted erogenous zone.

The racks, hoists, stocks and methods of suspension that decorate these rec-room dungeons are as old as Leonardo's sketches. Technology has always been welded to sex, from the earliest knots and pulleys to the notion that gravity and suspense are double entendres. I had seen illustrations of many of these when I researched an

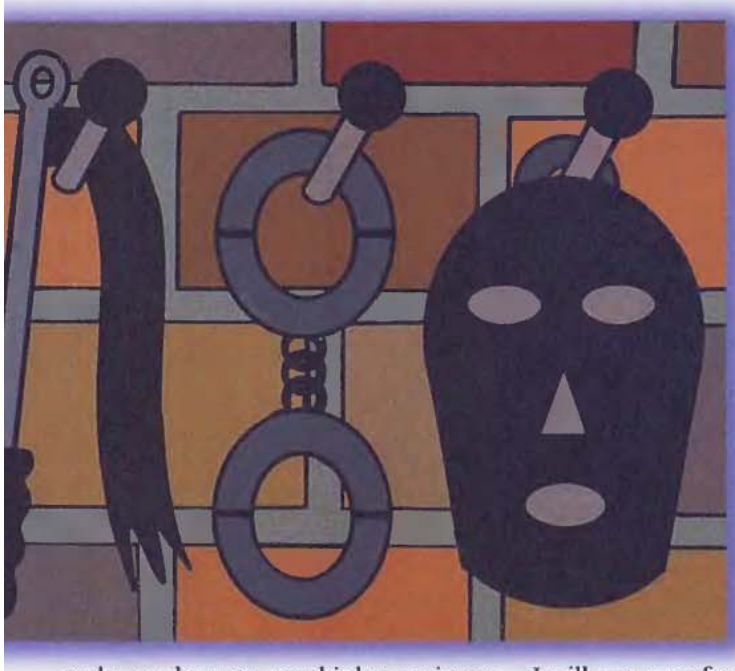
FORUM

ETS THE LAW

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

article on political torture. Now I confronted the apparent contradiction: What we condemn when practiced by the state was being offered as entertainment by consenting adults.

I took notes as I watched, the only way I could convince my co-workers that this was research. B&D/S&M tapes have a different rhythm, free of the perpetual piston of mainstream porn. As a result, the viewer sees a kind of whole-body eroticism. The camera (and lash or paddle or whip) dwells on buttocks, on breasts, on thighs, on inner thighs, on crotches. Tits and ass receive attention, and not just as the eventual targets of a come shot. There is a spirit of improvisation: One dom ties strings of yarn around each nipple and runs the harness through an elaborate pulley system so that when the submissive struggles, the nipples dance. Others use clips connected by chrome chains, clothespins or little mechanical calipers similar to the ones that are used to measure muscle mass and body fat. In *Dangerous Desires*, a whippet of a dom attaches clothespins on a line from the clit to the belly button, then carefully threads a string through the clips, which she plays like a violin bow before yanking all the clips free in a single gesture. Depending on your recoil factor, the videos range from the horrific to the hilarious, from the demonic to the demure.



Every subculture has its favorite focal points, the things it likes to accent in its art. These videos focus on the power of an involuntary response, the way a submissive's abs flinch under the lash, as though cast into relief by sudden lightning. After four or five tapes, the dance becomes clear: the loving stroke before or after a flogging, the pinch of a nipple, the tug on a breast, the pure suspense of wondering what might happen next—something long missing from mainstream porn.

Most of the videos stay within limits—the pain is polite. Converts to S&M say that the role-playing is about trust. Some of the videos do resemble summer stock productions of kidnapped debutantes. Others use pain to reveal personality, to get beyond acting and into a darker area. I will not soon forget the sound of one victim's voice, choked husky and raw after 40 minutes of discipline.

Without a come shot, it's hard to tell when a moment is over. The encounters are as one-sided in their way as those in mainstream porn—the dominatrix never comes, never shows any sexual need. But in some of the videos, especially the genre devoted to "sweet for hire," the victim comes. In *The Contract*, Ashley Renee ties Fawna spread-eagled to a bed frame. Sharon Kane applies a vibrator and whip to Fawna's clit and tells her that she has 60 seconds to come. When she does, her body bucks, arches, rattles around. Her climax is as unique as a fingerprint. In another video a dom holds a mini vibrator on a woman's clit until rigidity fills every fiber of the bound victim's body, the jackhammer contractions captured beautifully. For most of *Bondage Slut*, a submissive rides a wall-mounted vibrator, with instructions not to come until told to. In *Virgin Kink #17*, the mistress tells a new recruit to make noise when she comes: "We want everyone this side of the Bible Belt to hear you."

In a dungeon, there are no right answers. Consider this question, posed to a female submissive: "You find yourself one of three survivors of nuclear war. The other two are Peter Lorre and Adolf Hitler. Whom do you choose to father the human race?" The submissive hazards a guess, is told she is wrong and has a row of flesh-pinching clips yanked from her body. Or maybe that was an episode of *Weakest Link*.

Thanks to Ed Meese and the radical feminists, B&D/S&M has become a niche for the naughty. By some estimates, specialty films represent about 10 percent of the adult market. Analysts say the genre has been a growth sector since the mid-Nineties, when bored baby boomers went looking for the next thing. The Internet, with its countless sites devoted to the strange and offering the bonus of the electronic brown paper wrapper, has fueled the boom. There are name brands. London Video and Bizarre Video offer classic rope operas set in dark dungeons; Gwen Media presents fetish fashion shows; Redboard Video stages full-contact psychodramas in contemporary settings. Some of the most popular series have more sequels than *Halloween* (Kym Wilde's *On the Edge* is up to volume 50).

Where the law stops, market forces take over. Mainstream porn has started to borrow fetishes (leather, latex, high heels, feet, etc.) and some of the bondage producers are pushing the envelope, with penetration scenes and welts. I don't know if the phenomenon provides support for the domino theory of porn—that consumers go from pin-ups and playing cards to the harder stuff. Or maybe it just proves that curiosity cannot be legislated out of existence.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

LOVERS' LANE

CALCUTTA—*The Lovers' Organization for Voluntary Exhibition has asked the city government to designate a "love zone" where couples can escape the prying eyes of*

cops and passersby, many of whom frown upon public displays of affection. The 130 members of LOVE threatened to stage an orgy in front of a government building if their request is not granted.

TOUGH LOVE

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY—*Two women sought emergency protection orders from their alleged abusers, and the court granted their requests. Within weeks of the rulings, however, both women had returned to the men. In response, Judge Megan Lake Thornton held the women in contempt of court and fined them $100 and $200, respectively. Thornton said, "When these orders are entered, you don't just do whatever you damn well please and ignore them." Advocates for battered women predicted that the judge's ruling would discourage abused women from seeking legal help.*

HOOKER RIGHTS

ROME—*In an effort to remove the country's estimated 70,000 prostitutes from the streets, Prime Minister Silvio Berlusconi wants to legalize brothels. He says the move would protect hookers, most of whom are illegal aliens, from sexual slavery. Catholic leaders called his suggestion obscene.*

BERLIN—*Prostitution will no longer be viewed as immoral in Germany—at least legally. A new statute grants the country's estimated 400,000 hookers such rights as health insurance, state pensions, unemployment benefits and sick pay. They also gain the right to sue clients who don't pay.*

MOVIE MAGIC

LONDON—*A company owned in part by Marie Osmond and Larry King has introduced a software program, Movie Mask, that digitally alters or eliminates the nudity and violence in any of more than 500 DVDs when they're played on a computer. In Titanic, a corset covers Kate Winslet's naked breasts. In Saving Private Ryan and Braveheart, flak bursts and shields hide severed limbs. A similar product called ClearPlay is available online as a subscription service.*

RIGHT-WING ATTACK

SAN DIEGO—*Until it disappeared earlier this year, a website called usQueers.com was calling Ronald Reagan and Senator Jesse Helms "heterosexual supremacists" who deserve a "horrible death by any means." Like the notorious Nuremberg Files, which targets physicians who perform abortions, the pro-gay site included home addresses and phone numbers of the conservatives it lambasted and asked visitors to submit other personal information.*

SHIPPING NEWS

HANFORD, CALIFORNIA—*Meet BPS Billy, an anatomically correct doll dressed in a brown uniform similar to those worn by United Parcel Service drivers. The online gay and lesbian store that sold BPS Billy promised that he had a "package for you" and made "rear deliveries." UPS was not amused. The company demanded that BeProud.com stop selling the "grotesque" doll, and that it send the uniforms to UPS for destruction. The store refused, but the doll's manufacturer stopped making the outfits. Be Proud says it will continue to ship its other Billy dolls, including Santa Billy, Baseball Billy, Cop Billy and Tattoo Billy, by UPS.*

LADY JUSTICE

BANGOR, MAINE—*Two female students at the University of Maine decided to jog in the nude. A police officer arrested them for indecent conduct, defined by state law as knowingly exposing your genitals in public. At their trial, the students represented themselves. They called only one witness—the officer—and asked a single question: Had he seen their genitalia? He replied, "Not that I recall." The judge acquitted the students, ruling that because a naked woman's genitals are mostly hidden, she is not necessarily indecent in public.*

PATRIOTIC PORN

LAS VEGAS—*After U.S. troops entered Afghanistan following the September 11 attacks, groups of professional musicians, athletes and movie actors videotaped greetings to be shown to soldiers in the field by the Pentagon's Armed Forces Radio and Television Service. When 30 porn stars made a compilation of their own with help from Adult Video News and the Erotic Network, the agency refused to accept it. "It's not like they're naked and having sex in the greetings," said the tape's producer. "They are Americans saying thank-you."*

CSI FOR SEMEN

SEATTLE—*A new product called Checkmate allows suspicious spouses to test clothing for semen stains. The at-home infideli-*

ty kit, which retails for $50, contains a chemical that turns purple if it contacts semen. Its slogan is "you don't have to be lied to anymore," although a quick-thinking husband could claim that he had simply been having some solitary fun.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

Born in New Orleans.

At home pretty much anywhere.™

Know your comfort level. Drink responsibly.

Southern Comfort Company, Liqueur, 21-50% Alc. By Volume, Louisville, KY © 2002

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: BILL O'REILLY

a candid conversation with the pugnacious tv newsman about gays and gun control, his war with george clooney, skewering the red cross and that hillary clinton doormat

Bill O'Reilly, lanky in a dark suit, his face covered with makeup, is elated, and not merely because of the most recent television ratings. Yes, they indicate that his show, The O'Reilly Factor, is rated number one among news programs on cable television. That means that he has successfully dethroned the King (as in Larry King), who has held the top spot for more than a decade. But today that's just the gravy. The reason O'Reilly is nearly giddy with delight is that George Clooney has called him a liar. That's the kind of thing that makes O'Reilly's day. The man who is simultaneously the most revered and most loathed on television these days fires back, calling Clooney "a weasel." There's an unmistakable glint in his eyes. It gets better. Jim Carrey takes aim at O'Reilly, and the newsman responds, "Isn't he the actor who made a movie called Dumb and Dumber? Well?" He shakes his head and smirks. "What do you expect from Clooney, Carrey and all those other idiotic Hollywood celebrities?" he asks. "They're just a bunch of pinheads."

The actors are up in arms about O'Reilly's attack on them and other celebrities over the fund-raisers for the victims of the September 11 terrorist attacks. Although it's weeks later, O'Reilly has reported that the charities have distributed only a small fraction of the billion-plus dollars that were raised. After convincing people to donate, O'Reilly growls, the stars should be accountable and help correct the problem. Clooney, Carrey and others have declined to appear on the show to respond and instead have retaliated on the Late Show With David Letterman and the Today Show and in an open letter that was penned by Clooney. O'Reilly's response? "George is gutless."

This all makes for a typically fuming day for the man who has been called the most feared newsman since Mike Wallace and whose TV show is the most watched program on the Fox News Channel, the network that is taking on—and, in many markets, beating—CNN. The No Spin Zone, O'Reilly's latest book, hit the number one spot on the best-seller lists and has sold almost a million copies—like its predecessor, The O'Reilly Factor. O'Reilly is everywhere—his column appears in some 200 newspapers, and now there's talk of his getting a radio show. Mel Gibson optioned his novel, Those Who Trespass, for a movie.

O'Reilly's success is coming in spite of—or perhaps because of—the fact that he irks so many people, and not merely Hollywood celebrities. Jim Wooten of The Atlanta Journal-Constitution wrote, "He's a made-for-television caricature who blows out bumper stickers." He's been called a "prick, blowhard, gasbag and media führer" in GQ magazine. The Washington Post has said that he's "worthless." O'Reilly has even described himself as a "pain in the rear" and "a cocky bastard."

O'Reilly has become a force to be reckoned with. After he railed against the charities, articles followed in The New York Times and The Wall Street Journal. The American Red Cross and United Way responded by releasing hundreds of millions of dollars to September 11 victims.

O'Reilly has maintained he isn't partisan, although reporters discovered in December 2000 he was a registered Republican. Regardless, his views cross party lines. Unlike many Republicans, for example, he is against capital punishment, though not for the usual liberal reasons. His boss at Fox News, Roger Ailes, has said that for O'Reilly, capital punishment isn't "cruel and unusual enough." O'Reilly is for some forms of gun control and says the feds should step in when it comes to protecting the environment. He also believes that homosexuality is fine as long as gays and lesbians shut up about it. He hates welfare and says marijuana should be decriminalized.

Born in 1949, O'Reilly grew up on Long Island in Westbury, New York. Even this detail has become controversial. In his first

"Ask John Ashcroft if I'm easier on Republicans. Ask DeLay. I don't know any straight-talking Republicans, do you? I can't get a straight answer out of any Republicans. I don't know what they're talking about."

"I prefer a guy who says, 'Evildoers? Blow them up.' It's a black-and-white situation. I don't see the nuance in this. I'm more comfortable with the guy who's as angry as I am. Bush is, and Clinton wouldn't be."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY OAVIO ROSE

"The thing is, I've always liked women. As Katie Couric gets older, she is much more attractive in every way. She has a dignity after surviving personal traumas. That's sexy in a way we were never told about."

book, O'Reilly said he is from Levittown, which is a lower-middle-class neighborhood. Writing in The Washington Post, Paul Farhi revealed that O'Reilly "practically fetishizes his working-class background," but "actually grew up in Westbury, a middle-class suburb a few miles from Levittown." Former Slate Editor Michael Kinsley accused O'Reilly of reverse snobbism. O'Reilly furiously defends himself, saying he lived in a house built by Levitt and his family bought only used cars and took buses for family vacations.

O'Reilly was obsessed with sports, not politics, and quarterbacked his high school team. He attended Marist College and spent his junior year abroad in London. He worked as a high school teacher and then enrolled in Boston University, where he got a master's in broadcast journalism. That led to jobs as a reporter in Scranton, Dallas and other cities before he joined the New York CBS affiliate. He worked next at ABC before joining Inside Edition, which he wound up anchoring throughout the early Nineties, as well as reporting stories that ranged from profiles of Madonna and Michael Jackson to serious investigations of the selling of children in Thailand and a series on the Los Angeles riots. Next, he entered a one-year master's program at Harvard, where he got a degree in public policy.

A year after O'Reilly married PR executive Maureen McPhilmy in 1995 (they have a daughter who just turned three), he accepted an offer to come to the Fox News Channel. He launched The O'Reilly Factor, which grew slowly, but found its viewership leaping with such stories as the Clinton–Lewinsky scandal and the 2000 presidential election. By the time of the September 11 terrorist attacks, O'Reilly was one of the most watched newsmen on TV. We sent Contributing Editor **David Sheff** *to the set of The O'Reilly Factor in New York City. Here's Sheff's report:*

"On entering his office, which was piled high with mountains of junk, I scanned the floor for his infamous Hillary Clinton doormat that many journalists have commented on. It was gone, and when I asked him about it, O'Reilly said he donated it to a celebrity auction. 'I hated to part with it, but it went for a small fortune,' he said.

"O'Reilly writes his daily monolog and the show's teasers himself and then heads down an elevator to attend the daily Factor story meeting. A dozen staffers sit around and thrash over the stories they're working on. There's a warning sign as one enters the Factor's sector of the room: 'Restricted Area: Explosive and/or politically incorrect ideas and/or opinions expressed beyond this point.' It's an understatement. Some examples: One producer wonders if a guest is fitting for television because she's 'an ugly lesbian.' O'Reilly winces at the idea of having the woman on the show, but not at the remark. He asks, 'Do you want to force people to watch MSNBC?' However, he's inconsistent. When he's told that another guest 'looks like a goat,' O'Reilly responds, 'Invite her on if she can speak in complete sentences.'"

PLAYBOY: Do you chuckle about your critics or do they anger you?

O'REILLY: If they criticize me for what I say, it doesn't bother me. If they lie about who I am, it does.

PLAYBOY: CNN's Tucker Carlson has said only a masochist would go on your show or watch it.

O'REILLY: That's just stupid.

PLAYBOY: *GQ* and *The Atlanta Journal-Constitution* called you a blowhard.

O'REILLY: I really don't care. What's all this about?

PLAYBOY: What is it about?

O'REILLY: They feel threatened by my success. They don't like my politics.

PLAYBOY: What criticisms have bothered you?

O'REILLY: When there were attacks about my upbringing.

PLAYBOY: *The Washington Post* has pointed out that your father's salary of $35,000, which you wrote about in your book, *The O'Reilly Factor*, is equivalent to $100,000 today. Yet you claim to be from a blue-collar background.

O'REILLY: What I said was that my father made $35,000 a year at the top of his game. I had been out of the house at that point for 10 years. He got $35,000 because his disability was wrapped up in his last year. I gave the figure as a barometer to the fact that that was the high point of his life. My mother still lives in the house that I grew up in. You're welcome to go out there and see it. It has one bathroom and three tiny bedrooms. [*Fuming*] Michael Kinsley was running around saying my father made $100,000 a year. Kinsley came on the show and I smashed him. He came on to tell my audience that I was a charlatan, a faker. Well, when I went home to the neighborhood, people who saw the show came up to me and asked, "How come you didn't punch him?" I had to explain that he was in Washington and I was in New York and I couldn't go through the camera. They said, "We would have fucking killed him. You send him in here and we'll show him what kind of neighborhood this is." Those people fear me because they know I've reached a pinnacle in this country that's very difficult to attain because I care about the folks and the folks know that. There's nothing they can do other than try to embarrass me personally. It didn't work.

When is the gay community in the U.S. going to figure it out that they're never going to be accepted by most Americans?

PLAYBOY: You obviously don't let it run off your back.

O'REILLY: That's an attack on my family and you have to defend against that. That's the Aaron Burr, Alexander Hamilton stuff where you go out with derringers. I'm not going to let people define me. If they are going to say a lie about me, then I'm going to come right out and say it's a lie. If they attack me, I'll attack back.

PLAYBOY: You also seem riled by Matt Drudge's report that you tried to go after Rush Limbaugh's show after he lost his hearing.

O'REILLY: That's pretty low—that I'm taking advantage of Rush Limbaugh's deafness. How much lower can you get? The truth is that I've been talking to these radio people for three years. I called Drudge on it. I said, "You're being used."

PLAYBOY: By whom?

O'REILLY: The people who fed that stuff to Drudge feel I may hurt them in the radio industry. If I signed with a certain company, their company may be hurt. The truth is, I really couldn't care less about doing a radio show. I don't pitch anything, people come to me. I'm going to sneak in and take Limbaugh's audience? Come on. I don't have to do a radio show. We'll see what comes in, but not if it means I would be accused of taking advantage of somebody's deafness. When I heard about it, it was like somebody had punched me in the solar plexus. Look, it's easy to dislike me and you can find a lot of legitimate things to criticize me about. You can talk to 50 people and 25 will hate me and 25 will love me. I'm not a sneak, though. Nobody has ever accused me of being duplicitous. I just don't play that game.

PLAYBOY: Yet you have described yourself as a pain in the rear and a cocky bastard.

O'REILLY: If you're going to do what I do, you have to do it with swagger. People aren't going to listen to you if you're going, "Well, maybe . . ." or "I think, but I'm not really sure." When Joe Namath came out onto the field, he wasn't going, "Well, gee, maybe if I do this we'll get a first down." He said, "We're going to get a goddamn first down."

PLAYBOY: How would you describe the *Factor*? What stories are you looking for every day?

O'REILLY: There's a delicate balance between covering the major stories of the day and trying to be different. When you watch the *Factor*, you never know what you're going to get.

PLAYBOY: But what exactly makes the show number one on cable?

O'REILLY: Clarity. Within 30 seconds, people know what I'm talking about. I don't care whether you agree with me. The elite media will never understand this, but we're not trying to make you think the way that we do. This is not Rush

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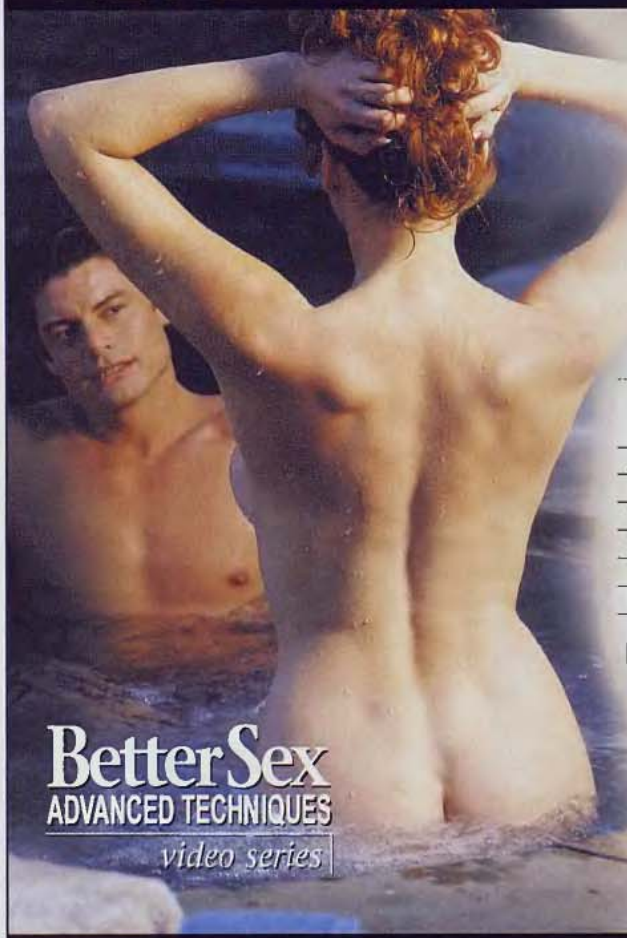

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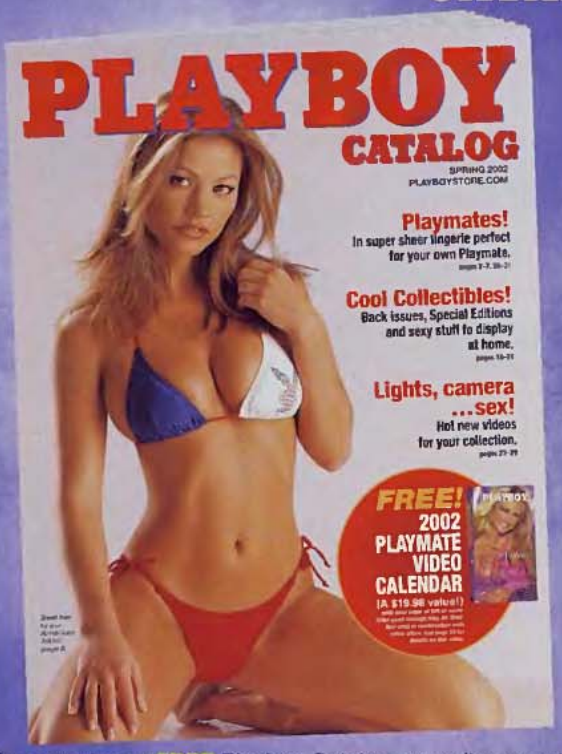

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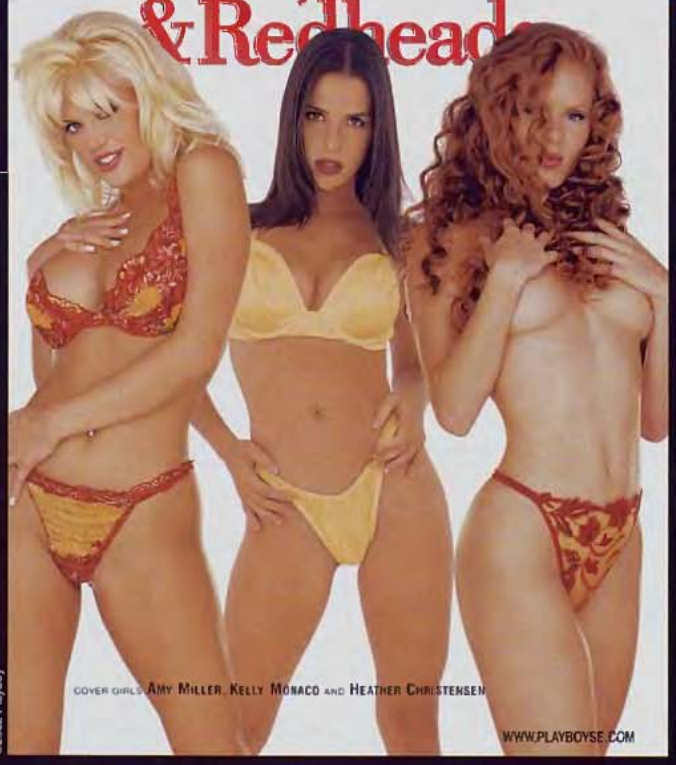

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Limbaugh, where we mock you or dismiss you if you're not conservative. We just want you to consider our point of view. When we look for interview subjects, the marching orders to the staff are to get the smartest person that they can get. Get me somebody who can beat me up, who knows more than I do. On the *Factor*, you don't know who is going to win the duel.

PLAYBOY: Sure we do. You win.

O'REILLY: I don't always win—I give the other guy his fair say.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree that you mostly preach to the converted—to an audience of conservative Republicans?

O'REILLY: No. I am talking to people who respond to common sense, not to a party line. I'm a no-b.s. guy and I lay it on the line. I will not stab you in the back; I'll stab you in the front because I don't have time to go behind you. Even if you disagree with me, you know that I'm not a phony. I'm not currying favor or pandering.

PLAYBOY: Do you admit that you are easier on the Republicans?

O'REILLY: Ask John Ashcroft. I think he is ineffectual and overly secretive and I say so. He won't even take my calls. I have gone after Tom DeLay. The audience wants to have tough questions asked of the people in power, which is what I do.

PLAYBOY: Is the *Factor*'s popularity a reaction to old-style network news?

O'REILLY: Network news was dead before the *Factor* came on the scene. The shows are there because they make some money, but they have no influence.

PLAYBOY: Yet the network news shows have far larger audiences than you have.

O'REILLY: We do 4.5 million on any given night and they do 9 million. We're not on in every market. You have to have cable. They've got mostly older people, but I've got everybody who matters. I've got the Hill, everybody in Hollywood. I did *Inside Edition* for six years and we had an enormous audience—12 million Americans every night. But it had no impact. I could raise money for children or something, which we did on occasion, but we had no power on the Hill. It was because the eyeballs of the powerful weren't on us. Now they are.

PLAYBOY: What impact does the *Factor* have?

O'REILLY: We skewered the Red Cross for not distributing the money to the families that need it and they got blasted. After that, they released millions of dollars. We took on Jesse Jackson and his credibility has been damaged. People try to dismiss us, but even those who don't watch the show hear about it so we have an enormous amount of power. News we report is on all political websites. Bush gets a transcript of the *Factor* every day.

PLAYBOY: How do you know?

O'REILLY: We know. And we know that they don't want to have a guy like me around, because if I have the goods, I

will pound on them.

PLAYBOY: Obviously you're more sympathetic to those you agree with.

O'REILLY: Why would I be? Number one, it's no fun. Number two, then I could be accused of being a shill for a certain point of view.

PLAYBOY: Which is a common criticism.

O'REILLY: I'm a shill for no one. I'm independent. I'm a shill for myself.

PLAYBOY: Do you admit you would be harder on Bill Clinton than on George W. Bush?

O'REILLY: I'm going to be tougher on Clinton because there are so many more unanswered questions with Clinton.

PLAYBOY: What would be your first question to him?

O'REILLY: I would ask him about the Marc Rich pardon, about which he has never come clean. Then I would segue into the moral relativism that he brought to almost everything in his eight years as president.

PLAYBOY: Is Bill Clinton number one on your "most wanted" guest list?

O'REILLY: Hillary is.

PLAYBOY: More than Bill? Why?

O'REILLY: She's much more dangerous than he is.

PLAYBOY: How is she dangerous?

O'REILLY: Her ambition has consumed her. Bill Clinton is an opportunist and he doesn't have a lot of core positions, though he genuinely cares and will try to help. He is interested in other people. I just don't see that in Hillary.

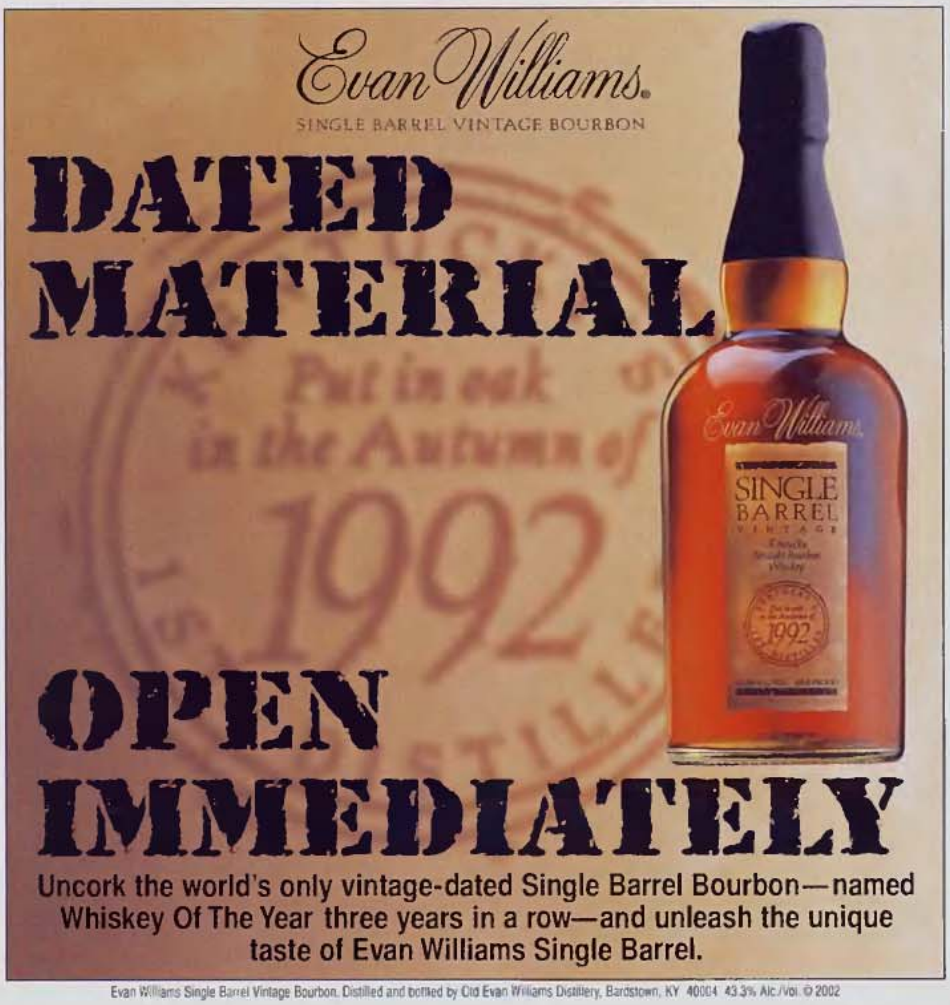
PLAYBOY: If the Clintons were Republicans, however, would they get the same treatment?

O'REILLY: Ask John Ashcroft if I am easier on Republicans. Ask Tom DeLay. But I've never seen a colder, more calculating politician in this country than Hillary Clinton.

PLAYBOY: Many Americans apparently do not agree with you. She has a lot of support.

O'REILLY: They're entitled to their opinions, but I think most of the people who embrace Hillary Clinton are under the influence of ideology. They'll support her no matter what she does because they see her agreeing with their core beliefs. That's the Jesse Jackson syndrome, too. It doesn't matter what they do, because they agree with me on certain issues I feel strongly about. But it should matter. We just reported that Hillary Clinton didn't attend one funeral for the people who were killed in the September 11 attacks. Not one. I called her office 15 times to ask for an explanation. They basically gave us the finger. But because of the *Factor*, everybody in the country knows that Hillary Clinton didn't go to one funeral for the regular folks killed at the World Trade Center. If I'm running against her five years from now, that's my first political commercial. Miss Concern didn't go to one.

PLAYBOY: Is that an announcement that you're running for the Senate?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O'REILLY: Are you kidding? No way.

PLAYBOY: Going beyond your particular loathing for Hillary Clinton, do you at least agree you reserve your worst attacks for liberals?

O'REILLY: No. For big shots. I killed [New York governor] George Pataki because he wouldn't do anything about the charity snafu. He could have solved it in a day. I went after him. That's my job. No one knows how to put me in a box. The effect of the show is that nobody is safe. I don't make deals and no one can get to me. Jesse Jackson tried to call and threaten. Pataki called and said, "Get him off me." He called Roger Ailes, who respects me enough to say, "Look, if O'Reilly hasn't got the facts right, that's one thing, but don't call me up and say you don't like what he's saying." Believe me: I worked for CBS and ABC and I know how it works over there. It is a frightening thing to have an uncontrollable bull in the media ring. It's why Hollywood is going crazy.

PLAYBOY: You started a feud with actors such as George Clooney by saying that he and his peers are responsible for the fact that United Way hadn't dispersed enough of the September 11 money.

O'REILLY: And he and the others said, "Hold me accountable for a telethon, how dare you?" My view is, "What are you, special? No, you're not. If I asked for money from anybody and then saw that money wasn't going where I said it was going to go, I would have the responsibility to do something about it." Come on. Four of them got it. Goldie Hawn, Kurt Russell, Clint Eastwood and the singer James Brown called. They said, "We're as upset about this as you are." Four out of 75. Clooney and his buddies are now whining, calling me names—"O'Reilly, the black Irish guy." It makes them look stupid. Does it hurt me? I don't care what they say.

PLAYBOY: They claim you used the controversy to draw a larger audience to your show during sweeps.

O'REILLY: Idiots. We don't even have sweeps on cable. I don't need their approval. I don't want to hang around with them. That's another difference between me and most other broadcast journalists at my level: I don't care to hang around with these people. I don't want to be friends. I'm nice to them, I'm respectful, but I don't want to go to their houses. Most of them live to go to Le Cirque with Michael Douglas. I don't have any desire to do that. He might be an interesting guy, but I'm not going to kiss his butt and hope he'll throw me a crumb. I'd rather hang out with my buddies.

PLAYBOY: Some columnists have said your attack on the charities simply made people more cynical. One said you made it less likely Americans will come together in a future crisis.

O'REILLY: What am I, Up With People? My job is to tell the truth, not to rally people to social causes. We've got plenty of other people to do that. Go on Larry King if you don't want to answer tough questions. For years, Larry King's big thing was that he could get all the big guns. He can because it's safe for them. When I started this show, I had to find a way to beat him. Nobody can come on the show with any agreements—don't ask this, don't ask that, I need to see the questions in advance. That will never happen.

PLAYBOY: Do your guests ask?

O'REILLY: They don't ask anymore, but they used to. We laughed. I ask what I want to ask.

PLAYBOY: Are you suggesting that Larry King makes those deals?

O'REILLY: I don't know what he does, but it's obviously a friendly venue for anyone famous. When I had Larry King on my program, I said, "Larry, you're making it really difficult for me because you let these guys say whatever they want." He said he doesn't research the guests because it's their chance to give their views, but the problem is this: How do we know if they're lying? He had no answer. His mouth hung open. In my opinion, any television interviewer—Oprah Winfrey, Bill O'Reilly, Larry King or Peter Jennings—is responsible to make sure what's said on his or her program is true.

PLAYBOY: But, as you said, you pay a price. You don't generally get the biggest name politicians and actors. Is it worth it?

O'REILLY: Is it worth it if I have to coddle them? If I can't ask them tough questions? I would never do that, so yes, it's worth it. The fact is, we get more and more of them. One thing that has changed since the election is that we now get all the Democratic candidates who may run for president—John Kerry, John Edwards, Joe Lieberman. They can't get on the *Factor* fast enough, because they saw what happened to Al Gore.

PLAYBOY: You've said that Gore would have won the election if he had come on your show.

O'REILLY: He would have. I took a lot of heat for that but I was absolutely right. If Gore had come on this program and acquitted himself well, he'd be president right now. Florida is a huge *Factor* audience. A lot of undecideds are down there. If he had come face-to-face with his toughest interrogator and done well, you're telling me that 500 people wouldn't have changed their minds? Maybe I'm wrong, but I think there was a pretty good chance.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't he?

O'REILLY: He was scared.

PLAYBOY: Was he afraid he couldn't hold his own?

O'REILLY: There's no question about it. His advisors were idiots. I pounded him for not coming on. I said he didn't have the cojones and he didn't. The Democrats saw it and now they can't get on the show fast enough. Kerry or Edwards or Lieberman will tell you they get their say on the show. They give as good as they get.

PLAYBOY: When they can get a word in edgewise. Do you admit you often interrupt your guests?

O'REILLY: I only interrupt if someone says something that's factually incorrect or he wanders from the question. If someone starts to repeat himself, I come in. But I give him a window to answer. What I won't do is let someone spout rehearsed answers. Ashcroft knows his rehearsed answers aren't going to be accepted. Even Colin Powell, and I know him well. When you go on the *Factor*, you're no longer in control. They hate that. However, if you have it together and you are honest, you should be able to handle any question that's thrown at you. You are a public servant, answerable to the public. You shouldn't try to be manipulating the information flow to the public. Just answer the questions. A hundred years ago these guys would have been hanged for a lot of the crap they throw out. People say the show is hostile, but I'm not hostile until you start to lie. Then I'm hostile.

PLAYBOY: You were relatively easy on President Bush.

O'REILLY: I was not. I got him on the death penalty. I don't think he felt I was being soft when I asked him how Jesus, his favorite advisor, would have felt about all the executions in Texas.

PLAYBOY: What's your general view on Bush's presidency so far?

O'REILLY: I'm giving him the benefit of the doubt so far. He's doing OK. I'm not pounding him because I don't think we have seen enough. Let's see how it plays out.

PLAYBOY: Do you anticipate he will come back on your show?

O'REILLY: I think so. It's not like he's saying, "I have to get on the *Factor*," but he will come on when he wants to talk to my audience. Bush and I have a pretty good relationship, but it's not because we agree on many issues.

PLAYBOY: If he were to come on now, what would you ask him?

O'REILLY: It depends what happens with the war and the economy. Economic theory is pretty dull, but I have lots of questions about the war. He's conducted the war brilliantly, but the jury is still out on the economy. It's not his fault a recession hit, though. It's terrible when people like Barbara Boxer call it "the Bush recession." It's a lie. However, it's Bush's responsibility to get us out of the recession, and he's not going to be able to shirk that.

PLAYBOY: What would you ask Ashcroft?

O'REILLY: All I want to know from him is one thing: Where is the Marc Rich investigation? Don't Americans have a right to know? We asked him 15 times but he wouldn't come on, so he sends his spokesperson, Mindy Tucker. I killed her. I said, "Look, this isn't hard, Ms. Tucker. Where is the investigation?" She said, "I'm not allowed to comment," to which I pulled out the Justice Department guidelines and read them on the air. I said, "Yes, you can comment. You can tell us in general terms where that investigation is." Destroyed her. They hate me and I don't care. John Ashcroft has an absolute responsibility to keep Americans posted about important investigations. Ashcroft will never show up on Larry King and be asked about the Marc Rich pardon. Never in a million years.

PLAYBOY: What were the stories that helped the *Factor* build its audience over the past five years?

O'REILLY: Jesse Jackson, the election and our war coverage.

PLAYBOY: Was it particularly challenging to cover the war?

O'REILLY: Sure. It was the biggest story to come along yet. The impeachment was big, too. We look at these things from a blue-collar, workingman's point of view. Here's what happened. Why? Is it right; is it wrong? People like that rather than these pinheads coming on from Harvard. Your head explodes.

PLAYBOY: You once said that Clinton or Gore would probably have handled the terrorist attack just like Bush has.

O'REILLY: Yes, but they'd be more anguished about their decisions. Especially Clinton. Clinton would have been up at four in the morning, going, "Oh God!" Bush is snoozing at four in the morning. Clinton would be wringing his hands.

PLAYBOY: Is that bad? Don't you want a thoughtful president who doesn't make decisions lightly?

O'REILLY: I prefer a guy who says, "Evildoers? Blow them up!" It's a black-and-white situation to me. I don't see the nuance in this. I'm more comfortable with the guy who is as angry as I am about it. Bush is, and Clinton wouldn't be.

PLAYBOY: Beyond the current and recent presidents, what politicians give straight answers to your questions?

O'REILLY: John Kerry. Barney Frank has been very good on the show because he hates me so much. It's just like venom and makes for great television. I don't have anything against him, although I do think that some of his positions are wacky. His defense of Clinton was ridiculous, but I enjoy the intensity with which he tries to destroy me. If he could drive a stake through my heart, believe me, he would.

PLAYBOY: The only straight-talking politicians you mentioned are Democrats.

O'REILLY: I don't know any straight-talking Republicans, do you? I can't get a straight answer out of any Republicans. I don't know what they're talking about.

PLAYBOY: Are there any up-and-coming

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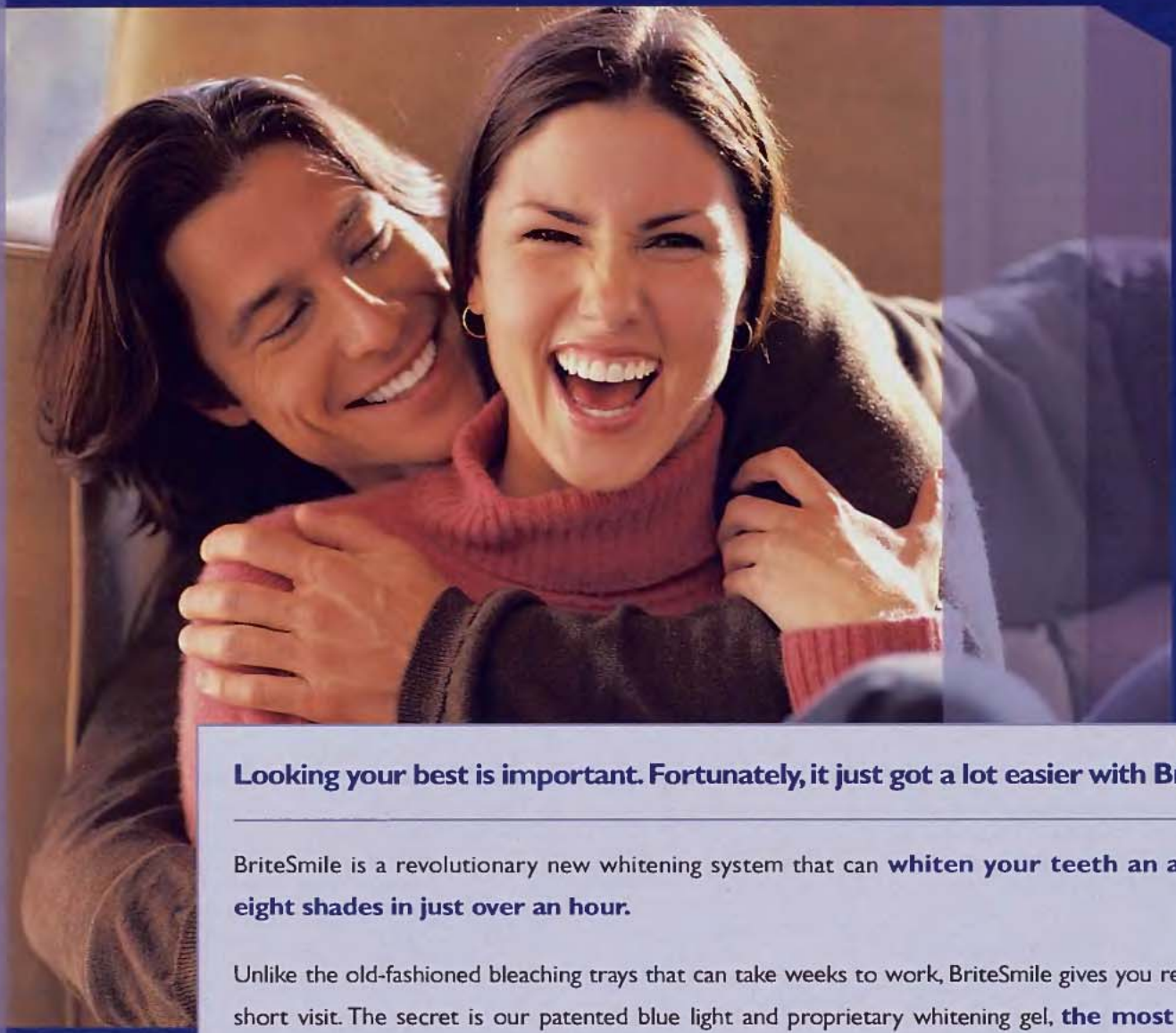

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politicians who interest you?

O'REILLY: Nobody.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk newsmen. Who is your preferred network anchor?

O'REILLY: All of them are tremendously skilled, but Peter Jennings saved my butt at ABC when I swaggered in there. He gave me a chance to do a lot of good reporting. We're friends and I've watched him closely, learned a lot from him about how to communicate with the camera. They're all good, but they're timid.

PLAYBOY: Timid about what?

O'REILLY: They don't go after the powerful. They won't. They're afraid of offending someone. They're afraid of what Bill Maher got.

PLAYBOY: Maher nearly lost his job when he said that Americans fighting wars with cruise missiles are cowardly, while the suicidal September 11 terrorists are not.

O'REILLY: I stuck up for Maher. I vehemently disagree with him, but he has a right to his opinion. On my show, I lit into him about his opinion that the guys who killed all these people in the World Trade Center and the Pentagon were courageous, however. I disagree with that. I think they're cowards—they want the 70 virgins or whatever idiotic thing they believe. They're the most cowardly people in the world, but it's worth debating and the networks are too timid to discuss it. It leaves the field to me. Why should *The O'Reilly Factor* be on the vanguard of the Jesse Jackson investigation? Why should we be the one that turned the Red Cross around so that it freed up $250 million? The networks should be breaking many, many stories, but they break few.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about the competition. What's your opinion of CNN's Aaron Brown and Wolf Blitzer?

O'REILLY: They're OK, but are they ready for the Wild West of cable?

PLAYBOY: Meaning?

O'REILLY: This is a totally new venue and on it Americans want to be engaged by their newscasters. They want to be challenged. They want provocative presentations. They want opinions that are based on facts, and they want to be stimulated. If they're not, they're gone. Are those guys ready for that when their backgrounds are tradition, tradition, tradition? We'll see.

PLAYBOY: Let's discuss some of the other people you have taken on. You suggested that Alan Greenspan is "powerful, cold and evil." Why?

O'REILLY: Maybe he's not evil, but he is unbelievably arrogant. He doesn't have to answer anybody's questions. Once in a while he'll stroll up to the Hill and give some explanation that'll bore everybody to tears, but that's it. I don't like that kind of power. Basically, he gives the people the finger. "I'm going to do what I want to do and if it doesn't work out, that's too bad. You lose your job, I don't really care." Way too much power and way too much arrogance.

PLAYBOY: You've described Martha Stewart as a "first-rate con artist." What do you have against her?

O'REILLY: I don't deal with the soufflés too much in my life and maybe I was unfair to Martha Stewart. Essentially, I see cold eyes. I don't see Julia Child. That is, I'm not seeing a lot of nurturing going on there. I'm seeing a lot of cash registers.

PLAYBOY: What about Oprah Winfrey?

O'REILLY: Both of us worked for King World, so I know her. I don't think she likes me much. It might be because of Jesse Jackson, though I don't know. I don't have a lot to do with Oprah. We tried to get on her program when my books came out, but we got laughed at. We weren't worthy.

PLAYBOY: Before George Clooney, you had famous run-ins with Tom Selleck and Susan Sarandon. What do you have against them?

O'REILLY: I respect Sarandon. She's genuinely a good woman, but misguided. She wants to always feel good about what she's doing. It's the classic liberal approach. If you don't agree with her, she doesn't respond well. She takes disagreement personally, which is not the way to advance yourself intellectually. Selleck is an arrogant jerk. When we had him on the show to discuss the paparazzi who were hassling him, he was a complete jerk. He was furious that we were going to have paparazzi on after him to present the other side of the story. He was arrogant and threatening.

PLAYBOY: Puff Daddy?

O'REILLY: He makes me laugh. He came in with 11 guys wearing short pants and checking the lighting. I got a kick out of him. He was so oblivious. When it finally dawned on him that this wasn't *Entertainment Tonight*, he was stunned. I hear he screamed at his people for putting him on my show [*laughs*].

PLAYBOY: In your book, you mentioned the sexiest women anchors. Who is on your current list?

O'REILLY: Connie Chung is a very pretty woman with a lot of dignity. She is very attractive. Diane Sawyer is. Barbara Walters carries herself well. You have to understand, they're not going to put women on the air unless they're pleasing. Most of these ladies understand the power that they have in a male-dominated industry.

PLAYBOY: How about Paula Zahn and Christiane Amanpour?

O'REILLY: Nah. They don't have the life experience that adds that extra aura of sexuality to somebody. Katie Couric is interesting. I understand her appeal. As she gets older, she is much more attractive in every way. She has a dignity after surviving personal traumas. That's what I look for. That's sexy in a way we were never told about. If you look at the totality of a person, their true sexuality emerges if they have it. There are a lot of people who just don't have any sexuality. A lot of these bimbos parading around are in that category. You can do as much plastic surgery as you want, baby, but if you're a vapid idiot who just thinks about yourself 24 hours a day, I don't want to even see you. Pamela Anderson does not do it for me. Anna Nicole Smith is almost a caricature. I go for women who have a twinkle in their eye. They enjoy being women, they like men. They like to flirt a little bit but it's not, Look, I just had these done in Tijuana. I'd be afraid to chip a tooth in that situation. The thing is, I've always liked women. Women are much nicer than men. From the moment I saw Ann-Margret in *Bye Bye Birdie*—I was about nine or 10—I knew I was heterosexual. *Viva Las Vegas* took it to a whole different level. I appreciate a woman who is sexy but subtle.

PLAYBOY: You have taken on gay activists. You've famously said, "Dykes on bikes? Take a hike."

O'REILLY: The point is, when is the gay community in the U.S. going to figure it out that they're never going to be accepted by most Americans? That is, most Americans are never going to embrace their lifestyle if for no other reason than religion. At the same time, most Americans don't want to see anything bad happen to gay people.

PLAYBOY: There are some notable exceptions, particularly on the religious right.

O'REILLY: I'm talking most Americans, not idiots. But why must you discuss your sex life? Whether you're gay or straight, nothing good can come of that.

PLAYBOY: Is it fair to summarize your view as, Don't ask, don't tell, not just in the military but also in life?

O'REILLY: Absolutely. Shut up. It's nobody's business. Straight or gay. If a straight woman is sleeping with 18 guys and thinks she can go out and tell everybody and not pay a price, she's nuts. Warren Beatty thinks he's admired because he was jumping on everybody he could get his hands on, but he's crazy. It's not just a gay thing; it's a sex thing. I would never discuss my private life in any detail with anybody. These guys who sashay around like that are just as pathetic as the guy who's 55 years old with the gold chains sitting in the Cheetah Club checking out the 25-year-old babes. So shut up about it. Everyone has to make their own individual decisions about their sexuality. That's part of being an adult. You should be responsible, you shouldn't hurt anybody and you shouldn't manipulate or use anybody. But keep quiet. It's between you and your partner. I'm stunned when people go on about their personal lives in *People* magazine. I know John Tesh. We were both reporters at Channel 2 in New York. In *People* magazine he says, "I didn't have sex with my wife until we were married." I said, "What the hell are you talking about?" It diminished

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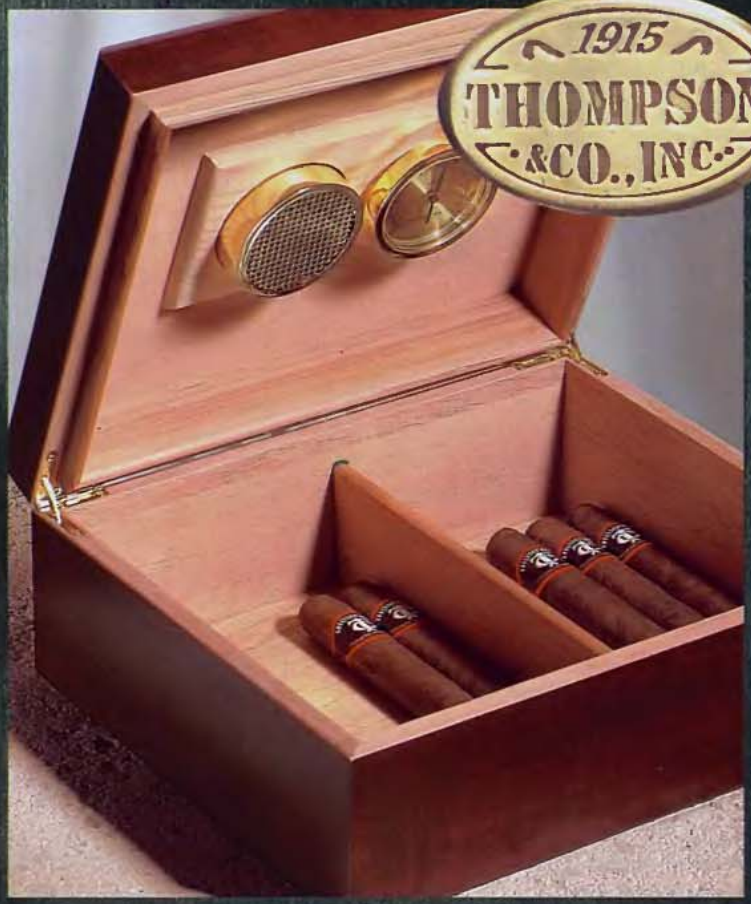

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it. Why are you doing it? For a week's worth of publicity? It makes me queasy.

PLAYBOY: Jerry Falwell and Pat Robertson blamed gays along with the ACLU and other liberals for September 11.

O'REILLY: Stupid. I had Falwell on and slapped him around for it. I said, "Your job on earth is to convince people to see things the way you do. You just shot that all to hell—and pardon the pun. People are not going to forget this. People will put you in a category where your enemies want you to be." He's discredited. By giving his enemies that ammo, it hurt whatever mission he is on. Robertson is all right, but Falwell believes this stuff. He believes there's a vindictive God. He believes that the deity is teed off. What are you going to do?

PLAYBOY: Were you self-conscious when you wrote sex scenes in your novel?

O'REILLY: No, I'm a pretty uninhibited guy. It doesn't seem that way, because I compartmentalize. My social life doesn't have anything to do with my news career. I don't blend the two. I was single for a long time. I was all over the world covering wars and met thousands of women. A couple of them even consented to go out with me, which always shocked the hell out of me. I didn't curry favor with them. I didn't try to send them flowers. I wasn't that kind of guy.

PLAYBOY: Did you always want to be a journalist? Were you interested in the news?

O'REILLY: I had no interest whatsoever, but everything else that was around interested me. I grew up during an amazing time. My generation is lucky. We hit everything. I was born in 1949. Just when I'm coming of age, there's Elvis. I'm singing *Hound Dog* when I'm six years old. Then came the twist and I'm twisting like a madman. I've got the hula hoop going and the Davy Crockett hat. There weren't any child molesters. I could run around and climb trees. My mother wasn't micromanaging. I didn't have play dates. I didn't wear a bike helmet. I could get dirty. I didn't have to go to the surgeon when I got a bloody nose. I played tackle football without equipment and ice hockey without a helmet. It was a tremendous time to be a kid. When I hit adolescence, who shows up but the Beatles? Then the British invasion. The point: It was just constant excitement and good music until high school, when I got caught up in sports. I played four sports. I was sweating all the time. Baseball to football to basketball to ice hockey. It wasn't until I got to college in 1967 and Vietnam started to hit close to home that I started to pay attention to the news. I still played football, but I became a newspaper columnist. I was the only jock newspaper guy in the history of the college.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you planned to become a pro baseball player?

O'REILLY: Even to this day I would trade in all the success I've had in television if I could be a pro baseball player.

PLAYBOY: When you got your first network news job in New York, you joked you would have had an easier time if your name had been Redwood or Reef. What did you mean?

O'REILLY: That if my parents had named me Stone or Forrest, I would have had more breaks. There's no question that Stone Phillips and Forrest Sawyer, who are my contemporaries, got many more opportunities than I did. If I had been a Princeton guy named Redwood and my father had a big job, I'm sure I would have gotten more opportunities.

PLAYBOY: Still, you wound up working in network television news.

O'REILLY: Yes, though my first job at CBS didn't turn out well. ABC was much better. When I got on with Jennings, things took off. Then I got a call to do *Inside Edition*. They doubled my salary and said I could cover any story in the world I wanted to cover. How could I turn it down? Jennings yelled at me, "You're an idiot going over there," but I did it. I cleaned it up, knocked out the topless babes in the doughnut shop crap. We did the Madonnas and Michael Jacksons, sure. We had to. But we did good stories as well. The Berlin Wall comes down, there's O'Reilly. Earthquake in San Francisco, there I am. Los Angeles riots, I'm the first guy broadcasting live right in the middle of it all. I'm in Thailand buying a kid—investigating the selling of children. I'm with President Bush Sr. in Cartagena, Colombia at the drug summit. I'm in Monaco doing a piece on money-laundering. It was the greatest job in the world for six years.

PLAYBOY: And then Roger Ailes of the Fox News channel came calling.

O'REILLY: Yes, and I thought I would take a shot. One of the main reasons I went with Fox is because of Ailes, who has a great reputation as a straight shooter. People say Ailes is bombastic, he's this, he's that, but you look him in the eye, he's going to tell you the truth and he's true to his word. That's why I went with him.

PLAYBOY: How important was the network's conservative slant?

O'REILLY: Not at all. As I've said, my most loyal viewers are all over the place and so are my views.

PLAYBOY: Let's look at some. You have said that the federal government has to be tougher when it comes to the environment. With that position, you depart from most conservatives.

O'REILLY: That's right. There should be a strong EPA. I would make it much stronger. I would levy fines more dramatically on polluters. I would demand that Detroit make cars that get 40 miles to a gallon.

PLAYBOY: Among your environmental views, you've taken special glee in attacking sports utility vehicles and have said that women who drive SUVs are especially crazed. Why?

O'REILLY: Power. They get behind that wheel—and watch out. I pull over when I see them, especially if they're little women with big hair. I'm off the road. The point about SUVs is that they are a symptom of our selfish society, but we need to conserve.

PLAYBOY: Are you concerned about President Bush's ties to the oil industry? Do you really think he will be able to stand up to that lobby?

O'REILLY: I can't read his mind. I don't know what he's quid pro quo–ing. Enron's out of business; he didn't help them, did he? All I know is that it's an insane policy not to be encouraging conservation and thereby weaning ourselves off OPEC oil. The government needs to be involved there, whereas it cannot solve your personal problems.

PLAYBOY: Is that why you are opposed to welfare?

O'REILLY: It's crazy. They don't even drug-test on welfare. For 40 years we have been giving drug addicts and alcoholics checks every month with which they run down and buy narcotics. It's unbelievably stupid.

PLAYBOY: What would you do about the enormous numbers of poor and homeless in this country?

O'REILLY: Ninety percent of the homeless and all of the social problems come back to addiction and mental illness. Isolate and treat.

PLAYBOY: Explain your view on gun control.

O'REILLY: Like with abortion, you can't even talk about gun control without people running around the house with their arms up in the air doing the samba because they feel so threatened. I agree that we have a constitutional right to bear arms. It's against the Constitution to ban handguns. However, there is absolutely no excuse for any human being on the face of the earth to use a firearm in the commission of a crime. We should have mandatory federal sentencing for all crimes committed with a gun.

PLAYBOY: Does the right to bear arms include AK-47s?

O'REILLY: No. The state has a right to ban certain weaponry as unnecessary. You don't have a right to have a bazooka in your house. It's a public-safety hazard. You can't have it, and if you don't like it, tough.

PLAYBOY: Roger Ailes said that you are opposed to capital punishment because it's not cruel and unusual enough. Is that a valid statement?

O'REILLY: It's hyperbole. I'm against capital punishment because I don't believe it deters the crime that it's punishing. Also, I don't believe society should come down to the level of killers. And which is worse, keeping someone in solitary confinement for the rest of his life or putting

(concluded on page 160)

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BLACK VALOR

heroes long before afghanistan, these soldiers fought for a country that scorned them. here is their story

Colin Powell's favorite story about the modern American Army goes something like this: It is the eve of Desert Storm. While interviewing soldiers, Sam Donaldson asks a young black soldier, "How do you think the battle will go? Are you afraid?" The soldier, according to Powell's autobiography, *My American Journey*, says, "We'll do OK, we're well trained. I'm not afraid." The members of his tank platoon—men and women of all races—shout, "Tell him again! He didn't hear you!" The soldier then says, "This is my family, and we take care of each other." By late last year, the U.S. helped overthrow the Taliban in Afghanistan with a mix of air power, Special Operations Forces and technology. And the tactical victory came courtesy of a fully integrated military—something inconceivable as recently as 50 years ago. Today the U.S. military is one of the

ARTICLE BY
GAIL BUCKLEY

PAINTING BY PHIL HALE

most progressive institutions in the country. In a few short decades it has made an about-face from its racist, segregated past. In the Gulf war, 20 percent of American troops were black (compared with 12 percent of the general population). For many underprivileged black Americans, the military is a source of opportunity and education. Witness the rise of Colin Powell, who became chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and is now secretary of state. He, and thousands like him, are part of a rich tradition worthy of celebration.

The history of blacks in the American military is equal parts epic and tragedy. Today, the most identifiable black patriot of early American history is Crispus Attucks, the first man killed by British troops in the Boston Massacre. But exploits of black fighting men in the Revolution, the Civil War, the Indian wars and the Spanish-American War were known and celebrated in the 18th and 19th centuries by historians such as William Cooper Nell and George Washington Williams. Blacks fought at Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill and Valley Forge. In fact, Continental Army ranks were completely integrated—midway through the Revolution, black soldiers represented about 15 percent of Washington's Army (he called it his "mixed multitude"). By the end of the Civil War, 10 to 12 percent of the Union Army was black. Thanks to the movie *Glory*, many Americans know that free black men from the North fought for the Union. Less known is the fact that ex-slave Union soldiers from South Carolina single-handedly captured Jacksonville, Florida, or that fugitive slaves in Kansas fought Confederate Indians. And during the Indian wars, black "Buffalo" soldiers made up one fifth of the Indian-fighting Army.

Unfortunately for black soldiers, the politics of Southern revisionism—the political, historical and philosophical expression of white supremacy—permeated America during World Wars I and II. By the 20th century, revisionism ruled American culture, high and low, from Jim Crow laws to minstrel shows. Revisionists had history rewritten and saw it taught in American public schools until the civil rights battles of the Sixties. It was as if black military feats and the men who performed them had never existed. Revisionism was concerned with propagating the myth of the "happy slave"—black soldiers were out of the question.

Black American combat soldiers in World War I fought with French weapons, in French uniforms, under the French flag. By the time the Americans arrived, the French already had two generals, four colonels, 150 captains and countless lieutenants who were black, plus Senegalese troops who famously proved their heroism in 1914 at the Battle of the Marne. They also had Eugene Jacques Bullard, a childhood runaway from Georgia, who saw more war than any other American. In 1914, at the age of 20, he joined the special Friends of France battalion of the French Foreign Legion. When the Legion returned to Africa in 1915, Bullard joined the French Army and won the Croix de Guerre and the Médaille Militaire at Verdun. With a leg wound that made him unfit for the infantry, he joined the French Air Corps on a bet. As the first black fighter pilot in history, he made an unconfirmed but reported kill of a German triplane in November 1917. He was a Paris fixture between the wars, as a boxer and host of Le Grand Duc, a Montmartre nightclub frequented by Hemingway and Fitzgerald. Thanks to his knowledge of French and German, Bullard was recruited as a spy by French intelligence in 1939. In May 1940 he was wounded and decorated in his second French war when he joined other old World War I vets at Orleans, the last French stand against the Germans. He escaped to America via Lisbon a month later. In 1959 the French made him a Knight of the Legion of Honor, and the following year at a reception, General Charles De Gaulle embraced him in his Foreign Legion uniform. At the time, Bullard was working as a Rockefeller Center elevator operator.

In *Pearl Harbor*, Cuba Gooding Jr. plays a character based on Dorie Miller, the first American hero of World War II. The first man mentioned in Navy dispatches on December 7, 1941 at Pearl Harbor, Miller was a messman on the *West Virginia*. (At that point the only types of duty in the Navy open to blacks were as messmen and stewards—neither was permitted or trained to use weapons.) When the *West Virginia* was attacked, Miller first carried his wounded captain to safety, then manned a gun to bring down at least three Japanese planes. The Navy was embarrassed that its hero was black, so Miller was originally described as an "unidentified Negro messman." An official white hero was found on December 9 in Navy pilot Captain Colin Kelly (Colin Powell's boyhood idol). Ultimately, after much black protest, Miller became the first black to win the Navy Cross. He died in the Pacific a year later, when the *Liscome Bay* went down with all hands.

In 1941 there were 5000 black enlisted men. By the end of the war, the number was 900,000. World War II saw the first black fighter pilots, paratroopers, armored combat units, Marines, Navy officers and women in uniform. Black troops were segregated into all-black battalions. Approximately 75 percent of the personnel were shunted into service and supply units, particularly in the Navy and the Marines (the last branch to accept blacks). The most action was seen by members of the Army Air Corps and the Army. By V-J Day the bravery and perseverance of these men and women were a powerful argument against segregation and banning these troops from combat.

The most glamorous fighting troops were members of the Army Air Corps. Colonel Benjamin O. Davis Jr.—West Point's first black graduate in the 20th century (class of 1936) and the son of America's first black general, Benjamin O. Davis Sr.—led the 332nd Fighter Group. These first black American pilots were known as the Tuskegee Airmen, after their segregated training field in Alabama. Captain Lee "Buddy" Archer became the first black ace. In 1945 Captain Roscoe Brown Jr., another black fighter pilot, became the first American to down a new German jet. Flying more combat missions than any other unit in Europe, the 332nd saw action in Sicily and as fighter escorts in Western Europe and the Balkans. They were the only American escort group in those theaters never to lose a bomber. "Real patriotism has only one race," said Lieutenant Glenn Rendahl, pilot of one of the B-24s for whom the Tuskegee Airmen flew cover.

The 761st Tank Battalion, the first black armored tank unit, saw heavy action in France and Germany. Among the eager volunteers in the 761st was E.G. McConnell, a "very patriotic" Queens Boy Scout who went to basic training wearing his first long trousers. General George Patton himself chose the 761st to fight for him. McConnell will never forget how Patton welcomed them to Normandy on November 2, 1944 in typical blood-and-guts style: "Men, you're the first Negro tankers to ever fight in the American Army. I would never have asked for you if you weren't good. I have nothing but the best in my Army. I don't care what color you are, so long as you go up there and kill those Kraut sonsabitches." Afterward, Patton climbed aboard Private McConnell's tank to examine the new 76mm cannon. "Listen, boy," Patton said. "I want you to shoot every damn thing you see—little children, old ladies, everybody you see." McConnell replied "Yes, sir!" McConnell won a Purple Heart in France. In conversations nearly 50 years later he

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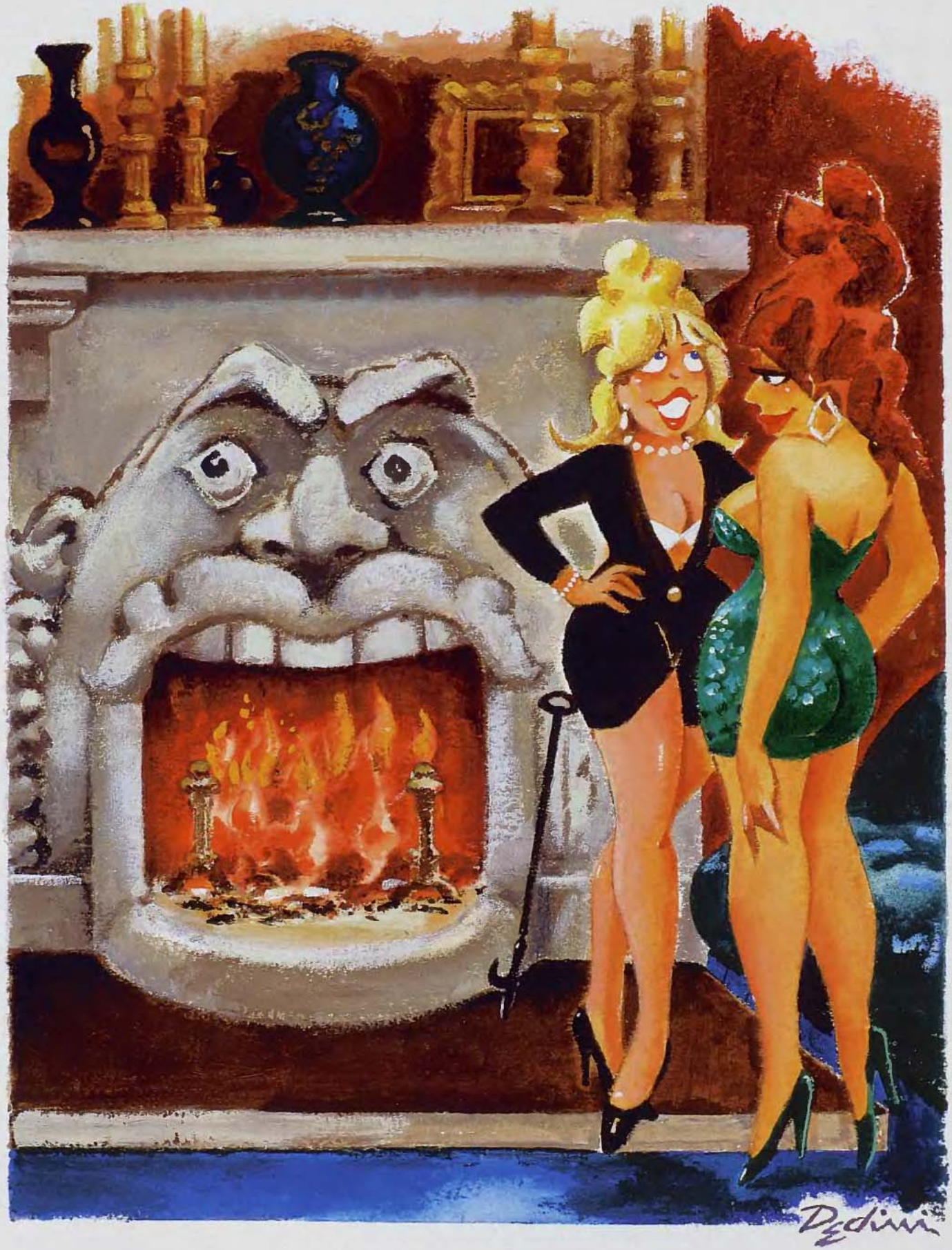
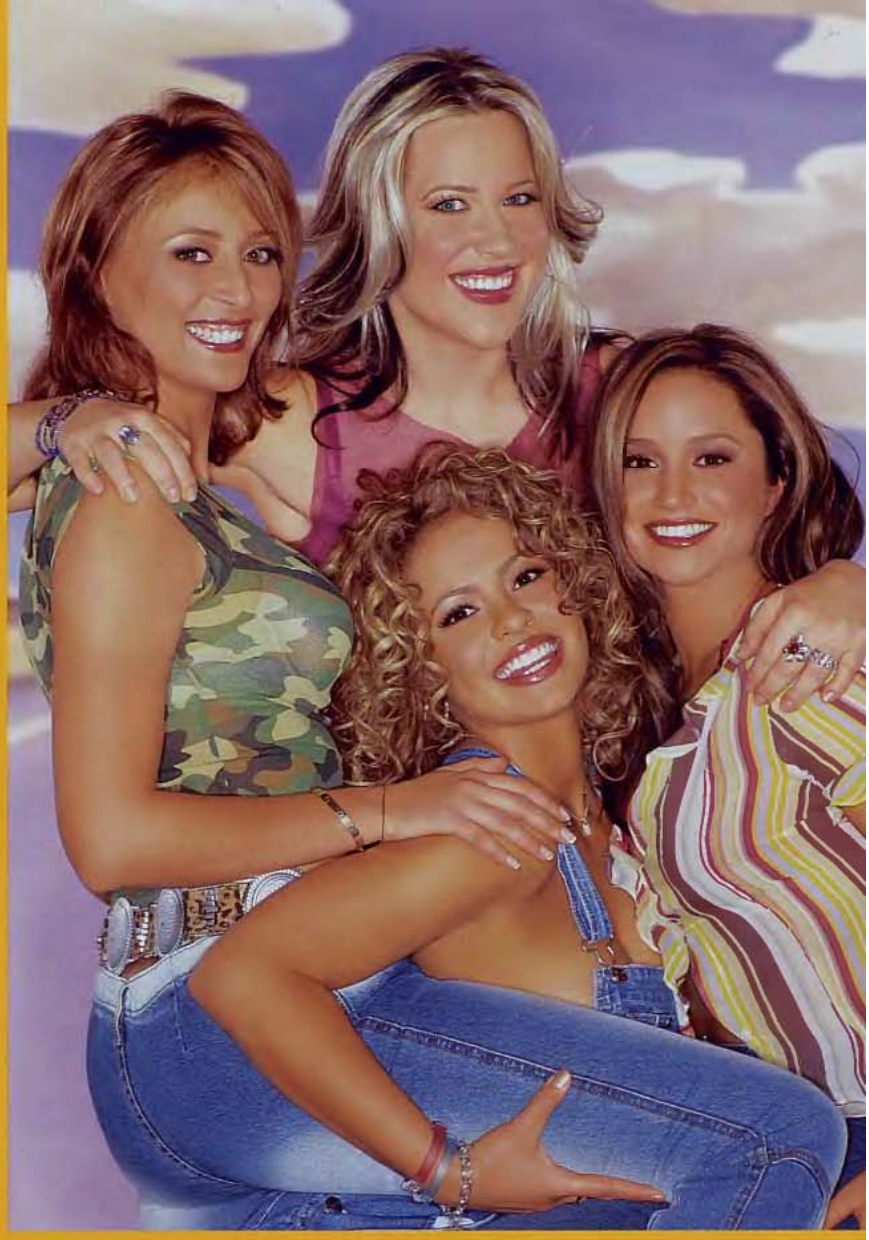


"He's very oral."

REAL NUDE IN THE REAL WORLD MTV



four survivors of reality tv finally reveal what we missed on their shows

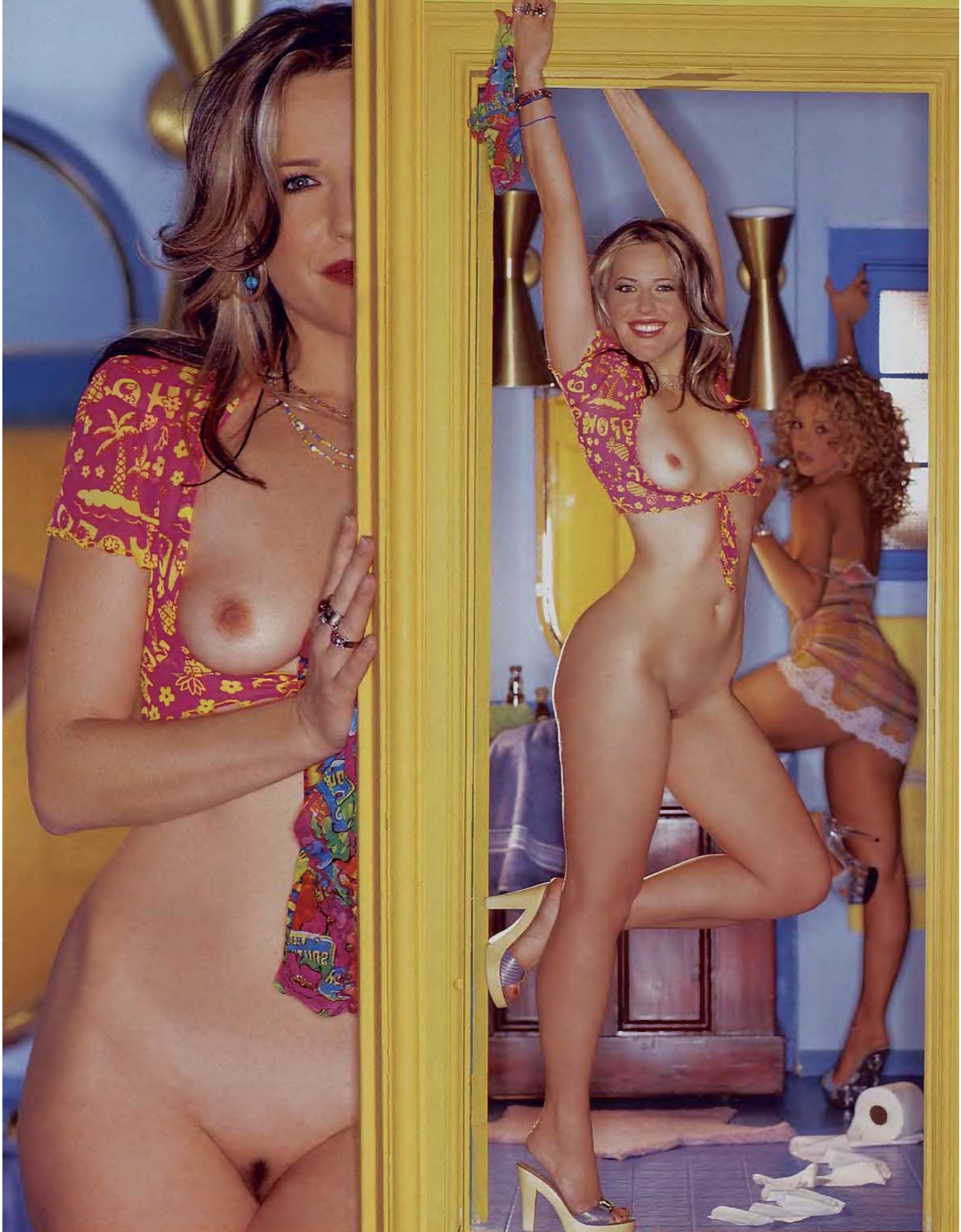
FLORA, BETH, JISELA, VERONICA

Reality television is a spectator sport we've been playing since MTV launched "The Real World" in 1992. Before Richard got naked on "Survivor," before a group of effeminate guys embarrassed themselves by joining the boy band O-Town on "Making the Band" and before we met the bitchy babes on "Love Cruise," MTV created the reality show that could—and would—for more than a decade. Lately, critics have proclaimed the imminent death of the (text concluded on page 82)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

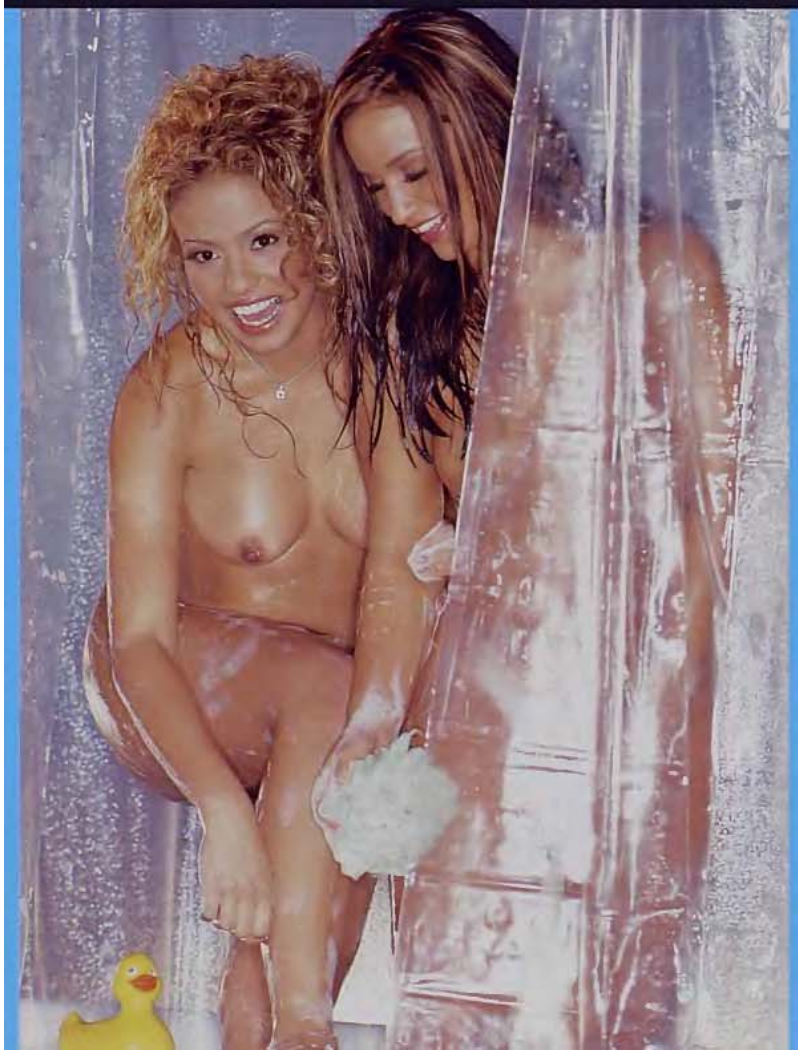
Jisele, above and below, from "Road Rules 10," gets advice from Veronica on how to wear a T-shirt.

Jisele and Veronice (from "Road Rules Semester at Sea") prepare for a round of body shots.



Beth (above), from "Reel World Los Angeles." Flore (opposite), from "Reel World Miami." Pley House.

Jisela and Veronica demonstrate why there are no opaque shower curtains on reality TV.



genre, but people are still hooked on *The Real World* and its spin-off, *Road Rules*. Ten years after its debut, *The Real World* draws ratings among 12- to 34-year-olds that are almost three times higher than in its first season. To honor reality TV's best, we asked the most memorable alums from *The Real World* and *Road Rules* to take things a step further and get even more real—as in, real nude. Take another look at *The Real World Los Angeles*' Beth Stolarczyk, *The Real World Miami*'s Flora Alekseyeva, *Road Rules Semester at Sea*'s Veronica Portillo and *Road Rules Quest*'s Jisela Delgado. You've watched as they've hot-tubbed, partied and argued with their roommates, but you've never seen them like this.

Promoting itself as the "true story of seven strangers, picked to live in a house and have their lives taped to find out what happens when people stop being polite and start getting real," *The Real World* features incredibly good-looking—and often insane—people in an immaculate living space. In the first season, filmed over the course of 12 weeks in New York City, the MTV generation became flies on the wall as Soho loft dwellers Eric, Julie, Kevin, Norman, Heather, Andre and Becky pursued their dreams of becoming a model, dancer, writer, artist, rapper, rock star and singer. Eric was the vapid male model. Julie was the small-town virgin. Norman was the token gay. And so on. On the small screen, they flirted. They cried. They talked about sex. They drank. Kevin moved out as a result of racial tension. Now that's compelling TV. Ten years, 10 cities and more than 70 cast members later, *The Real World* is still a formidable television presence, the reality program that has launched a thousand copycats. In 1994 came *Road Rules*, basically *The Real World* in an RV plus a slew of life-threatening stunts and games and a big monetary prize. Today, prime time is crowded with dozens of reality shows in which nonactors (i.e., wannabe actors) are placed in manipulated circumstances.

"The first line on my audition tape was, 'Hi, my name is Beth and I want to be on *The Real World* because my life is fucked up,'" says Stolarczyk. "I stood on the balcony of my apartment and explained why girls my age could relate to me. I felt trapped in an unhappy relationship. I had issues."

Delgado—touted as a free spirit by cast mate Blair—was chosen because of her candor during the casting process. "I put no effort into the audition," she says. "We sat at a table and everyone spewed BS. They totally lied their asses off. I was just calling them out on their lies. I made it from one round to the next. Now I know they liked me because I was honest and naive. I didn't know what other people knew." Such as? "I was clueless about editing and the way entertainment companies work."

MTV devotees will recall that when season 10's Road Rulers visited the New York Real Worlders, Delgado caused friction between the roommates when she hooked up with Malik and made out with Blair in the confessional room. The group then vacationed in the Hamptons, where Delgado confessed to Malik that she had kissed nearly everyone there. When she made fun of Malik and some of the other guys on videotape, her cast mates got fed up and confronted her. "They love you or they hate you," Delgado says. "People on the street are like, 'Oh my God, you're Jisela. You went to that *Real World* house and wrecked their lives!' Viewers need to remember that they're seeing me through the eyes of a production company that's putting on a show. It's entertainment. I did the things I did, but they're not necessarily shown in the order that I did them. To everyone else I look really fucked up." Still, Delgado doesn't begrudge her reputation as one of *Road Rules*' more difficult personalities. "I'm not bitter," she says. "I signed the papers saying they could do anything they wanted. Some people adore me. They think I'm the coolest person on MTV since Madonna. Without me, MTV wouldn't have had a show. People watched. They tuned in next week. They wanted to know what else I was going to do."

> "WITHOUT ME, MTV DIDN'T HAVE A SHOW. PEOPLE WATCHED. THEY TUNED IN NEXT WEEK. THEY WANTED TO KNOW WHAT ELSE I WAS GOING TO DO."

The Real World thrives on human drama, and one of the biggest scandals during Stolarczyk's season was when her roommates David and Tami got into a knock-down-drag-out brawl. In a practical joke gone bad, David tried to pull the covers off of a scantily clad Tami. Then Beth accused David of rape. Tami threatened to press charges, while David pleaded his case to the male roommates. Irene said she would leave if David didn't. David ultimately moved out. MTV viewers who didn't get to see the show when it originally aired can now see it (and the other seasons, which took place in San Francisco, London, Boston, Seattle, Hawaii, New Orleans, New York again and Chicago) in syndication. The next season is being filmed in Las Vegas. "They purposely pick people who won't get along," Stolarczyk says. "During the audition process, I said, 'I hate country music.' When I moved in, there was Jon, a country singer." So how real was the show? "A lot of things were taken out of context," Stolarczyk says. "They might have asked me something about Tami, but when they edited it, it seemed like I was saying it about someone else. But that's TV," she says. Like Jisela, Beth was not necessarily one of the best-loved roommates. On the recent *Real World/Road Rules Fantasy Challenge*, in which 32 cast members reunited to compete in stunts, Stolarczyk was described as "Osama Beth Laden" by New York Real Worlder Norman.

"My friends think it's hilarious, because the Beth on the show is not the real Beth," she says. "Flora and I are known as the bitches. I think people are intimidated by me because I'm confident. I didn't grow up in a trailer park and I don't do drugs, so I'm kind of the odd man out."

So why PLAYBOY?

"PLAYBOY was the last thing I thought I'd do," Stolarczyk says. "Everyone is going to be shocked. People expect this from Flora, but not from me."

"I've wanted to pose for PLAYBOY ever since I was a little girl," Delgado says. "It shows women's bodies as temples."

As for the future of reality TV, time will tell. On realityblurred.com, fans can read updates and gossip about *Survivor*, *Big Brother* and *Temptation Island*. Television critics have reserved headstones for most. According to *The Washington Post*'s David Segal and Paul Farhi, "The reality craze shows how quickly TV can eat its own." Maybe so, but we suspect *The Real World* and *Road Rules* will survive. "People like to watch a car wreck, and that's what reality TV is," Stolarczyk says. "As long as it's on, people will watch."

You can also see these MTV women at cyber.playboy.com.

"Guess what, Stephanie. I just got rear-ended and I had a car accident!"

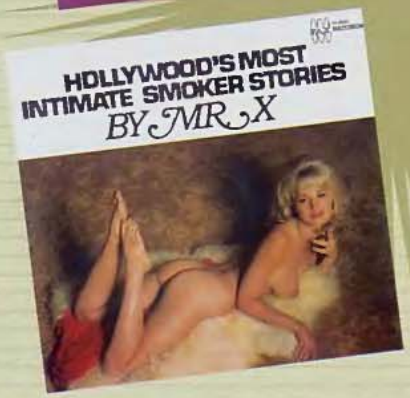
vinyl FETISH

WITH CHEESECAKE covers promising sounds of SHAG CARPET shagging, novelty LPs are the HOT NEW collectible. welcome to the ANTIQUES BONE show

article by

JAMES CURY

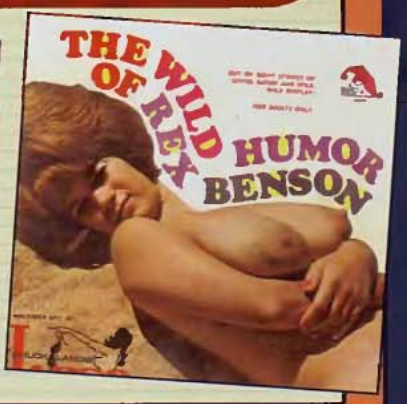
Back in the day, a stag party record like *Humpingville U.S.A.* ("small-town hicks getting their kicks") was akin to a mink-phallus necklace—less than desirable and extremely hard to find. Which, of course, is what makes it a precious collectible today. Over the past five years, a growing number of collectors have bid on obscure sleazecake LPs as if they were Monets and Van Goghs. "It's hard to believe that these were ever made," says Matthew Glass, a New Yorker who has several thousand nudie-novelty discs. "It's getting harder to walk into a store and find these records. The best stuff often pops up online." While the records typically cost between $20 and $100, buyers have paid more than $400 for a rare slab of sin. "I have one customer who's spent close to $15,000 on cheesecake alone," says Preston Peek, owner of Vinyllives.com, the largest source for weird and erotic LPs. Other outlets include websites like Jackdiamond.com and eBay (search under "stag," "nude" and "cheesecake"). David Drozen, who worked with his father at the risqué comedy label Laff Records in the late Sixties, is amused by the current craze. "Back then I don't know what anybody did with them. They were conceived as party records more than comedy records." Today, nobody cares why they were made.



Opposite page, clockwise from top right: Instead of a record, *Music for Hangovers* (High In-Fidelity) contains a card that says, "I bought this album for you as a gift. Sorry, I couldn't afford the record." Hef wrote the liner notes for *Laugh Along With the Kirby Stone Four at the Playboy Club* (Coronet). The cover Playmates are Susan Scott, Joni Mattis and Barbara Lawford. The jokes on *Hollywood's Most Intimate Smoker Stories* (Fax) stink ("In the throes of fornication, the camel likes to get two humps for one"). Still, it costs $50. Fax delivered lusty folk songs on *Stag Party Record Six: Spice After Hours*. A record by Miles Davis leans on the wall in the background. This page, top left: A curious soul tore the bandage off Kenny Karol's *Tales You'd Never Tell Mother* (Laff) for a glimpse of this redhead's body. Today, the view costs $75. The cover of *Undercover Safairi* (Laff) was touted as "frameable cover art." *My Pussy Belongs to Daddy* (Joe Davis) is a classic. It goes for $75. Comic Rudy Ray Moore released many ludicrous covers, including *The Cockpit* (Kent; $25).

THE LUSTFUL SEXLIFE OF A PERVERTED NYMPHO HOUSEWIFE
DRAMATIC STAG RECORDINGS UNCENSORED—ADULT ACTION STORY!
FREE GIFT INSIDE!

Above, from left to right: *The Lustful Sexlife of a Perverted Nympho Housewife* (Audio Stag) is a "bold, ball-busting story" that fetches $50. Meow! Singer Faye Richmonde's sexy pose adorns *A Little Spice* (Joe Davis). It's worth about $25. Stated on the back cover of *Fornicating Female Freaks* (Audio Stag): "Now you don't have to go to Denmark or Sweden to get this kind of album" ($50). *Blues n' Bras* (Boulevard) by the Creoles and the New Orleans Five is a rare English cheesecake release. Below, from left to right: Included in *Humpingville U.S.A.* (Audio Stag) was a gift certificate for a "genuine French Tickler." Among the phony oohs and aahs is the great line, "Oh, Bob, suck on my clit, it's aching for your hard balls." *Bedside Companion for Playboys* (Omega) features sounds of the Playboy lifestyle—car races, trips to a Hindu monastery and a wee bit o' jazz. A Vargas girl adorns the cover. Joe Davis Records stole the PLAYBOY typeface for its *Play Girl* LP but made up for it with an Asian cover girl—a cheesecake rarity. Why is *The Wild Humor of Rex Benson* (Laff) worth $100 among fans? Two big reasons.



ALMOST PERFECT

fiction By Lawrence Block

tommy willis is pitching a perfect game when the guy screwing his wife comes to bat

He was already at the ballpark when I got there, and that was unusual for Tommy. Of course he was scheduled to pitch that afternoon, going up against the Bobcats in the last game of a three-game home stand, but even when he pitched he tended to show up a lot closer to game time. He'd make it in time to warm up properly, and he'd generally be there for the batting practice that Hairston makes his pitchers take along with everybody else, seeing as our league has escaped the goddamn designated hitter rule. But he was a last-minute kind of guy, and I'm the opposite, like most catchers. So it was a surprise to walk in and see him already suited up.

But not that big a surprise, *(continued on page 136)*

ILLUSTRATION BY MALCOLM TARLOFSKY

TREND SPOTTING

PLAYBOY'S SEVEN-STEP GUIDE TO THE BEST IN NEW FASHION

Shopping for clothes is confusing. We feel your pain—we've had seats at dozens of runway shows. That means we can help you cut through the clutter, narrow your buying and organize your closet. This year, there's a short list of must-have items. First up is something leather or suede. Leather used to be reserved for the cold seasons; now there are light versions for summer. As for shirts: Think stripes. Vertical stripes. Colorful stripes. When you're ready to dress down, set yourself apart with details only a designer can provide. Sports and street clothing benefit from lots of zippers, closures, cell-phone pockets and interesting collars. Keep in mind, too, that serious looks are back. That means suits. Obviously, they're great with a dress shirt and tie, but they also go with a polo shirt—or you can ditch the jacket, and your pants will make a good impression.

FASHION BY JOSEPH DE ACETIS

LEATHER AND SUEDE

The stylish utility of leather has been extended for year-round use—new lightweight leather works fine in summer. And the colors of leather ore the colors of the year—chamois, deep brown ond the shades in between. Other winter fabrics, such as lightweight cords, are now warm-weather winners. Below left is a leather vest by Louis Vuitton, perfect when it's too hot even for sleeves. Middle, clockwise from bottom left: Leather jacket by Valentino, suede sports coat by Jil Sander, suede blazer by Hermes and leather overcoat by Burberry. Below at right is a suede jacket by Louis Vuitton. A wide range af styles have had an impact on runways, with a single unifying theme: details. A zipper here, pockets there and particular attention to the shape of the critical V distinguish these jackets. Leather or suede easily converts from casual to sharp—it's all about matching.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAN LECCA

DENIM

Jeans are more important than ever. They are a low-cost way to be stylish—and a smart alternative to the recent overload af khakis. Just be sure to get tap-quality jeans—and samething with flair. Above, left to right: The blue jean jacket is by Calvin Klein, the white one by Marc Jacobs. The denim sports coat is by William Reid. The short-sleeve-over-long-sleeve cambo is by Marc Jacobs. The jeans by Gucci, far right, have the laok of an ald friend. Below, a selection of athletic streetwear—inspired by bath the Olympics and motocross racing. At left is an autfit by Tommy Hilfiger—off the runway it makes sense ta break up these pieces. The Olympics make for winning outfits by Lauis Vuittan (top) and Tommy Hilfiger (bottam). The arange outfit is by Andrew Dibben, as are the white tap and pants in the next shot. Jil Sander, far right, affers the hipper zipper.

SPORT INSPIRED

STRIPED SHIRTS

Earn your stripes. The vintage-look tops above can take you from day into night—they look good at the office and great at a club. Remember: Fashion should be an adventure. At left is a pink stripe by Fendi; the multicolor shirt is by Chompol Serimont. The over-under stripes are by William Reid (top) and Chompol Serimont. Far right is an outfit by Gucci. Who soys suits need to be stuffy? The key is how you dress them up—or don't. These are soft, comfy outfits and fine for summer. Put one on and you'll find yourself thinking about rolling up the pant legs and strolling in the surf. The suit at left is by Cerruti. Next to it is a suit by Kenneth Cole. Runway fashion is theater—the belt might best be left under the shirt. The chamois-color suit is by Kenneth Cole. Again, unless you're Rod Stewart, don't wear the tie with an open neck. At right is a suit by Dries Van Noten.

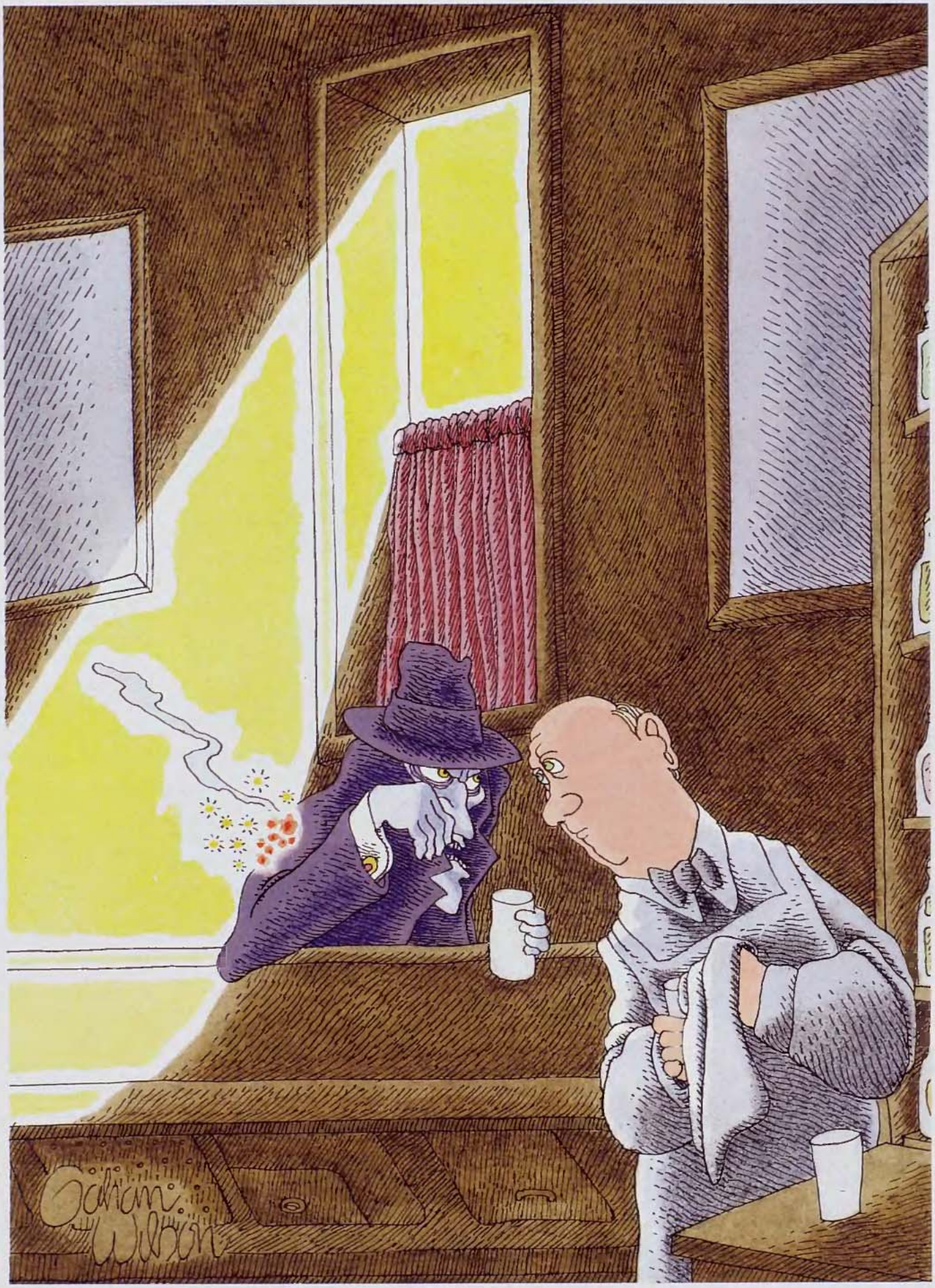
SOFT SUMMER SUITS

DESIGNER TO WATCH: VARVATOS

Above is a selection of outfits by John Varvatos. This exciting American designer offers a range of relaxed but polished options for real guys (the cuts aren't narrow). After all, laid-back needn't mean run-of-the-mill. One great touch: With a mix of linen and microfiber, clothes stay light ond breothable but don't crease. That's the key to summer. Note the high-button stance on the sweaters and jockets. The messenger bag at left is part of a great line of occessories from Varvatos. Below: Serious suits ore bock, but summer business suits don't mean khaki, chino and seersucker anymore. These have looser cuts and are made of lighter fabrics. One idea is a suit in a favorite color of the past few seasons: burgundy. Below are some standouts. At left is a suit by John Varvatos. Cerruti takes the middle, and we end with a classy number by Dolce and Gabbana.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 145.

BUSINESS SUITS



"Can't you do anything about this sunlight?"

THE ART OF THE TELL

MIKE CARO—THE MAD GENIUS OF POKER—EXPLAINS HOW TO BEAT YOUR BUDDIES

Just about everywhere I look, I see victims of poker. They think they're playing a game of luck.

I don't just play poker—I analyze it, calculate odds, create software, run a website, write books, make videos. I even founded a university of poker. I'm obsessed.

I'm telling you this because I want you to believe me when I say that if you develop an eye for tells, your friends might as well turn their cards face up on the table. And who better to win money from than your poker buddies? They don't get half as mad as your enemies.

THE ART OF DECEIT

Poker isn't like life, where you lie to people only once in a while, usually for their own good. Experienced players will do anything to throw you off their scent. Most players try to deceive you by acting weak when they are strong and strong when they are weak. First, figure out who's acting. Second, figure out what they're trying to get you to do. Third, disappoint them.

SHRUGS AND SIGHS

A player who shrugs or sighs is almost always aware of what he's doing: He's trying to conceal his strong hand. He could turn his cards around and shout, "Take a look at that!" but it's doubtful the other players would call his bet. This tell is nearly always accurate.

NEAT STACKS

Despite his best efforts to appear as a blank slate, an opponent may display involuntary tells that reveal his hand. For example, players often stack chips in a way that unconsciously reflects their playing style. When you see neat stacks, it indicates that your opponent has an accountant's mentality. He wants to make sure he gets good value when he risks his money. He may bluff, though he won't make daring bets. Unless you're sure he's bluffing, don't call this player *(concluded on page 146)*

ILLUSTRATION BY WIKTOR SADOWSKI

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

miss may
is out to make
some noise

SHAKE, RATTLE, ROLL

IT DIDN'T take long for Miss May Christi Shake, who rolled into Los Angeles a year ago, to tell us what she misses most about her hometown, Baltimore. "Everyone is really close and watches out for one another," she says. "In a big city like LA, you don't know whether anyone's real or not. I'm used to being up-front and telling people how it is." The 21-year-old is also accustomed to hell-raiser-friendly club hours back East. "Everything here closes at two A.M.," she says. "I'm kind of glad it does, though, because then I don't stay out too late. I also miss the crisp autumn air, the falling leaves and the smell of chimney smoke—but not the snow."

Christi is thankful that her mother encouraged her to start modeling at the age of 13. "If I ever got lazy, she would say, 'Come on, you have to do this!' She still calls me every day to make sure I do everything I have to. That's what

People comment that Christi resembles Britney Spears or Shakira. "I don't take offense," she says. "One time I was sitting in a restaurant and my hair was different colors. This girl, who was drunk out of her skull, thought I was Christina Aguilera and almost fell off her chair!"

I love about my mom—she'll never let me slack off." After two years of modeling school and fashion shows, Christi worked for American Dream Girl, Merry-Go-Round and Hawaiian Tropic. Now she wants to design threads, not model them. "I'm coming out with a clothing line on my website, christishake.com," she says. "My mom is helping me with everything, and I'm starting with a catalog of pretty, funky attire." Christi has a head for business and even studied it in college, but now she wants to try acting school. "I think it's time to go in a new direction," she says. "I want to be a serious actress. I like looking at my modeling pictures and seeing work I've done, but to see yourself on a TV show or in a movie has to be incredible."

Miss May says it is important that she feel a spiritual connection with the lucky guy she's dating. "It's all about a man's eyes," she says. "You can tell if it's something real within the first five minutes. One time I was shopping and I picked up a teddy bear for my boyfriend because he was out of town. When I returned home, there were flowers from him on my doorstep. That told me we were thinking of each other at the same time, so I feel like he's connected to me." What about other dating deal makers? "I like a nice smile," she says. "If a guy's teeth are mangled, how can you kiss him? Also, I have always hung out with people who are at least five years older than I am. I like learning from people's life experiences, and guys my age just don't have the right mentality. I want to be in love—marriage, kids, all of that. I'm in love with being in love."

A lot of guys just can't shake that Miss May feeling. "I'm super nice—actually, I'm too nice," she tells us. "I'm just trying to chill out and have a good time."

MISS MAY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Christi Shake

BUST: 34 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 122

BIRTH DATE: 8.22.80 BIRTHPLACE: Baltimore, Maryland

AMBITIONS: To be a successful actress, finish school and market my own clothing line on my website, christishake.com.

TURN-ONS: Champagne bubble baths, whispering sweet things to me, sweet talker, confidence & intelligence.

TURNOFFS: Arrogant, cocky and self-centered people.

ETHNIC BACKGROUND: Czech, German, Polish, Swedish, Dutch.

WHAT I MISS MOST ABOUT HOME: family, friends, change of seasons.

WHAT DRIVES ME WILD: Soft lips and kisses on my neck.

PLACES I WANT TO TRAVEL: Australia, Italy, St. Martin.

IDEAL ROMANTIC GETAWAY: Horseback riding in the mountains w/my man and camping out, because it gets me in touch w/nature and activates my spiritual side.

WHAT CHARACTERISTICS DO YOU FIND SEXY IN MEN: Anyone can have a physical attraction, but a spiritual connection is a very special thing.

Started modeling at age 13.

Sweet 16.

Hawaiian Tropic pageant 2000.

THERE ARE MORE PHOTOS, PLUS VIDEO, OF
CHRISTI AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

What's the downside to a threesome?

You could disappoint two women instead of just one.

An unhappy husband complained, "My wife loves the missionary position—her in bed and me in Africa."

Pfizer and Pepsi-Cola will jointly market a Viagra-laced beverage. It will be called Mount and Do, and its ad slogan will be "Pour Yourself a Stiff One."

Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson were walking in the park when they passed three women eating bananas. "Good evening, ladies," Holmes said.

"Do you know those women, Holmes?" Watson asked.

"No, Watson," Holmes said. "I do not know the nun, the prostitute or the new bride."

Watson was confused. "Well, if that's true, how then do you know anything about them?" he asked.

"It's elementary, my dear Watson," Holmes replied. "The nun ate her banana by holding it in one hand and using the other to break it into little pieces. The prostitute held the banana with both hands and swallowed it whole. And the new bride held the banana with one hand, and used her other hand to push her head toward it."

BLONDE JOKE OF THE MONTH: A brunette and a blonde decided they were going to rob a rural bank. The brunette planned the robbery and explained it to the blonde in great detail. "So, you understand?" the brunette asked after she'd finished. "It's a small safe with a single guard. You should be in and out of the bank in three minutes."

"I get it, I get it," the blonde said.

They drove to the bank. The brunette waited behind the wheel of the getaway car while the blonde went inside. Five minutes passed, then 10. The brunette was about to drive off when the bank doors burst open. The blonde had a rope tied around the safe and was dragging it to the car. A security guard came out behind her firing his gun, with his pants and underwear around his ankles. As the women drove off, the brunette yelled, "I thought you understood the plan."

"I did," the blonde replied.

"No you didn't," the brunette yelled. "I said tie up the guard and blow the safe."

WHY WE'RE GLAD THE SEVENTIES ARE OVER: A man burst into his doctor's office. "Doc," he said, "you gotta help me! Every time I drive by the park, I start singing *The Green, Green Grass of Home*. Every time I see a kitten, I sing *What's New, Pussycat?* What's wrong with me?"

The doctor said, "It sounds like a case of Tom Jones syndrome."

The man said, "I've never heard of that. Is it common?"

The doctor sang, "It's not unusual."

What's the difference between a lawyer and a terrorist?

The terrorist has sympathizers.

A man took his young daughter to work with him. In the car on the way home, the little girl said, "I saw you in your office with your secretary. Why do you call her a doll?"

The man quickly explained, "Well, honey, my secretary is a hardworking girl. She types like you wouldn't believe. She knows the computer inside and out. She makes my coffee just right. In the business world, that's what we call a real doll."

"Oh," the little girl said. "I thought it was because she closed her eyes when she lay down on your couch."

How do you know you're really ugly?

Dogs close their eyes when they're humping your leg.

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: Why are hurricanes named after women?

Because they arrive wet and wild, then leave with your house and car.

A man and his wife were having sex. Fifteen minutes passed, then 30, then 45. The sweat was pouring off their bodies. The wife finally opened her eyes and asked, "What's the matter, darling? Can't you think of anyone else either?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines making love as what a woman does while a man is fucking her.

Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.*

"This one dares ask the question: Can a girl from a small town in Kansas move to LA and find happiness at the Playboy Mansion?"

forget contraction, bargaining agreements and competitive imbalance. it's time to play ball

BASEBALL 2002

playboy's baseball preview By LEOPOLD FROEHLICH and GEORGE HODAK

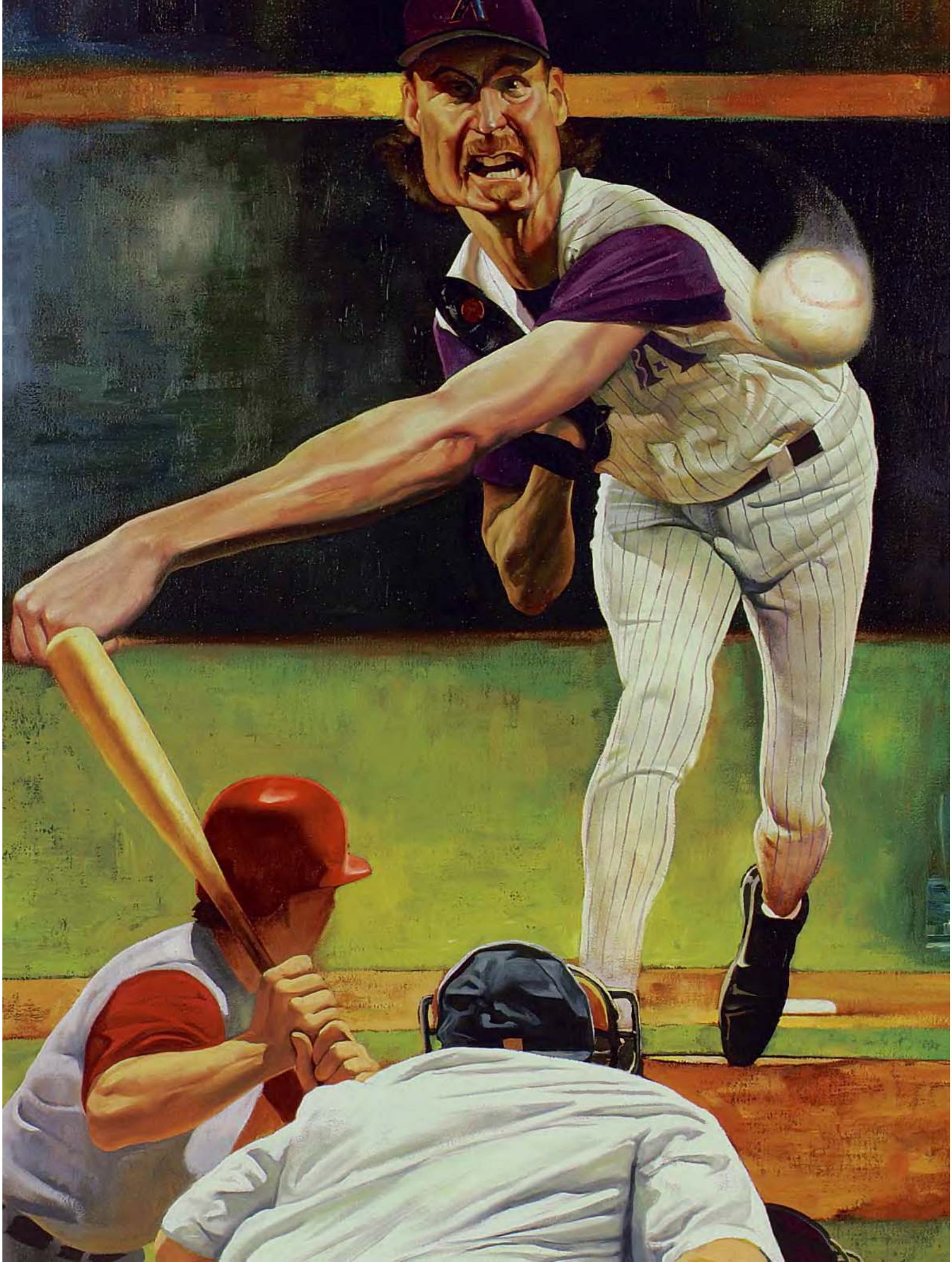
BUD SELIG, the Minnesota Twins and the Montreal Expos are alive for another year. Last year's amazing baseball season was marred by a bizarre winter in which franchises, ownerships, schedules, revenues and bargaining agreements were all cast in doubt. Baseball will have a hard time matching the drama of last season's pennant races. Barry Bonds hit 73 homers and the Arizona Diamondbacks rode horses named Schilling and Johnson to an improbable World Series title. The Seattle Mariners, with the help of Ichiro Suzuki, won 116 games. The Twins came out of nowhere to challenge in the AL Central. The Cubs and the Phillies showed signs of life as well. We saw fantastic new stadiums in Pittsburgh and Milwaukee and the retirements of Tony Gwynn and Cal Ripken. Seven managers quit or were fired. For the first time since D Day, baseball suspended regular season play. And we'll probably soon see the end of several longstanding franchises. Americans used to be able to rely on the stability of baseball in times of trouble. Not anymore. But even with all the turmoil, another season is under way. So let's get to it.

•

The American League East has three good teams (Yankees, Red Sox, Jays) that beat up on two bad teams (Baltimore, Tampa Bay). Now that teams typically play 19 games against opponents in their own divisions, some franchises have it easier than others. The retooled Yankees will take the East and the American League pennant. The AL Central is a three-team race, with Chicago, Cleveland and Minnesota all capable of prevailing. Frank Thomas will put up large numbers, so we'll take the Chisox. The AL West is the league's strongest division, with improvements in Texas and Anaheim cutting into the Athletics' and Mariners' wins. But Seattle will win again.

In the National League East it's a dead heat between Atlanta and the Mets. Let's say Gary Sheffield makes the difference and the Braves take the division. The Central has three tough teams in St. Louis, Houston and Chicago. Based on their strong second-half performance in 2001, we'll go with the Cardinals. We were wrong about the Diamondbacks last year, but we think time will finally catch up with them this season. On the strength of a good off-season, we favor the Giants in the NL West. St. Louis is our pick for the NL pennant. The Athletics will ride their pitching to a wild-card berth. In the National League the Astros will get the wild card (with the Mets, Phillies and Diamondbacks all in the hunt). Even as the American League's postseason dominance fades, the Yankees look stronger this year. For the AL's most valuable player, we'll go out on a limb with Alex Rodriguez. In the National, Chipper Jones comes up big.

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERTO PARADA



PLAYBOY'S PICKS

American League

EAST	CENTRAL	WEST
Yankees	White Sox	Mariners
Red Sox	Indians	Athletics
Blue Jays	Twins	Angels
Devil Rays	Tigers	Rangers
Orioles	Royals	

National League

EAST	CENTRAL	WEST
Braves	Cardinals	Giants
Mets	Astros	Diamondbacks
Phillies	Cubs	Dodgers
Marlins	Reds	Padres
Expos	Pirates	Rockies
	Brewers	

AL Wild Card: **ATHLETICS**
NL Wild Card: **ASTROS**

AL Champs: **YANKEES**
NL Champs: **CARDINALS**

WORLD CHAMPS: YANKEES

AMERICAN LEAGUE EAST

With the Yankees three outs away from their fourth consecutive crown, Mariano Rivera botched a throw to second on Damian Miller's sacrifice bunt. After 23 straight postseason saves, the game's best closer blew one, and an NL team won the Series. The Yankees responded to such ignominy by restructuring with a vengeance—adding Jason Giambi, Robin Ventura, Steve Karsay, David Wells, John Vander Wal, Rondell White, Ron Coomer, Mike Thurman and Alberto Castillo. No wonder the Bronx payroll is approaching $150 million. But the Bombers didn't need that much help. As New Yorkers are fond of pointing out, the Yankees are both rich and smart. Under the steady influence of Joe Torre, New York went 30–18 in one-run games, second best in the major leagues. By going 39–16 against Baltimore, Boston and Tampa Bay, they took advantage of soft stretches in the schedule. This year the team should win even more games. Giambi, who led the AL in on-base and slugging percentages, has only 25 hits in 102 career at bats at Yankee Stadium, but he will adjust to the right-field porch. Second baseman Alfonso Soriano will soon be a star. Robin Ventura will help at third, and eagle-eyed rookie Nick Johnson (nephew of Larry Bowa) will be an improvement at DH. Karsay and unheralded Mike Stanton (9–4, 2.58) give the Yanks a sturdy setup duo. Roger Clemens, 39, will be hard-pressed to repeat his 20–3, 3.51 season, but it doesn't matter, because Mike Mussina (17–11, 3.15) and Andy Pettitte (15–10, 3.99) will pick up the slack. Ho-hum, the Yankees win the pennant. And the World Series.

The **Red Sox** had the second-highest payroll in baseball in 2001 but were first in the majors when it came to dysfunction. After playing the Yankees tough in the first half, the team lost Nomar Garciaparra, Pedro Martinez and catcher Jason Varitek to injuries. Jimy Williams managed like a zombie, using 93 lineups in 118 games and not bothering to hold runners on base (opponents stole 223 bases). The whole thing blew up in August and September, when Williams was canned and Boston went 22–34. Manny Ramirez ended the year in a funk, hitting .248 after June 5 and feuding with management. Closer Ugueth Urbina got into an airplane scuffle with Tim Wakefield and Trot Nixon. General manager Dan Duquette had to make changes. He shipped volatile outfielder Carl Everett to Texas for lefty Darren Oliver, signed free agents John Burkett to pitch and Johnny Damon to hit leadoff, picked up Tony Clark off waivers to play first and traded for Dustin Hermanson (14–13 with the Cards). The pitching will help, since Fenway has become the third-toughest park in the majors to homer in. Joe Kerrigan is smart enough to cop a wild card. But if Pedro is hurt and Nomar doesn't come all the way back, forget it.

The **Blue Jays** started out 2001 on an offensive binge, going 16–9 through April. They went 10–18 in May, and that was the season. A year after hitting 244 home runs, the offense died. Toronto struck out a lot (third most in the AL) and didn't hit much (10th in AL in batting average and on-base percentage). General manager Gord Ash was given the heave-ho and was replaced by J.P. Ricciardi. Talk radio to the contrary, Ricciardi is doing more than cutting payroll. He sent Brad Fullmer to Anaheim to make room for Vernon

(continued on page 147)

"Guess what, dear. I think I've finally found a buyer for the house!"

Skin Game

want to save face? stock your medicine cabinet with these new, exciting guy cosmetics

By Donald Charles Richardson

MEN'S GROOMING has a fresh face. Even Victoria's Secret has introduced a cologne for men, and if that doesn't help you get lucky, nothing will. Is there no balm in Gilead? Sure there is. Tommy Hilfiger's T aftershave balm is especially soothing because it doesn't contain any alcohol. Men with oily skin should try the clay mask by Zirh to absorb impurities and excess oil, and Calvin Klein's oil-control hydrator to keep the skin moist. Nivea's exfoliating face scrub helps deep-clean your pores. Lab Series has introduced Trifecta, a quick-absorbing gel for oily skin. Aramis' Surface skin cream is another quick fix. It incorporates reflectors that diminish lines, wrinkles and uneven skin tones to give you a refreshed look. Nickel's Amuse-Gueule moisturizing serum is a concentrated formula of antioxidants designed to revitalize stressed skin. It's available in handy two-milliliter single doses. Another product from Nickel, Lendemain de Fête, is designed to perk up your face after a rough night. It contains menthol-enriched unroasted coffee as part of a mixture that the company says will give your skin a boost. To finish your image, try a new fragrance, such as X-Centric by Dunhill, Dior's Higher or Very Sexy for Him from Victoria's Secret. The last combines sage, grapefruit and cedarwood with freesia. Use this essential bit of knowledge when you meet a Victoria's Secret model at a party and she asks about your cologne: Tell her that freesia is a South African plant of the iris family, with fragrant flowers.

Below, left to right: Aramis' Surface skin cream incorporates tiny reflective spheres to perk up your appearance ($35). Shaving doesn't have to feel like surgery. Aromapharmacy's Post-Op astringent helps heal freshly scraped skin ($16). Very Sexy for Him from Victoria's Secret is a spicy citrus-blend fragrance ($48). To get rid of dead cells, try the exfoliating face scrub from Nivea for Men ($6). Lab Series' Trifecta helps eliminate shine by reducing the oil on your skin, while it tightens pores and improves skin texture ($32.50). Eye Rescue, also from Lab Series for Men, smoothes the area under your eyes ($23.50). A couple of drops of Anthony Logistics for Men preshave oil rubbed into your whiskers sets up your beard for a smooth shave ($18). Higher eau de toilette by Dior is a mixture of fruit, spice and wood scents ($55). When you're on a hike or a flight, these little containers of Amuse-Gueule moisturizing serum by Nickel are handy for revitalizing stressed skin ($41 for 15 doses). Zirh's clay mask does a great job absorbing dirt and oil ($14.50). Lendemain de Fête "morning-after rescue gel" by Nickel contains caffeine and wheat soya protein to help erase signs of stress ($40). Tommy Hilfiger's T aftershave balm is a refreshing pick-me-up ($38). Roger et Gallet L'Homme Essentiel fragrance combines basil, citron, sage and vanilla (among other ingredients) to create a scent that's sexy ($40). Calvin Klein's oil-control hydrator helps eliminate the greasy look (about $30). Dunhill's X-Centric fragrance is packaged in a modern masculine-looking bottle ($55). Zirh's aloe vera cream treats your skin to a smooth shave ($18.50).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEORGE GEORGIOU

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 145.

THE SEARCH FOR PERFECT PANTIES

WHAT SORT OF WOMAN BUYS A $90 PAIR OF UNDERWEAR?

article by Lisa Carver

PANTIES DON'T LIE. A woman can dress according to fashion and disguise her personality, but her panties are a reflection of her soul. A beautiful soul wears beautiful panties; a bitter, constricted one wears tighty whiteys. What do my panties say about me? Every morning when I don a fresh pair, my dream is that by nightfall they will be utterly destroyed. Beauty peaks just before its destruction. This is a secret, but sometimes while dressing for a night out, I'll snip the seams of my panties halfway up so that later my date will feel fiendish when my panties come apart in his lumberjack-man hands. The word panties comes from pantaloons, after Saint Pantaleon. It makes sense that my panties are named after a martyr—they live short lives and are sacrificed in a violent manner.

To women, panties are pretty underwear. To men, panties cover the center of the universe. A friend of mine calls panties "the last defense on the front lines of desire." Sometimes I think men have more sex with our panties than with us. A favorite trick is for a man to perform oral sex while the panties are still on, so the woman is dying with desire. Then, when he's ready to poke her, he doesn't take her panties off—he can't be bothered with that. Just shove 'em to the side.

My friend Matt doesn't even do that. He just plows right through. That way, he says, he can only get his erection in an inch or two, but it's exciting *(continued on page 144)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEORGE GEORGIOU

"Here comes the captain—time for me to withdraw."

CENTERFOLDS ON SEX

Jennifer Walcott

WHAT'S GOOD PHONE SEX?

Unless a man can talk dirty in bed, he won't be able to do good phone sex. It's an erotic level of sex. I like to start out by talking about how good something feels, something that he can't share with anyone else. I like when he's being kind of nasty, saying things like, "How does my cock feel inside you?" instead of saying, "Do you like the way I'm making love to you?" It's fun when a guy acts sweet and innocent during the day and then is a little nasty in bed. It's kind of exciting that he can have that side to him. I also like to hear stuff like, "You feel so hot and wet." A lot of people can't believe what they say during sex, and they kick themselves afterward. In the heat of sex you shouldn't care what you say, because it is what it is: passion. It's your fantasy world.

THE LIMIT ON THREESOMES

I believe a girl can be with another girl and also be with men. But I don't think men can be bisexual. They can be with only men or they can be with only women. I could never be with two guys at the same time—it's just too much. I think it's fun and sexy for a girl with two guys to be in the same room naked, I think there are a couple of screws loose somewhere, and they should just get together with each other.

Jennifer Walcott

SEE JENNIFER IN THE PLAYMATE VIDEO JUKEBOX AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.

Milla Jovovich

the power waif sets us straight about fake id cards, french husbands and celebrity shoplifting

At 26, Milla Jovovich has saved the world more often than anyone had any reason to expect. Jovovich's parents were a Russian actress and a Yugoslavian medical student who left the Soviet Union for California when their daughter was five years old. Milla, who was called a commie at school, started taking acting classes at the age of nine. Jovovich made her film debut on Disney Channel's The Night Train to Kathmandu. In 1988, at the age of 12, she made history as the youngest girl ever to appear on an American fashion magazine cover. Richard Avedon photographed her as one of Revlon's most unforgettable women. Jovovich graced 15 covers that year, and People magazine named her one of its 50 Most Beautiful People.

At 14, Jovovich earned her first major film role, in Return to the Blue Lagoon. She took on supporting roles, opposite Sherilyn Fenn in Two Moon Junction, and in Richard Linklater's Dazed and Confused (at 16, she wed her co-star Shawn Andrews, but the marriage was annulled months later). Roles in Bruce Evans' Kuffs and in Chaplin, starring Robert Downey Jr., followed. In addition to acting and modeling, Jovovich was developing her music and signed a deal with EMI Records, which released The Divine Comedy to critical acclaim.

Jovovich hit it big in films when director Luc Besson cast her in The Fifth Element opposite Bruce Willis. She appeared in Spike Lee's He Got Game and then she and Besson launched their dream project, The Messenger: The Story of Joan of Arc, placing her in the role once played by screen icons Ingrid Bergman and Jean Seberg. The impressive cast included John Malkovich, Dustin Hoffman and Faye Dunaway. Jovovich, meanwhile, had married Besson. After several tempestuous years they divorced.

Jovovich continues to model (she has a deal with L'Oreal) and has appeared in The Claim, Wim Wenders' The Million Dollar Hotel and Zoolander. This year she stars as Alice, the zombie killer, in boyfriend Paul Anderson's Resident Evil. Other projects include No Good Deed opposite Samuel L. Jackson, You Stupid Man, co-starring William Baldwin, and Dummy with Adrien Brody.

Robert Crane caught up with Jovovich at Château Marmont in Hollywood. He reports: "Milla is a tamperproof source of energy. She will be the one still standing at the end—despite the ex-husbands, failed relationships, film hits and misses. She is strong and embraces chaos. Jovovich brought her dog to the interview. Its name is Madness."

1

PLAYBOY: Comparisons between you and Brooke Shields are inevitable—young models, *Blue Lagoon* films. Tell us how you're different from her.

JOVOVICH: Brooke and I have completely different images. She's always been very much America's sweetheart, and I am not. I'm an alien. I'm Russian. When I was a teen I moved to Europe, started working in music, recorded an album and went on tour with my band. By the time that was all over, I was doing *The Fifth Element*. The similarities between us include our strong mothers. My mom always wanted me to be an actress and that was pretty much what she trained me for since I was little, which was kind of the same with Brooke. We were both the youngest girls to be on the cover of a fashion magazine. She was 13 or 14, and I was 12. And I hope when I'm in my 30s, I'll have a TV show like she did. I'm fine with modeling my career after Brooke Shields'—she's done great.

2

PLAYBOY: Which *Blue Lagoon* film was better?

JOVOVICH: Overall, hers was better, but I was a better actress.

3

PLAYBOY: What's most important: talent, ambition or a really good publicist?

JOVOVICH: All of them. The biggest mistake that a lot of actors and other artists make is to rely wholly on their talent. But talent without discipline means nothing. My mom attended film school in Russia, one of the most difficult film schools back in the Sixties. One of the things she always told me to make sure I stayed in line was, "Milla, the most-talented kids in film school in the first year (it was a four-year course) dropped out by the fourth year. And the least-talented ones who worked their butts off were at the top of the class by the end." So what is talent? It's a natural-born thing, but if it's not refined and disciplined and channeled in the right way, it turns destructive. It turns into ego, and it turns into "I'm a genius, I don't need to do anything, I can drink and be rude. . . ." I know a guy who's an amazing writer and works at a car wash. You know he's never going to do anything because he has no drive. And a publicist? I have a publicist.

4

PLAYBOY: Is the euro making your life any easier?

JOVOVICH: I have no clue about the euro. All I know is that England doesn't want anything to do with it, and if England doesn't want anything to do with it, neither do I. The English know they have got the strongest currency in the world. I trust them about money.

5

PLAYBOY: Is Milla short for something?

JOVOVICH: It is short for Milizta. Can you imagine, Milizta Jovovich? It's hard enough as it is. I curse my parents every day. Why didn't they change my name?

6

PLAYBOY: How important is it for a woman to have at least one French husband?

JOVOVICH: French men are great. They know how to treat a woman. I'd recommend them. *(continued on page 157)*

PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO THE BEST BEACHES

North South East West

Beach It!

By Larry Olmsted

You have a drink in your hand and your toes in the sand. There are girls in tight T-shirts, wet T-shirts or no T-shirts at all. If this is your idea of summer, you've come to the right place. Crack a cold one and check out the fun in the sun.

Best Beach Rooms With a View

The jewel of the South Pacific, Bora Bora (right) has bungalows on stilts over its lagoon. Feed fish through a trapdoor or snorkel from your balcony at the island's top hotels.

Best Beaches for Surfing

Waimea Bay, Pipeline and Sunset Beaches, Oahu: The sport was born at these beaches, and they still rule the waves. Bell Beach, Victoria: good enough for the Australian championship, good enough for you.

Best U.S. Beach Bar

Flora-Bama Lounge, Perdido Key, Florida: This roadhouse has 11 bars, 500 feet of beach and live music 365 days a year.

Best Beach You Can Sleep On

Cinnamon Bay, St. John, USVI: More than two thirds of the island is a national park, and this long, gorgeous, deserted beach has cabins, tents and even sand for rent.

Best Beach for Bikinis

Copacabana, Rio de Janeiro: The bikini was born here and great improvements, from skimpy string tops to thongs called floss, debut at Copa, where less is way more.

Best U.S. Beach

Kapalua, Hawaii: Seven hundred feet of coastal heaven can be found on western Maui (below), where there's silky sand, perfect weather, calm water and coral reefs just offshore.

Best Monthly Beach Bash

Lunacy in the British Virgin Islands: Bomba's Shack on Tortola takes each full moon seriously. At midnight, after rum punches, Bomba's pours hallucinogenic mushroom tea.

Best Caribbean Beach Bar

Foxy's, Jost Van Dyke, BVI: Electricity is scarce on this island, but painkiller punch flows freely at this sailors' sanctuary. Bring your own boat or take a water taxi and sleep it off in a beachfront hammock (left).

Best Annual Beach Bash

Carnival in Salvador: Brazil's third-largest city has the world's biggest carnival bash, with all-night parties on the beaches. A million and a half revelers can't be wrong.

Best Beach for Wet T-Shirts

Club La Vela, Panama City Beach, Florida: There's a Wet 'n' Wild T-shirt event weekly (below).

Best Kept Tanning Secret

Skip the white lifeguard nose, but get the best protection with good old zinc oxide, now in a clear microparticle version. It's a more effective sunblock than sunscreen.

Best Beaches To Get Naked

Hedonism II, Jamaica: Half of this resort (above) is a nonstop nude party. Try a girl beer chug, where you drink a brew off her butt. Cap d'Agde, France: Join 40,000 naked French in a clothes-optional beach town.

Best Beach For Naked Celebrities

Anse de Grande Saline, St. Barts: Stars and wannabes let it all hang out (below) on this island in the French Antilles.

Best Beach For a Shark Attack

New Smyrna Beach, Florida: "Time" dubbed it the summer of the shark with 22 attacks last season, but it's nothing new. Volusia County, where New Smyrna is situated, usually leads the world.

Best Asian Beach

Ao Thong Nai Pan: On Thailand's Ko Pha Ngan island, backpacker babes await male company, ganja is cheap and it seldom rains.

Best Beach For High Rollers

Pinney's Beach, Nevis, West Indies: Attendants spray you with Evian between drinks at the Four Seasons. The luxury resort is the sole lodging on a six-mile stretch of sand.

Best African Beach

Clifton Beach (above): Find your own Charlize Theron look-alike on Cape Town's white-sand beach, which attracts South Africa's most beautiful girls.

Best Australian Beach

Bondi Beach: You'll find the best of the land down under on this beach outside Sydney: topless girls, beer and surfing. Off the beach you can cruise the party town (above). If you swim out too far, the world's most famous lifeguards will bail you out (right).

Best European Beach

Shipwreck Beach, Zakynthos, Greece: Yes, that's a shipwreck smack in the middle (above). That's also pure blue water. The weather's perfect, and it can be reached only by boat.

Best Beach Drink

Goldeneye: This blend of three rums, lime juice and sugar is a hit at Ian Fleming's Jamaican villa, now a posh resort.

Best South American Beach

Viña del Mar: So lush it's named the Sea's Vineyard, this beach town sits between the Pacific and a lagoon near Santiago, Chile's capital.

Nude Beach Dos and Don'ts

Don't be a Vinnie, wearing a bathing suit while trying to chat up naked girls. Don't be a Wally, naked, but staring like a stalker. Do wear mirrored or dark sunglasses for observation. Do use lotion: The red-ass look is for baboons in the zoo.

STROKIN' IT!

four-stroker watercraft are the big news on the waves, but a high-revving two is also fun

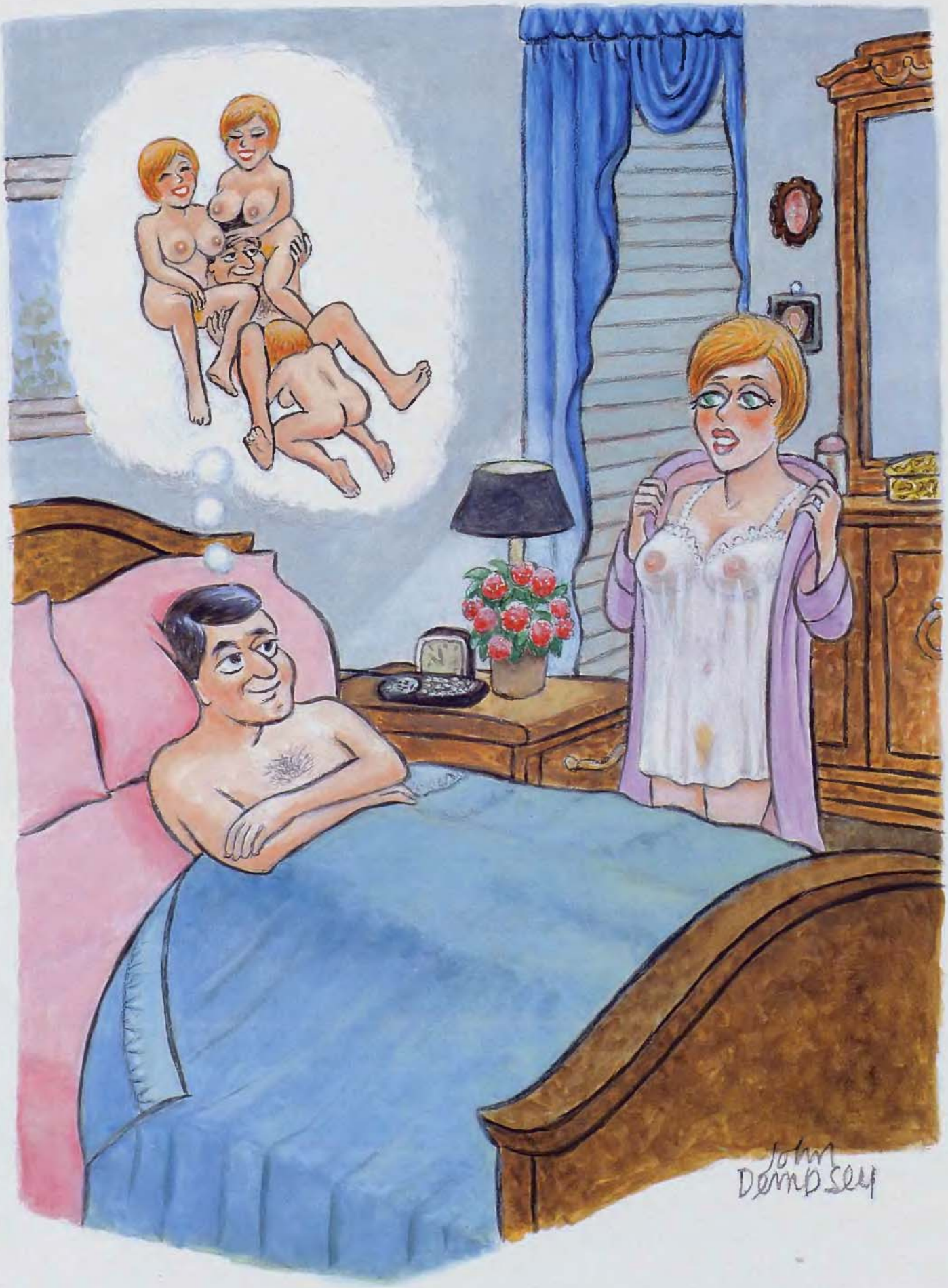
Sea Doo GTX 4-TEC With the biggest engine of any four-stroke, the 1494cc 4-TEC puts out 155 horses, plenty for towing skiers or just cruising along. But don't be fooled by its size; the 4-TEC has Sea Doo's unique Off Power Assisted Steering, making emergency maneuvers easier when the throttle is off (about $9500).

Honda AquaTrax F-12X Honda makes nothing but four-strokes, which means a smoother, powerful ride. Before jumping into the personal watercraft pond, the company waited to perfect bigger engines. The F-12X (about $10,000) is the only turbo four-stroke to squeeze out 165 hp. It is 10 mph faster than the nonturbo F-12.

Where and how to buy on page 145.

Kawasaki 1200 STX-R The company that started it all unleashes its most aggressive stock model yet. By combining the two-stroke engine from its fastest personal watercraft, the Ultra 150, with the response of its best handling model, the 1100 STX DI, Kawasaki has created a racing-style model for everyday riders (about $9000).

Yamaha FX-140 The new four-stroke models are quieter than most twos, opening up fresh territory and highly regulated water such as Lake Tahoe. Yamaha also claims its 998cc engine is the most fuel-efficient ever. With 140 hp, it didn't forsake performance to accomplish this (about $9500).



"I was reading about cloning today. Do you think that will ever be possible with people?"

KIANA TOM

presents her body of work

If anyone is going to get guys off the couch and whip them into shape, it's Kiana Tom. Plenty of aspiring starlets try to raise our pulses on TV workout shows, but *Kiana's Flex Appeal* has surfed the fitness wave and become the highest-rated show on ESPN2. "I created *Kiana's Flex Appeal* for people who want to be in shape for life," she says. "Everybody can watch the show and incorporate a part of it into their lives to make themselves healthier and stronger." The energetic, sweat-inducing program, which debuted in 1995,

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

Kiana did many of her own stunts opposite Jean-Claude Van Damme in *Universal Soldier: The Return* (above). "I love being physical and doing action movies," she says. "Working with Jean-Claude was a lot of fun. I would love the opportunity to be the female lead in something like *Tomb Raider* or *The Matrix*."

Maui native Kiana placed first in two body-building contests and then decided not to go pro, instead focusing her energy on getting people in shape with her popular shows. "Aesthetically, I think it's sexier for women to have hard bodies but not be overly muscular," she says. "I prefer to be more sleek and fit, so I went the fitness route."

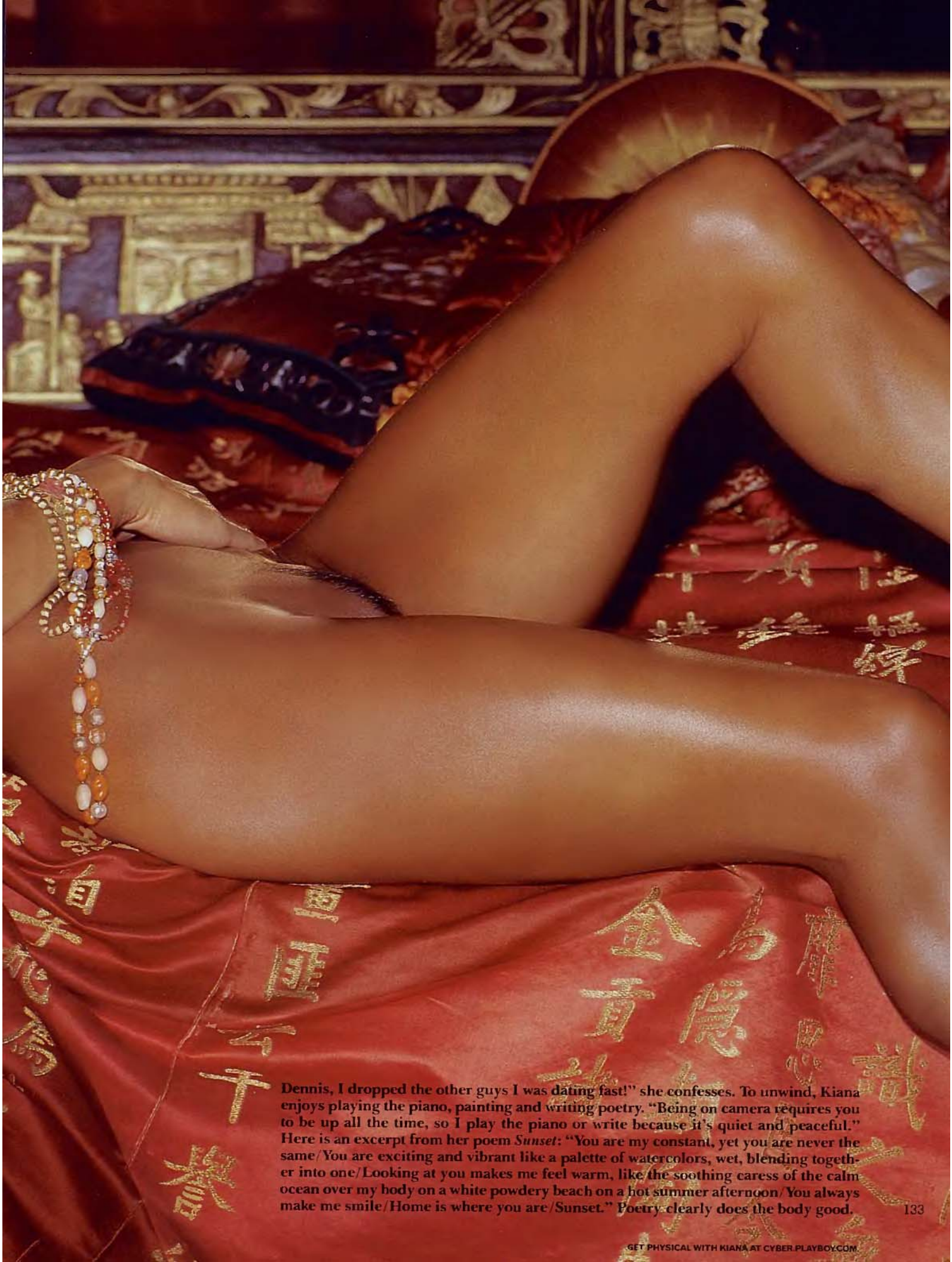
just wrapped its final season on location at Orlando's Walt Disney World. "I'm developing a new series for the Fox Sports Network in which I work out with professional athletes and celebrities so viewers can learn their exercise routines," she says. Kiana is a dominating force in the fitness world, so will she discipline her guests if they do something wrong? "Just a light spanking—if they're cute," she says, laughing.

She tells us Kiana means "island princess" or "calm water" in Hawaiian, and more than 250 couples have joined the Kiana Baby Club by naming their daughters after her. The Maui native gets her athletic skills from her mother, a physical-education teacher, and her acting ability from her father, Layne Tom Jr. "My dad starred in many Charlie Chan movies and inspired me to get into acting," she says. Kiana has made guest appearances on *The Drew Carey Show* and *Family Law*, and starred in films such as *Cyber Bandits* and *Universal Soldier: The Return*, opposite Jean-Claude Van Damme and wrestler Bill Goldberg. "Bill seems about seven feet tall and seven feet wide," she says. "I weigh 110 pounds, and in one scene I had to jump on his back, kick the gun out of his hand and ride him down the stairs like a sled." Kiana is also committed to working on the other side of the camera. "I have written a couple of scripts and would love to produce and direct a movie—then enter it in a film festival."

Here is a woman who has sculpted her body into a sinewy work of art, so we asked her to teach us how to get a taut stomach like hers. "There are three simple things to remember: Increase your abdominal exercises to strengthen the muscles in the midsection, increase your cardiovascular activity so you shed excess body fat and can see your new abs, and consume fewer calories than you expend," she says. So she doesn't deprive the body beautiful, Kiana forgoes fad diets and uses the "cheat-day method." "Six days a week I eat extremely well—clean proteins that include grilled fish, chicken and egg whites, along with complex carbs, steamed veggies and lots of water. On the seventh day I can have whatever I want, like pizza or chocolate cake." If you want Kiana's advice on your workout, visit her website, kiana.com, and e-mail her a question.

Kiana was recently married in Maui and lives in California with her husband, Dennis, and their two dogs, Flex and Crunch. "Once I met

STYLING BY LANE W.
MAKEUP BY ALEXIS VOGEL AND MICHELLE VAN DER HULE
HAIR BY ALEXIS VOGEL AND BERTRAND W. FOR CLOUTIER



Dennis, I dropped the other guys I was dating fast!" she confesses. To unwind, Kiana enjoys playing the piano, painting and writing poetry. "Being on camera requires you to be up all the time, so I play the piano or write because it's quiet and peaceful." Here is an excerpt from her poem *Sunset*: "You are my constant, yet you are never the same/You are exciting and vibrant like a palette of watercolors, wet, blending together into one/Looking at you makes me feel warm, like the soothing caress of the calm ocean over my body on a white powdery beach on a hot summer afternoon/You always make me smile/Home is where you are/Sunset." Poetry clearly does the body good.

Liars Hall of Fame

forget the oscars. it's time to celebrate the whoppers

A football coach says he lettered in football and earned a master's degree. Liar. A professor boosts his reputation with stories of fighting in Vietnam. Liar. An actress supposedly caught shoplifting claims she's researching a movie role. Liar. Nixon would be proud. Somehow, we have moved from a culture of spin-doctoring to one of just plain lying. Take Ronald Reagan. When he remembered anything, it usually turned out to be false—he said he'd served in Europe in World War II when he actually spent the war in Los Angeles. Then Bill Clinton insisted he didn't inhale, and Al Gore made silly claims about the Internet. Thankfully, elected officials can be voted out and football coaches fired. But when the Charles Ponzis of the business world start falsifying accounts and stealing our 401Ks, the only thing left is to take a few cheap shots.

Bud Selig
Commish of Screwball

THE WINNERS

KENNETH LAY Enron boss e-mailed employees about the robust state of the company while dumping millions in stocks.

GEORGE O'LEARY A padded résumé got him the Notre Dame coaching gig. For five days.

O.J. SIMPSON "I wasn't running away, I just wanted all the hurt to stop."

DANNY ALMONTE It's easy to be the ace of 12-year-old Little Leaguers when you're 14.

JOSEPH ELLIS A Pulitzer Prize winner, he said he was a Vietnam vet. He wasn't.

RONALD REAGAN Claimed he saw liberated Nazi death camps. Right—on film.

STEPHEN AMBROSE On plagiarized material in *Wild Blue*: "I just want to know where the hell it came from." Answer: from someone else.

KARL ROVE Claimed the president hid on September 11 because of a threat against Air Force One. Two weeks later, the White House admitted there was no record of any threat.

BUD SELIG Asked if the Brewers—run by his daughter—would benefit from the Twins' closure, he said, "St. Louis is closer to Minneapolis than Milwaukee is." He was off by 200 miles.

KIMBERLEE KRAMER Wrote for TV as 19-year-old Riley Weston. Fraud—Kim was 32.

BILL CLINTON "I did not have sexual relations with that woman."

Ronald Reagan
Specious Service

Joseph Ellis
Prize Deception

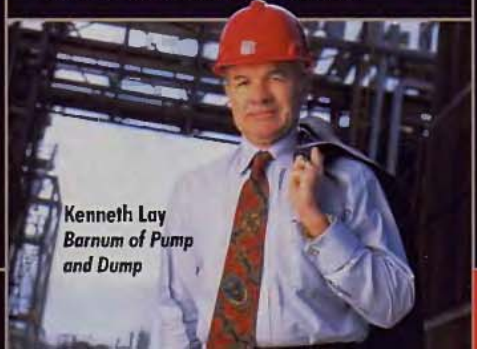
Danny Almonte
El Dupe

TOP SEX LIES

To be honest I've never really thought about group sex before.
Of course I've been tested.
There's nothing I don't get from you—*you* are my fantasy, baby.
You're right, there's no reason to rush things—I just want to cuddle.
I swear I never knew she was your sister.
Don't worry about it, my wife and I are already separated.
No, the only time I ever saw a porn movie was one time at a bachelor party.
It's just a rash.
Seriously, you're the best ever—I've never felt this way before.
Funny—that's the same number of people I've slept with.
I'm not the type of guy who's into one-night stands—I prefer intimacy.

BUSINESS BIGGIES

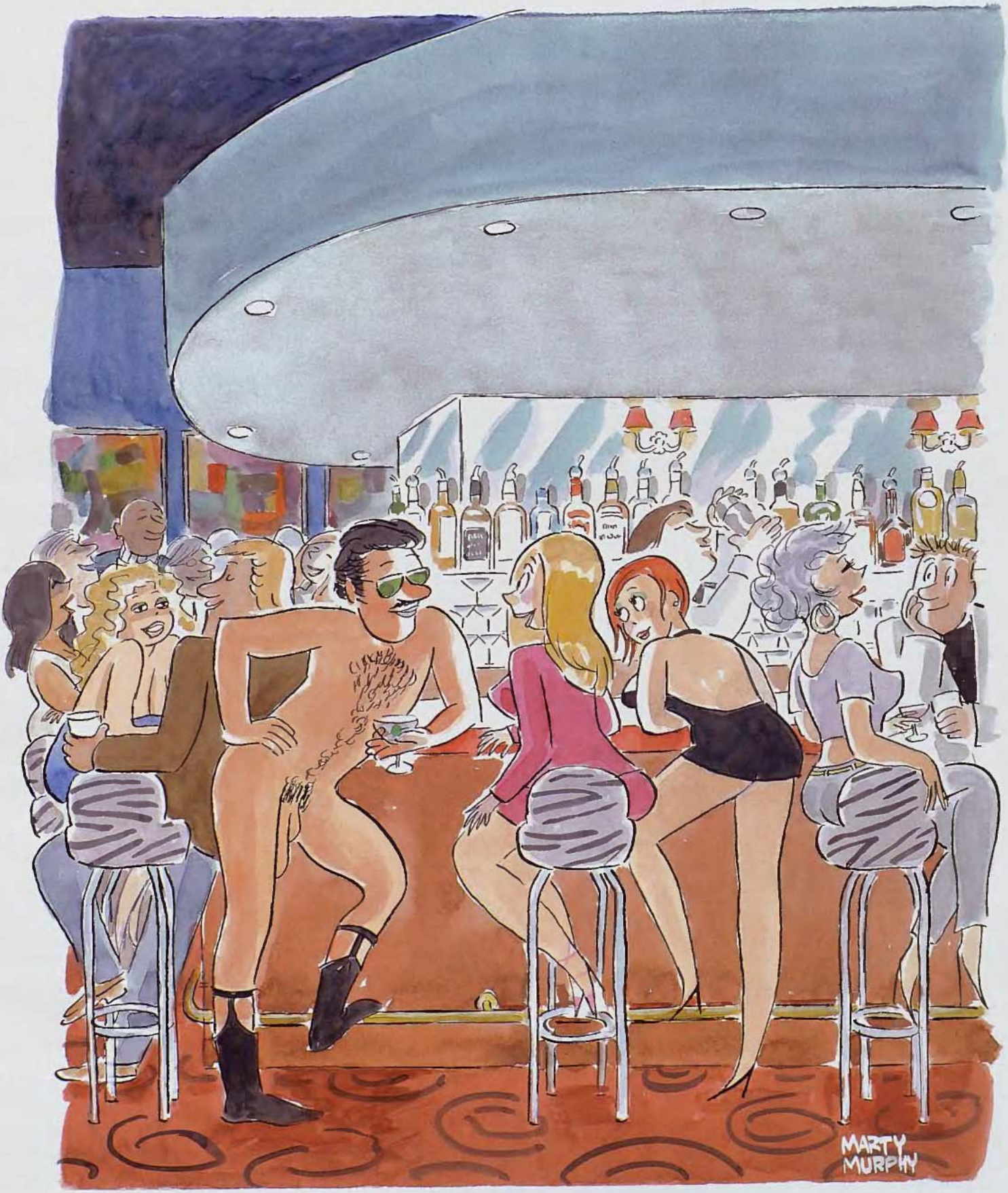
Though earnings are down, we expect to show a pro forma profit in the next quarter.
We consider our employees to be our most valuable asset.
The only reason he sold shares of his company was to diversify his portfolio.
We knew it would be difficult at the onset.
He stepped aside to spend more time with his family.
We want to refocus on our core competency and get back to our roots.
So far, everything is proceeding according to expectations.
We're an equal-opportunity employer.



Kenneth Lay
Barnum of Pump and Dump

FIBS YOU TELL YOURSELF

I'm going to have only one drink tonight.
I'm going to make the most of this new gym membership.
As soon as I finish this beer, I'm going to walk right up to her.
She wasn't that fat.
I don't even like the name Lexus.
I was never in love with her.
If I don't get that raise, I'm walking.
I'm in the best shape of my life.
I was about to break up with her anyway.
I'm not lazy, I just don't value materialist stuff.
It's nothing serious, it's just an itch.
If I had it to do over again, I wouldn't change a thing.
I'll be out of debt in a few months.
She wants me. I know she wants me.
I'm not drunk.
I measure up.



"You're an actor? Would we have seen you in anything?"

ALMOST PERFECT

(continued from page 86)

because Tommy Willis was a southpaw, and it's true what you've heard about them. Pud Hairston was a pitcher himself for 12 years and has been a pitching coach for better than 20, and he swears they're all knuckleballs, meaning you never know which way they're going to break. I don't know why it should be true, why you can predict a man will have a wild hair on the basis of which arm he uses to throw the ball, or why it only seems to work that way with pitchers, while a left-handed outfielder or first baseman will be as regular as the next person, or at least the next ballplayer. A southpaw has an edge against left-handed batters and gives up the same edge to righties, and I can see why that would be, same as I or anybody else can see why he'd have an advantage throwing over to first. But what has all of this got to do with what goes on in his head? That makes no sense to me, but I've known enough of them and caught enough of them to be able to swear it's true.

I said he was early for a change, and he grinned that lazy grin of his. "Gotta get them Bobcats," he said. We went out and threw a few, and then he put on a jacket and sat down while I went and took my turn in the cage. I love batting practice. You just stand there and hit. I'd do it all day if they'd let me.

Around the time the ground crew got to smoothing out the base paths, I checked the stands and spotted my wife sitting where she generally did. I waved, but she was deep in conversation with Sally Peres and didn't see me. There were rumors that we were looking to trade Reynaldo Peres, and for Kathy's sake I hoped they weren't true, as Sally was her closest friend among the wives. (Other hand, if I was the general manager, Peres would have been gone by now. He's always behind in the count, and that means every hitter is a struggle for him.)

"I don't see Colleen," I said to Tommy, and he said she wasn't coming.

"She gets tired of baseball," he said.

Anybody'll tire of baseball from time to time, even the men who play it, and I can see how a wife could get sick of it, especially if she wasn't too crazy about hanging out with the other wives. And the TV cameras pan those rows all the time, so you have to make sure you look interested and that the camera doesn't catch you yawning or picking your nose. Kathy doesn't come to every home game, not by any means. Still, a pitcher doesn't start but one game in five, so when he's up his wife's usually there to see him.

I didn't say anything, and Tommy said, "Hard to believe. I mean, how could a human being get tired of baseball? But she does. She even gets tired of the Bobcats."

They were the defending world champions and a good bet to repeat this year, and our attendance was never higher than when they came to town. So his remark was natural enough, but it had a little extra on it, and I wondered about that. But not for any length of time. We were just minutes away from the first pitch, which he'd be throwing and I'd be catching, and I was more interested in whether his fastball had a little extra on it, and how his curve was breaking.

Introductions went like they always do, with cheers for us and boos for the Bobcats, the loudest round of boos for Wade Bemis. He had two strikes against him, as far as our fans were concerned. Number one, he was hitting .341 and neck and neck with Clipper DeYoung of the Orioles in the home run race. Number two, he played for us for four years, jumping to the Bobcats as a free agent. That's fans for you. The better you are, the more they hate you, and it goes double if you used to play for their team. It never made sense to me, but there's not much about fans that does.

After Bemis was introduced, the boos dropped to a more cordial level, and Pud Hairston came over and asked how Tommy was throwing. "He should be fine," I told him.

But we both knew you could never tell for sure. Not until the game started, and even then you might not know right away.

•

Early on, I thought fine was the one thing Tommy wasn't going to be that day. His first three pitches to their leadoff batter, Jeff Coleman, were all off the plate, all in the same spot, and each one a little farther from being a strike than the one before it. I was calling for inside pitches, and he was missing away, and that's not a good sign. The next one was right down the middle, with Coleman taking all the way. If I'd been coaching the Bobcats I'd have had him take the next pitch, too, the way Tommy had started him off 3–0, but he swung at a bad pitch and popped to short.

Tommy went to 3–1 on the second batter. The biggest mistake a pitcher can make is to get behind in the count, and that's especially true for a hard-throwing kid like Tommy, who can have a problem with control. His next pitch caught the corner. The batter lined the 3–2 pitch, really got good wood on it, but it went straight into the third baseman's glove like it had eyes.

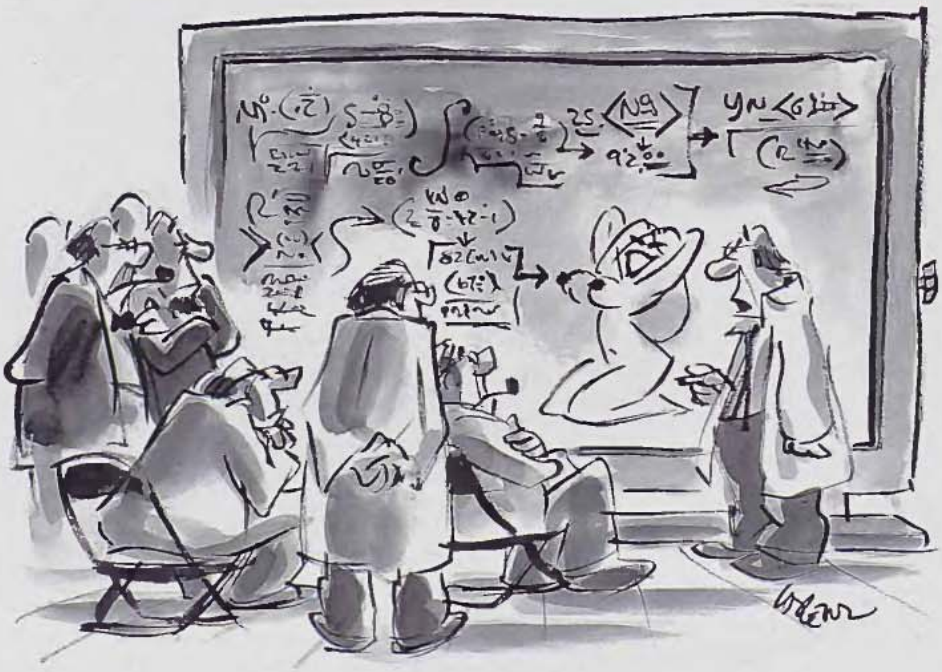
Tommy started the next hitter off with two balls, the second one in the dirt, and I dug it out and walked it back to the mound. Bemis was in the on-deck circle, looking eager, and he'd be batting from the right-hand side of the plate today, since Tommy was a southpaw. His on-base average was about the same lefty or righty, but he had more power as a right-hander.

"Let's get this guy," I told Tommy.

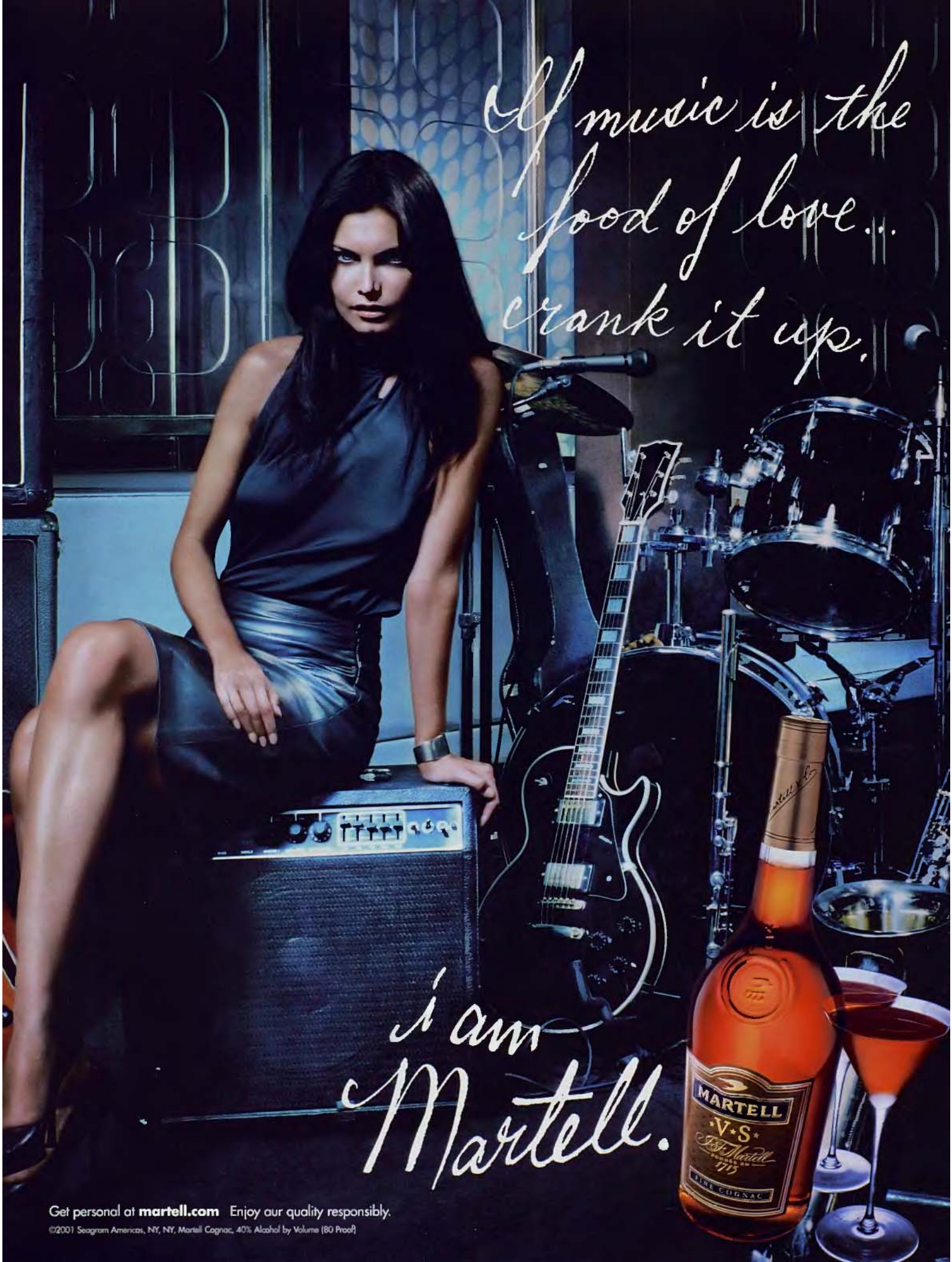
"Piece of pie," he said.

He'd say that, piece of pie, where other people would say piece of cake. Other hand, he'd say something was easy as cake. I was never sure if he got the expressions mixed up accidentally or on purpose.

I went back and gave the sign—the hitter was McGinley, their left fielder, and the book on him was give him nothing but fastballs. The next two were straight heat, right where I wanted them, outside and down. The next pitch was in the same place, and I thought it



". . . But I digress."



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got the corner, but it was ball three. The next one was down and in, probably off the plate but too close to take, and McGinley got a piece of it. But I got my glove up and held on to it, and we were out of the inning.

•

We went down one two three, with two of our outs coming on the first pitch. There was just enough time for Pud to ask me how Tommy was throwing. I said I thought he was settling in. Pud said he hoped so.

Wade Bemis led off, and he did everything but tip his hat to the fans who booed him. He stood in there like he was waiting for someone to take his picture, and maybe he was. Bemis likes to crowd the plate, and the only way to get him out is to pitch him inside. Tommy almost hit him with the first pitch. Bemis went into the dirt to get away from it, and he had a smug look on his face as he brushed off his uniform. I called for heat and Tommy gave it to him. Bemis took it for strike one, swung at the next one and missed it, and looked silly swinging at a splitter that bounced on the plate.

That got a hand from the crowd. They cheered some more when Tommy struck out the side.

•

I don't know just when it was I realized something special was going on. Oh, I knew he had his stuff when he fanned Bemis. His fastball was popping, and his control just got sharper. It got so I would just stick out the mitt and he'd hit it. And his curve was breaking real good, and his change had the Bobcat batters digging for balls in the dirt.

And we were in sync, too. He wasn't shaking off my signs hardly at all, and the few times he did I was already questioning the sign in my own mind. It was like we had our minds hooked up and we were going over the batters together, figuring how to move them back off the plate, then get them to chase stuff they couldn't hit. When it's like that, I sometimes lose track in my own mind as to who's catching and who's pitching. It's like we're both part of the same machine, with the gears meshing just right.

Bemis led off the top of the fifth. We'd left the bases loaded in the bottom of the fourth, and you hate to see that, and Bemis had a cocky smile on his face when he stepped in. Like we'd had our chance, and blew it, and it was his turn now.

Tommy got the first one in—he was throwing nothing but first-pitch strikes by now. His next delivery was low but didn't miss by much. Next was a curve, and Bemis swung late and fouled it back. I called for a fastball down and on the outside corner, and Tommy got it where I wanted it, but Ev Kalman called it ball two. I swear it caught the corner, but my opinion doesn't count. It was too close to take with two strikes, but Bemis stood there and took it. He has a good eye, but he was lucky to get the call.

He fouled off about four pitches—it could have been five—and checked his swing on a curve that he couldn't have reached with a broom. I checked with the first-base umpire, but he said he didn't go around. I'd have sworn he did, but you see what you want to see, and anyway no one was asking me.

Next pitch we challenged him with a fastball, high and tight, and he fouled it off. I called for another in the same spot, and he was just the least bit late in his swing, and that's what saved us, because he really tagged that one. But instead of pulling it he lifted it to the gap in right center and Justo Chacón floated under it and took it at the warning track.

Bemis was halfway to second when the catch was made, and he turned and trotted back to the Bobcats' dugout. I happened to notice the expression on his face, and he didn't look frustrated or disappointed, mad at himself or at Tommy or Justo. He looked all pleased with himself, which wasn't what you'd expect from someone who was 0 for 2 for the day.

Maybe it was the look on his face that made me turn around and look over to the stands, where the wives were sitting. Kathy was there, of course, and I caught her eye when I turned around, and she gave me a wave. I grinned back, happy because we'd just dodged a bullet, with Bemis' shot nothing but a long out, happy too because there was my wife waving at me.

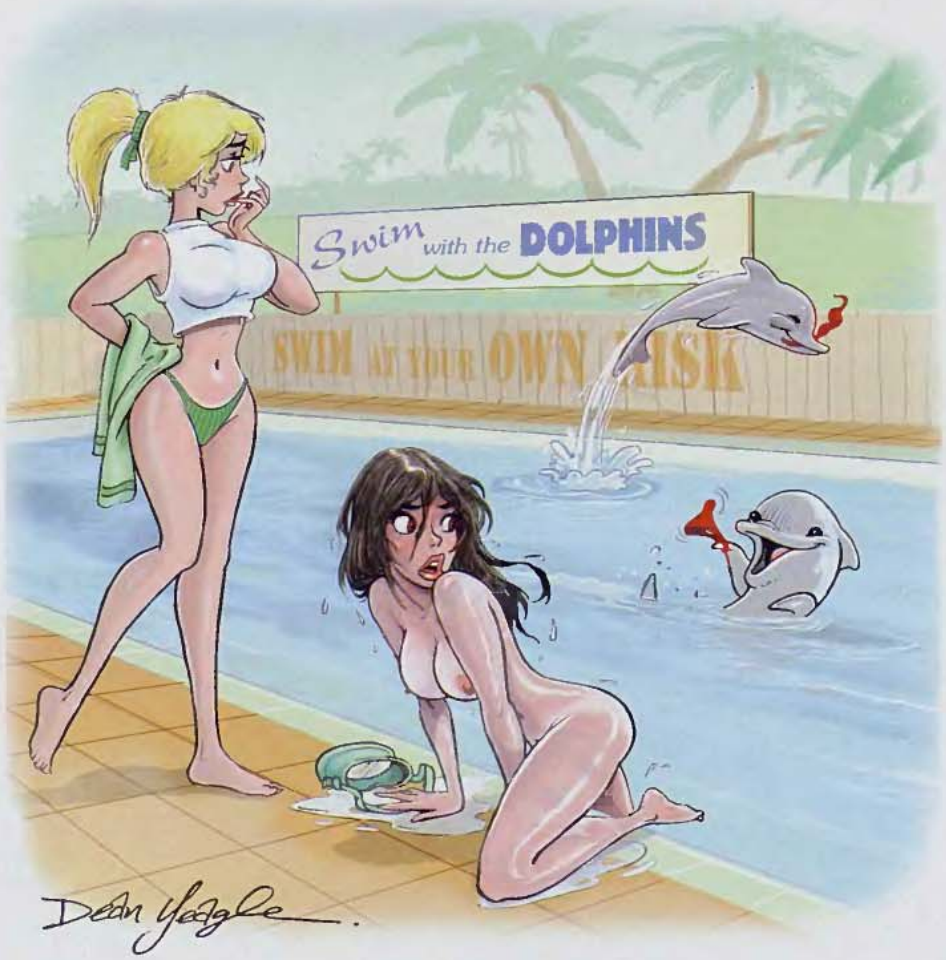
I looked for Colleen, but of course she wasn't there, and I reminded myself that Tommy had said she wasn't coming. I hadn't exactly forgotten that, but Bemis' expression made me look for her even though I knew she wouldn't be there.

I'd heard the rumors, see. I guess everybody heard the rumors. But you hear stuff like that all the time. You don't pay any attention to it, or at least you try not to.

•

Once Bemis was out of the way, it only took us four pitches to get out of the inning. Tommy used three of them to strike out the number five hitter—two fastballs that he swung at and missed and a curve he held off on. It was right on the corner, and this time we got the call. Then the next Bobcat batter fouled off the first pitch and our first baseman made a nice running catch at the stands. Three up and three down.

And that was when it first hit me that what I had just seen was 15 up and 15



"Yes—too damn smart, if you ask me!"

down, that we'd played five innings without a single Bobcat making it to first base. No runs, no hits, no errors, no bases on balls, nothing. Tommy Willis, who had started out shaky, like he might walk the bases loaded, was past the halfway mark of throwing a perfect game.

That's what it was, but you have to keep in mind that it sounds like more than it is. Being halfway to a perfect game (or an ordinary no-hitter, for that matter, if there can be such a thing as an ordinary no-hitter) is a little like being 90 years old and saying you're halfway to 180. It's not as though you're an even-money shot to get there.

No-hitters are funny. Some of the winningest pitchers in baseball have never had one, or even come close. They get out the guys they have to get out, they shut things down when they've got men in scoring position, and game after game they scatter a handful of hits and come out on top.

But to throw a no-hitter you have to be on top of every batter you face. And you need to be lucky, too, because you can have the best stuff in the world, and some lifetime .220 hitter can lunge at the ball and knock a fluke into shallow left. A no-hitter's like a soap bubble: It doesn't take much to burst it.

And a perfect game's all that and more, because not only can a lucky swing beat you, but a batter can get lucky by not swinging, and your too-close-to-take curveball turns out to be ball four. Your outfielder can misjudge what should have been a routine fly ball, your shortstop can bobble a grounder and throw it into the stands. Not your fault, but there goes your perfect game.

There are a million superstitions in baseball, plus the private rituals some players go through. Maybe it's because there's so much in the game you can't control, so you try to get a handle on it by fastening and unfastening the snaps on your batting glove, or keeping a hitting streak alive by not shaving, or pounding your glove a certain number of times between pitches. No one could follow all the baseball superstitions, especially since some of them contradict each other, and anyway there's too many of them to remember. But one that just about everybody follows is what you do when a guy is throwing a no-hitter, and that's that you don't do anything. And what you especially don't do is mention it.

It used to be that radio and TV announcers wouldn't mention it, and some of them still won't, but plenty of them seem to figure that they're too far away to jinx it, and their viewers would have a fit if they wound up watching a no-hitter without realizing it.

But you don't mention it in the dugout or on the field. You sure as hell don't say a word to the pitcher, but you don't say anything to anybody else, either. And here's something interesting—if you're

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on the other team, doing everything you can to keep from having a no-hitter pitched against you, you still don't say a word about it.

I don't know why that is. There's no limit to what ballplayers will say, trying to get a rise out of one another. You'll hear comments about a player's wife, or even his mother. But you won't hear anything about the no-hitter he's so many outs away from throwing. I thought it might be like countries at war not using poison gas, because if they do the other side might use it right back at them. But how would that work in baseball? The other team couldn't mention your no-hitter until you had one going, and it might be forever before that happened.

I guess it's just a feeling that mentioning it would be bush. Looking bush is something a ballplayer will do a lot in order not to.

But the point is, Tommy was 12 outs away from a perfect game, which is miles and miles away but close enough to be aware of. And I wasn't saying anything, and neither was anybody else, but I would look around and catch another player's eye and I'd know he knew what was going on, and he'd know the same about me. And pretty soon everybody knew, and nobody said a word.

Except the one person I wasn't sure about was Tommy. I tried not to stare, but of course I was looking at him when he was out there and I was behind the plate, because how could I catch him properly without taking a lot of long looks at him? And when it was our turn at bat I couldn't help sneaking peeks at him, and it seemed to me he was just looking straight ahead and not seeing anything. He was in a zone, all right. He was off somewhere with his private thoughts, and what those thoughts might be or where they were headed was something I didn't have a clue about. Maybe he was seeing the whole game, past and future, pitch by pitch, or maybe he was off in some world where there was no such thing as baseball. I could stare at him all I wanted and it wouldn't matter. He wouldn't know I was staring, and I wouldn't be able to tell what was going on in his head.

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Tommy struck out the side in the top of the sixth. Justo walked to lead off our half of the inning, and I laid down a bunt that was good enough to get him to second. But that was as far as he got. A pop-up and a ground ball and the inning was over.

In the top of the seventh, Tommy went to three and two on the leadoff batter. Then he shook off my signs until I called for a curveball that I didn't really want him to throw, and he hung it. The batter got all of it, and I thought it was gone, and it was, but it hooked at the last minute and was foul by a couple of feet.

The whole ballpark held its breath, and when the ball went out and the umpire called it foul, everybody in the place sighed at once. And there were cheers, real cheers, and as far as I know it's the first time anybody drew cheers for hitting a foul ball. The batter had only got a few steps toward first base, since he and everybody else knew right away it was either a home run or a foul ball, so there was no need to set any records getting down the line. He trotted back and picked up his bat and struck out on the next pitch.

The next batter tapped a grounder to first, and the inning ended with a foul pop. It was high enough so that I could imagine a hundred things going wrong in the time it took to come down, but it plopped in my mitt and stayed there, and we were out of the inning. Twenty-one up and 21 down, and six to go.

•

We scored two runs in the bottom of the seventh, and I'd say it was about time. The thing is, no matter how good a pitcher is, he can't win a game without runs. There was even a case once of a pitcher throwing nine no-hit innings and losing in extra innings. People don't believe it could happen, but it's right there in the book.

Anyway, with one out Darnell Weeks doubled down the line, and Tommy was next in the order. Ordinarily that would have meant a pinch hitter, because Tommy's batting average is a lot less than his playing weight. He takes a decent cut at the ball, but more often than not he fans.

So, with the game on the line, he'd have been gone. And that would have been true even if we already had a lot of runs on the board. Tommy would hardly ever stay in for a whole nine innings. If we were behind he'd come out for a pinch hitter, and if we were ahead we'd have Freddie Olendorff close things out. But you don't lift a guy who's six outs away from a no-hitter, let alone a perfect game. Tommy picked up a bat and struck out on three pitches.

Pepper Foxwell was up next, and he ran the count to three and two, fouled off five or six pitches and finally got one that he liked. He's our leadoff batter and doesn't usually hit for power, but this time he swung hard and got all of it, and just like that, Tommy had a two-run cushion.

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I watched the ball go out, and as soon as it cleared the fence I looked over at Tommy. Everybody else was off the bench with the crack of the bat, climbing up the dugout steps to watch and then to cheer, but Tommy never moved. I don't even know if he saw what was happening, or paid any attention to it.

He was in a zone, and he might as well have been in a bubble. Between innings, nobody sat down next to him and nobody talked to him. That's part of not mentioning a no-hitter. You just leave the pitcher alone, you let him stay in his own space, and I guess that's where he was.

The next man up hit a long fly, and it looked for a minute like it was going out, too, but their center fielder gathered it in at the track, and that was the third out.

•

Wade Bemis led off the top of the eighth. He had a funny look on his face, not what you expect of someone whose team is getting shut out. Like there was a joke and he was in on it.

"Hey, Willis," he called out. "You're almost perfect."

Now, I'd say the whole park went silent, but it pretty much already was. Because everybody in the stadium knew Tommy Willis was six outs away from putting a perfect game in the record book, and if that won't quiet a crowd down I don't know what will.

Quiet as it was, Bemis' words rang out loud and clear, and what followed them was a whole lot of silence. I was truly shocked, and the first thing I did was look at Tommy, but if his face showed any expression I couldn't read it.

In an undertone, so nobody but Bemis could hear it, I said, "Man, that was really bush."

He must have heard me, but he didn't react. "Just like Colleen," he said, loud and clear. "She's pretty close to perfect herself, Willis."

Now Tommy reacted, but not like you'd expect. He got this big grin on his face. He stood up there on the mound while Wade Bemis knocked the dirt out of his spikes and got into his stance. Bemis crowded the plate, the way he always did, but this time he was closer than ever. I called for a fastball on the inside corner and Tommy delivered it belt-high. It was a strike, and Kalman called it a strike, but at the same time it was almost the end of Tommy's perfect game, because it was that close to brushing Wade Bemis's uniform. It was over the plate, but even so it almost hit him. In fact I wasn't sure it didn't touch the cloth, and if it had that would have put him on first, even if it was in the strike zone.

Everything would have been different. The box score would have been the same, if you think about it, but everything would have been different.

As close as the pitch was, Bemis didn't turn a hair. He didn't make a remark, either. He stepped out of the box, picked up some dirt, gave his batting helmet a tug, and stepped in again. If anything, he was crowding the plate more than ever.

I called for a curve outside. It would break in toward a right-handed batter like Bemis, and if it worked right it would just catch the outside corner. It would be a tougher pitch for him to handle if Tommy could first move him off the plate by throwing high and tight, but I was afraid another inside pitch would get a piece of his uniform and he'd be on first and Tommy's perfect game would be out the window. I set up low, figuring if Tommy kept the ball down it would be a tough pitch for Bemis to handle, even if he was just about standing on the plate.

Well, everybody in the world saw the pitch that Tommy threw. They showed it over and over on every news program in the country. I try not to look at it, but I still guess I must have seen it 100 times, with Tommy going into his windup and throwing his fastball straight at Wade Bemis' head. Except it wasn't right at his head, it was behind his head, so that when Bemis saw it coming and tried to get away from it he just pulled right back into it.

Somebody had a radar gun clocking the pitch—somebody always does, these days—and the ball was going 102 miles an hour when it hit Bemis. Tommy threw it at his head and there was nothing the matter with his control. It got Bemis just above the ear, and I'll never forget the sound it made.

I suppose they could hear it clear to Cooperstown.

Bemis was wearing a batting helmet. You have to, and I think they even wear them in slo-pitch softball nowadays, and there's no question that they prevent a lot of injuries. But so do seat belts, and what good are they if your plane flies into the side of a mountain?

Everybody saw the pitch, and everybody saw what happened next, with Wade Bemis falling flat and lying still, and a whole stadium full of people catching their breath. And then, the next thing anybody knew, there were a dozen cops out on the field, all of them heading for the pitcher's mound. My first thought was that they were there to protect Tommy, to keep the Bobcats from taking a shot at him, but the Bobcats were in the same state we were, too shocked and stunned to do anything much but stand around. And the cops weren't protecting Tommy. What they were doing was putting cuffs on him and taking him into custody.

Wade Bemis left first. An ambulance drove in from the bullpen entrance and drove right across the infield, and they got him on a stretcher and loaded him on the ambulance and drove out the way they came, siren blazing away. They didn't need the siren, as it turned out, and they didn't even need the ambulance, because Bemis was dead on arrival at the hospital, and he was most likely dead when he hit the ground.

Just about everybody watched the ambulance leave, and most of the crowd missed Tommy's exit. He left in handcuffs, escorted by 10 or a dozen cops, and they took him out through the dugout and the locker room so nobody really knew what was happening.

And then we finished the game.

There was some criticism later about that, some people arguing that the game should have been called on the spot, but how could you do that? For one thing, I think you'd have had a riot on your hands. You don't call off a game every

"I have yet to meet a man I can't bring to orgasm with a riding crop and a pair of spurs."

time a batter gets hit by a pitch.

Some rookie, a skinny guy named Hector Ruiz, was announced as a pinch runner, and he was awarded first base. And our closer, Freddie Olendorff, came on in relief. He took his warm-up throws, and I got a hunch and called for a pitchout on the first pitch, and sure enough, Hector Ruiz was off and running. I threw down to Pepper Foxwell at second and we had him out by four feet.

The next two batters grounded out, and that was it for the Bobcats in the top of the eighth. They brought in a new pitcher in the bottom of the inning and he walked the bases loaded, and we scored two more runs before they managed to put a stop to the bleeding. Then Freddie went out there and shut down the Bobcats one two three, on a pair of ground balls and a foul pop that I caught for the final out.

We were in the locker room and the crowd was out of the stadium and halfway home before we found out what had actually happened that afternoon. That Bemis was dead, which was what we were all afraid of, of course, but didn't know for a fact, not until the word filtered through to us. And that Tommy Willis was in a jail cell, charged with murder.

That was hard to believe. I think everybody knew it wasn't an accident, that he'd thrown that ball at Wade Bemis on purpose. And some of us knew that he hadn't been trying to just brush him back, but that he meant to hit him.

And I knew just how intentional it was, because I knew what pitch I'd called and where I had set up. And Tommy didn't even bother to shake off my sign. He nodded and went into his windup and threw the ball straight at Bemis.

But since when did you charge a pitcher with murder for hitting a batter? There have been pitchers fined for throwing intentional beanballs, and there have been some brief suspensions, but criminal charges? That's something I've never heard of.

We didn't know it then, but of course it wasn't Wade Bemis that the authorities charged Tommy for murdering.

It was Colleen.

•

That was why the cops were out on the field almost before Bemis hit the ground. They'd been waiting since the fourth inning. It was around then that police officers went to the Willis house in Northbrook in response to a neighbor's complaint. They found Tommy's wife, Colleen, in the bedroom with a carving knife stuck in her chest.

A pair of detectives came straight to the ballpark, but they had the car radio tuned to the ballgame, so before they got there they knew Tommy was pitching, and that he hadn't allowed a hit. They got a lot of flak later on for not arresting him right away, and there's no question but that Wade Bemis would be alive if they had, but I can see why they did what they did.

On the one hand, there was no rush. Tommy wasn't going anywhere. All they had to do was wait until the game was over, or at least until he'd been yanked for a pinch hitter, and he could be taken into custody without making a public spectacle of the whole thing. That's what you'd have if you arrested him in the middle of any game, and it would be even worse given the game he was pitching. Can you imagine what the crowd's reaction would be if the police interrupted a no-hitter and led the pitcher off in handcuffs? And this wasn't just any no-hitter, it was a perfect game in the making. You could easily have a riot on your hands.

And suppose Tommy turned out to be innocent? Suppose somebody else stuck the knife in her, and when it was all over he'd lost not only his beautiful wife but his chance for baseball immortality, all because a couple of eager-beaver cops couldn't wait for a few more innings?

And here's another thing. If they were listening to the game on the radio, that probably means they were fans. And what kind of fan is going to screw up anybody's perfect game?

The way it turned out, the way it goes in the record book, Tommy Willis and Freddie Olendorff combined to throw a no-hitter. That's rare enough, but this was a no-hitter where they faced only 27 batters. The one man who did reach first—not on a hit, a walk or an error, unless you call a hit batsman a pitcher's error—that one man was thrown out stealing. So you'd have to say the game the two of them pitched was the closest possible thing to a perfect game.

Some perfect game.

Colleen was having an affair with Wade Bemis, and Tommy found out. And they had a fight about it, and you know how it ended, with the carving knife stuck in her chest. And maybe if Bemis hadn't said what he said at his last at-bat, Tommy would have let it go and just hung in there and pitched to him. The way he was throwing, you have to figure he'd have gotten him out, and five more after him, and completed his perfect game and gotten his cheers and gone off quietly with the arresting officers.

Or maybe Bemis would have gotten a hit, and, with the no-hitter out of reach, Tommy would have come out of there. Maybe the Bobcats would have rallied and broken things open and won the game. I mean, it's baseball.

And anything can happen in a baseball game.

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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

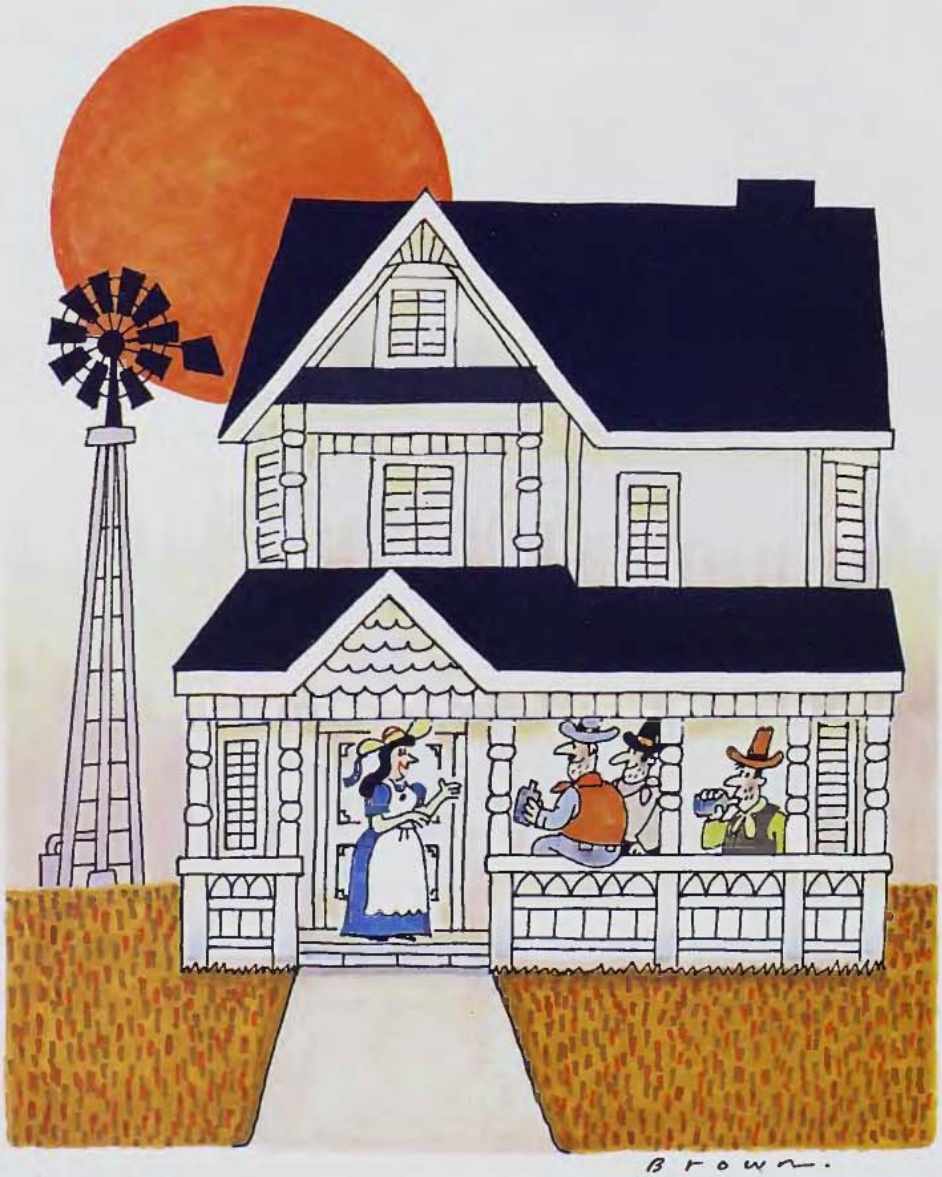
PANTIES

(continued from page 114)

nevertheless. (When I heard this, I was sorry I never had sex with him before he got married.) Matt has a theory—the obstacle theory—which is that the more of a barrier there is, the more tension and the more pleasure in removing it. His wife's panties are a simulated hymen night after night.

Panties are the only element of my wardrobe I care about. I like my pink-and-white stretch pants and my blue plastic jacket, but I don't feel the need to talk to them. One time I forgot to put on underwear and went to an amusement park. When I stepped out of the fun house, a shaft of air threw my skirt over my head. The 4000 or so revelers who happened to be facing my way saw everything. It seemed such a shame. I work so hard to choose my panties, and while only a few people a year get to see the results, here was a chance to impress thousands and I blew it.

A while ago I decided I needed new panties, so I picked up my friends Kate and Amy and drove from New Hampshire, where we live, to New York City. The first stop was Bergdorf Goodman, known for its expensive undergarments and its mirrors, marble, lights glinting off gold things and doormen with no faces. Panties filled the sixth floor. In a glass case, alone, lay the frothy pair of my dreams. I imagined picking up a sleazy man at a late-night diner and how surprised he would be when only my panties remained, floating blissfully near my skin. "I can see you are not who I thought you were," he would say, with a sleazy-man gasp. "Who are you, Lisa? Who are you?" I would smile. These were not the undergarments of a mortal. These belong to an angel or someone else high up, very thin, who almost never goes to the bathroom.



"Heavens, where are my manners? Would any of you boys care for a blow job?"

An older saleswoman dressed in linen approached. I asked her about the space-princess panties. "Those are Lise Charmels," she said. "They're handsewn in France." I couldn't wait to get my hands on them. Then she added the coup de grâce: "They're works of art." Art! She took the panties and my $90 and disappeared (this place is so fancy they don't want to sully it with cash registers). We found out later her name was Adrienne, and that seemed so perfect. Who else but an Adrienne could sell you $90 panties?

This is something men have never understood when it comes to women and shopping: It's all about being had. We pretend to look for bargains, but that's a game, like when a woman at a bar tells you she's going to have one drink. Shopping is not about acquiring, it's about losing. We aren't satisfied until we're financially naked and helpless. All I needed now to complete my masochistic pleasure was to be mugged and robbed of my Bergdorf bag and my last $100.

Our next stop was Purple Passion, an entirely black store—floor, ceiling, walls, inventory—run by entirely white people. I found latex panties and chain-mail panties with matching bra, which I think will be my bikini this year. How I will glint in the sun! And what odd tan lines I'll have. Did you know that until the 15th century, women's underwear was big smocks they put on over their heads? And when some women cut little slits down the front and up the skirt, priests called the slits "windows to hell." What would they make of my chain-mail bikini? Open door, open gate, no speed limit. And I can't wait to wear the latex panties. I'm going to tell everyone, "I have rubber panties on!" They'll be shocked and impressed.

Victoria's Secret used to be my hero, but now the store is about slips, which are designed to conceal pantie lines. That is not a lofty goal. Slips, slips everywhere, and the panties are all too big for me. Kate bought six pairs of stockings and Amy purchased a rain-forest slip embossed with a pattern suggesting reptilian scales. She suggested I buy one, too.

"I don't want to put the idea in some guy's head that I'm lizard-like," I said. "It'd be fun for one night, but he might never get the idea out of his head."

I held up a pair of flesh-colored nylon panties. "What about these?"

"They would make you look like a Barbie," said Amy.

"I'd say, 'Look, I have no privates. You better investigate. Poke around.'"

As I had only $2.78 left, we headed to Wal-Mart. Wal-Mart sells "comfort." Comfort is the enemy of all women. When they say comfort, what they mean is to give up. Quit sucking in your gut, quit waxing, quit wearing garters—there is

no way you'll get lucky by surprise. A disturbing trend in cheap panties is neon yellow smiley faces and cartoon characters' big heads—like Tweety Bird embossed on the front. I winced, imagining those cheerful faces just beneath the droopy sweatpants of a thousand milling shoppers.

Kate revealed that she has a face on one of her pairs of undies: Paul Stanley of Kiss.

"How do men react when they pull your pants down and Paul Stanley's face greets them?"

"It freaks them out!"

Amy bought a six-pack of men's white underwear. She likes to stretch and wash them until they're faded and have runs. It excites her to look down and see those sad things looking back at her. I don't understand it. But Amy is a lesbian, and I don't understand the lesbian thing. What's not to like about men? They're kind of bony and hairy, but that's part of their charm. If you like lizards, then you can find it in your heart to like men. It's funny how the three sexual orientation groups—straight, bent and slightly bent—don't understand one another's ways at all. And each of us believes that everyone else actually belongs in our group but is in denial.

These philosophical differences are why an underwear fight broke out in the Wal-Mart parking lot when Amy suggested that the word panties is used by men to infantilize women. Ergo women are helpless and dependent on men. "Panties are just about panties," Kate shot back. "They're not about babies or lizards or any other crap. They're about covering your crotch in a decorative manner." Kate has such profuse sex she doesn't have time to think of the political implications of her underwear.

I had a different slant. "Panties is a word used to connote their difference from underwear. Underwear is unisex items to protect pants from liquids and minimize those ungodly bulges when the pants are tight. Panties live only to be discovered—and ripped off. Mauled! Underwear survives, panties don't." My rants always come back to that: panties being ripped off my body.

The next morning I awoke to find Kate standing over me. "Look at my pajamas!" she exclaimed. "I have no idea how I got into these." She wore a sleeveless white T-shirt and baby blue silk panties with ruffles on the butt. I looked down. I was wearing my $90 panties and nothing else. Kate went to make coffee while I took a minute to admire my purchase in the sunlight. Adrienne was right. They were of the highest quality. I poked around in my purse for scissors and made a snip on each side. Panties never lie, but they don't always tell the whole truth.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 33, 43–44, 88–91, 113, 122 and 167, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.

WIRED

Page 33: "Hunt Booty With GPS Pirates": **Scavenger hunt**, geocaching.com. **GPS** by *Garmin*, garmin.com. "Signed, Sealed and Digitized": **PenCam** from *Upper Deck*, 800-873-7332. "Wild Thing": **DVD recorder** by *Vivastar*, 508-699-2211 or www.vivastar.com. "Boxing": **Software** by *EA Sports*, 800-245-4525. By *Codemasters*, codemasters.com.

MANTRACK

Page 43: "To Sea, to Sea": **Powerboat** by *Magnum Marine*, 305-931-4292. "Oriental Expressions": **Cookbook** from *10 Speed Press*, at bookstores. Page 44: "Great Basins": **Bath furnishings** from *Duravit*, 888-DURAVIT or duravit.com. "Prowler Arrested": **Car** by *Daimler-Chrysler*, daimlerchrysler.com. "Guys Are Talking About": **Hotel**, *Grand America*, 800-533-3525 or grandamerica.com. **Golf book** from *Chronicle Books*, at bookstores.

TREND SPOTTING

Page 88: **Leather vest** and **suede jacket** by *Louis Vuitton*, vuitton.com. **Leather jacket** by *Valentino*, 212-772-6969. **Suede sports coat** by *Jil Sander*, 800-704-7317. **Suede blazer** by *Hermes*, hermes.com. **Leather overcoat** by *Burberry*, burberry.com. Page 89: **Jean jacket** by *Calvin Klein*, 800-294-7978. **Jean jacket** and **combo shirt** by *Marc Jacobs*, 212-924-0026. **Sports coat** by *William Reid*, available at Fred Segal, 323-655-3734. **Jeans** by *Gucci*, 212-826-2600. **Outfits** by *Tommy Hilfiger*, 800-TOMMY-CARES. **Outfit** by *Louis Vuitton*, vuitton.com. **Outfit, top** and **pants** by *Andrew Dibben*, 323-662-9189. **Outfit** by *Jil Sander*, 800-704-7317. Page 90: **Shirt** by *Fendi*, 212-262-7321. **Shirts** by *Chompol Serimont*, 212-279-0866. **T-shirt** and **shirt** by *William Reid*, available at Fred Segal, 323-655-3734. **Outfit** by *Gucci*, 212-826-2600. **Suit, shirt** and **belt** by *Cerruti*, 212-327-2222. **Suits, shirts, ties** and **belts** by *Kenneth Cole*, 800-KENCOLE. **Suit, shirt** and **tie** by *Dries Van Noten*, available at Barneys, 212-826-8900. Page 91: **Outfits, accessories** and **suit** by *John Varvatos*, 212-965-0700. **Suit, shirt** and **tie** by *Cerruti*, 212-327-2222. **Suit, shirt** and **tie** by *Dolce and Gabbana*, 212-249-4100.

SKIN GAME

Page 113: **Skin cream** by *Aramis*, at department stores. **Astringent** by *Aromapharmacy*, 877-553-7847 or aromapharmacy.com. **Fragrance** by *Victoria's Secret*, 800-888-1500 or VictoriasSecret.com. **Face scrub** by *Nivea*, at drugstores. **Oil-reducing gel** and **eye cream** by *Lab Series*, at department stores. **Preshave oil** by *Anthony Logistics*, anthony.com. **Fragrance** by *Dior*, 800-929-3467. **Moisturizing serum** and **rescue gel** by *Nickel*, nickel.fr. **Clay mask** and **shaving cream** by *Zirh*, 800-295-8877 or zirh.com. **Aftershave balm** by *Tommy Hilfiger*, at department stores. **Fragrance** by *Roger et Gallet*, 800-884-5944. **Oil-control hydrator** by *Calvin Klein*, at department stores. **Fragrance** by *Dunhill*, 800-541-0738 or dunhill.com.

BEACH IT!

Page 122: "Strokin' It": **Watercrafts:** By *Sea Doo*, seadoo.com. By *Honda*, honda motorcycle.com. By *Kawasaki*, kawasaki.com. By *Yamaha*, yamaha-motor.com.

ON THE SCENE

Page 167: "Electronics 2002 At Last": **Digital camera** by *Creative Labs*, creative.com. **Digital audio** and **video recorder** by *Panasonic*, 800-211-7262. **Personal digital assistant** by *Sharp*, 800-237-4277. **Phone** by *Samsung*, 800-726-7864. **MP3 player** by *Sonicblue*, sonicblue.com. **Home theater receiver** by *Motorola*, motorola.com/broadband.

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THE ART OF THE TELL

(continued from page 93)

without a great hand. A player with neat stacks is often a good target for a bluff of your own.

A player who stacks his chips haphazardly is usually on the warpath. Expect liberal calling and betting, which means you can call with a fairly weak hand. This is a player you should almost never attempt to bluff.

SECRET GLANCE AT CHIPS

If you spot an opponent stealing a glance at his chips, you can assume he's considering a bet, and that's almost always because he has helped his hand. This isn't an act, because he doesn't realize you're watching him. He thinks you're looking at the card you just received. That's why you should never look at your cards as they arrive. Instead, watch your buddies as they watch their cards.

BREATHING AND TREMBLING

Many players believe that a trembling hand indicates a bluff. But in all the years I've played poker, this has never been the case. The shaking is a "calling reflex"—the natural release of tension that comes from connecting with a big hand. If an opponent who is staring at a card suddenly starts to tremble, look out. Fold anything but a monstrously strong hand.

Bluffers are less animated, more reserved, sometimes scarcely breathing (or even holding their breath). They become rigid to keep themselves from trembling, because they know most players see that as a sign of weakness. The bluffer doesn't want to do anything that would trigger a call.

JITTERING AND OTHER LOSING HABITS

One of my favorite tells is what I call jittering. For example, some players will tap their fingers on the table. If they do this habitually after they bet, it may not mean anything.

If you're unsure whether to call, let the tapping decide. If you reach for your chips and your opponent continues tapping, fold. It shows his lack of concern. If the tapping stops, call. Not everyone taps. Some players hum quietly to themselves, whistle softly or have fidgety feet (though you have to be sitting close to see that). But the principle is the same: If the action continues when you begin to call, fold your hand. If it stops, continue with the call. This single strategy has earned me hundreds of thousands of dollars.

LOOKING AWAY

A player who is staring at you is always less dangerous than one looking away. Many players who have strong hands look away as the action approaches because they're trying to appear uninterested or distracted. You can safely assume that your buddy is trying to make it safe for you to bet. It's likely if you do bet that you will be raised.

Players who stare at you are usually trying to prevent a bet. It's an attempt to intimidate you into thinking they're strong. Don't hesitate to bet medium hands. You'll likely get called by a weaker hand, and it's unlikely you'll be raised.

REACHING FOR CHIPS

Suppose it's your turn to act, and you spot an opponent reaching for his chips. This is an implied threat. Your buddy is saying, "I'm going to call your ass." But why would he give you that information before it's his turn? He's trying to manipulate you into not betting. His hand is weak. This tell can be especially profitable when you have a medium to strong hand but aren't sure whether it's too risky to wager. Reach for your chips while watching your friend out of the corner of your eye. If his hand conspicuously moves toward his chips, he wants to prevent your bet. Go ahead and wager. Conversely, if your buddy seems uninterested, that's a bad sign.

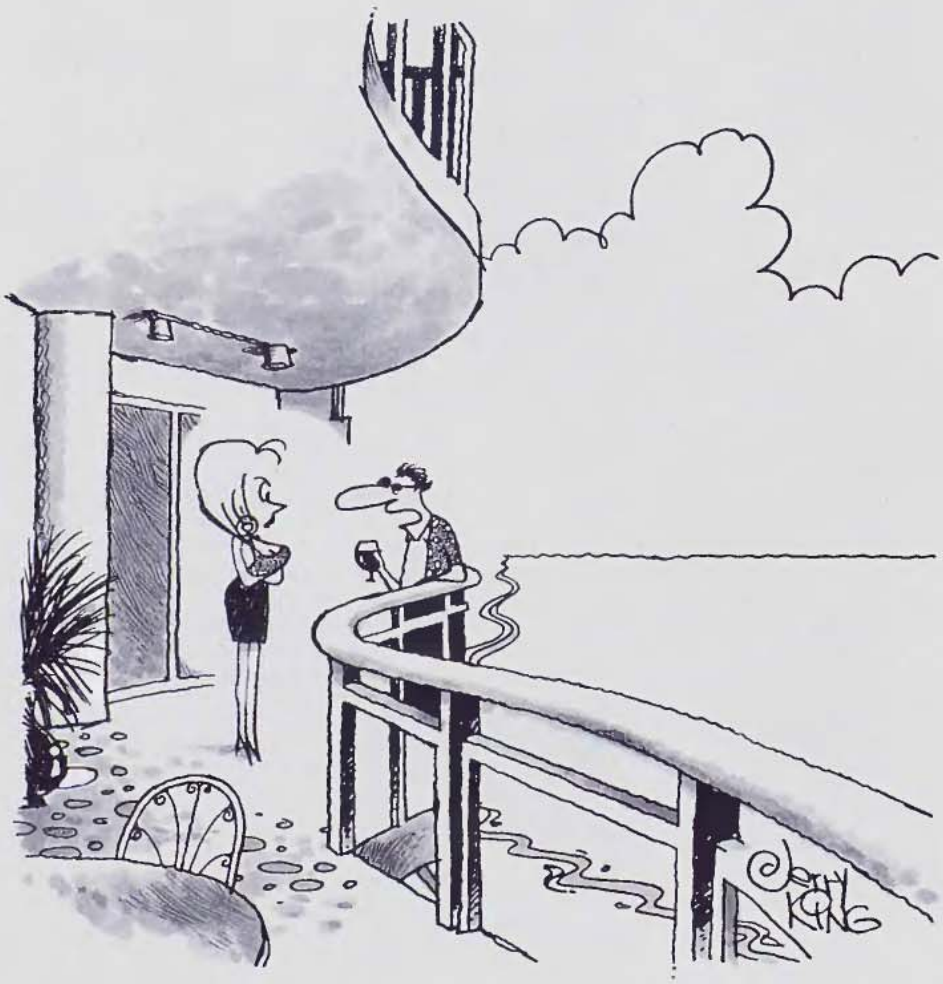
HOW TO WIN A CALL

A player never plans on folding when a hand begins. He's eager to call. So before he throws his losing hand into the discards, do something. Anything. Knock over your chips, start humming, shift in your chair. This may not always work, but it's a free shot. If you have the better hand, anything you can do to lure your buddy into calling is worth the effort. Perhaps your apparent apprehension will trigger some instinct that says, "Why is he squirming? Good thing I noticed. I think I'll call and find out."

Sure, this is sneaky. But poker wouldn't be poker if you didn't go after everyone's money. If you feel bad, you can give all your winnings back after you cash out.

A WORD TO THE WISE

Don't let your ego get in the way of winning with tells. For example, you may be tempted to say to a buddy, "I knew you were bluffing." Bad move. When you have a friend dead to rights, when you're sure he's bluffing, hesitate. Pretend to be unsure. If you tip off that you recognize a tell, he'll stop displaying it. That's also why you shouldn't lend this issue of PLAYBOY to friends.



"If putting three stars by your name in my little black book doesn't prove my love, then nothing will."

BASEBALL 2002

(continued from page 110)

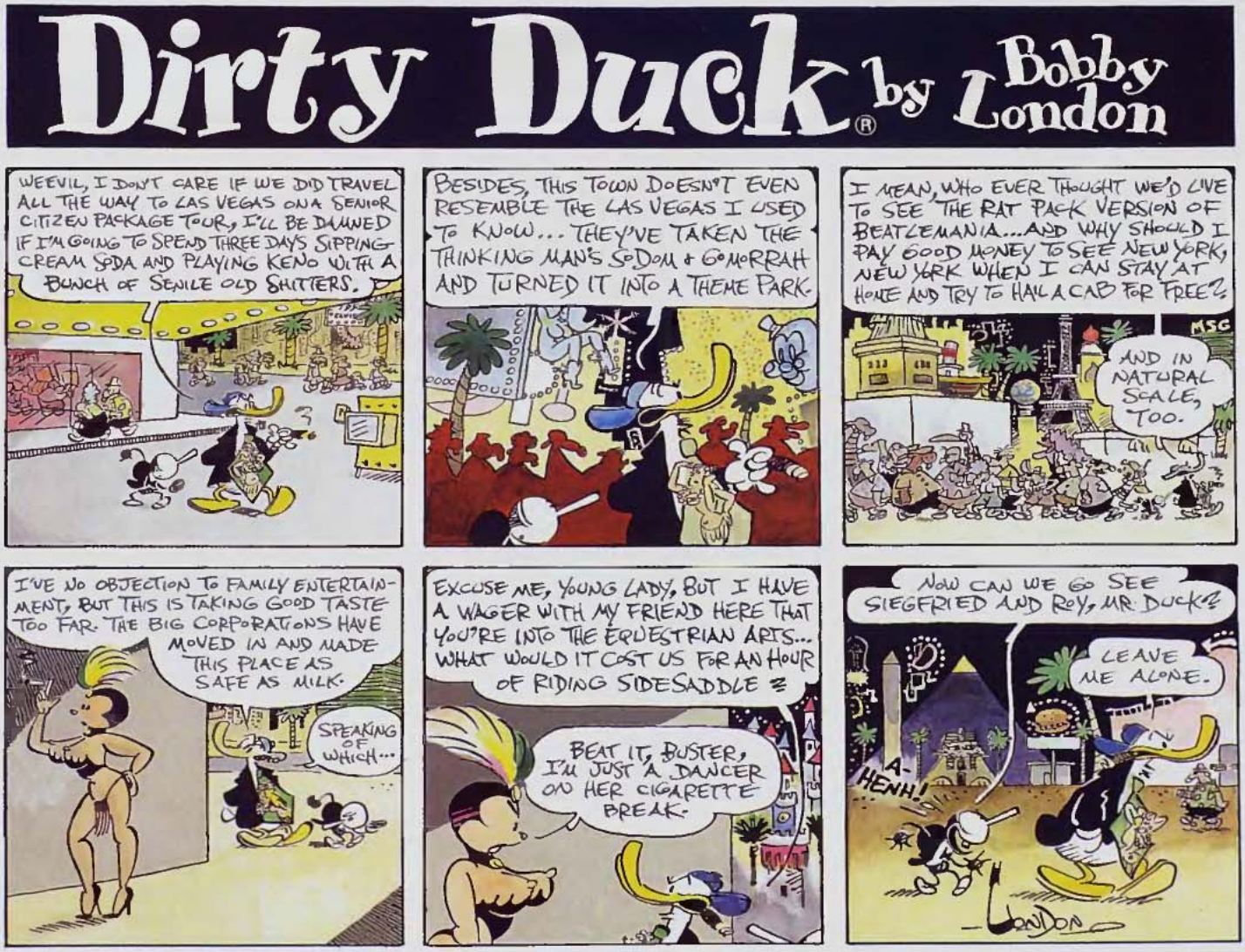
Wells, who's finally ready. To shore up a rotation that could be pretty good, the Jays shipped Paul Quantrill and infielder Cesar Izturis to Los Angeles for Luke Prokopec. The outfield, with Shannon Stewart (.316, 103 runs) and Jose Cruz (34 HRs, 32 stolen bases), is first-class. Ricciardi is rolling the dice with his young infield. Alongside Carlos Delgado (39 HRs, 102 RBI), the Jays will go with Eric Hinske at third (obtained from Oakland via a trade for Billy Koch), 22-year-old Felipe Lopez at short and 24-year-old Orlando Hudson (.304 in AAA) at second. Lopez will be an improvement over Alex Gonzalez, who was traded to the Cubs for Felix Heredia. New closer Kelvim Escobar (third-best AL pitcher with runners on base) will even be better than Koch. Ricciardi needs help at catching (rookie Josh Phelps is probably a year away), but this team is hungry and can hit. If the infield plays defense, the Jays could make noise this season.

Last year it was Vinny Castilla, Fred McGriff and Greg Vaughn. But the old guys were a bust, and Tampa scored a league-worst 672 runs. After a 4–10 start, Hal McRae replaced manager Larry Rothschild and Castilla was released on May 10. This year's emphasis is on pitching and defense, "heart and hustle," as the **Devil Rays'** billboards have it. The Rays, the youngest team in the majors by season's end, committed 139 errors (better only than San Diego). The pitching was serviceable, considering the way last year started. After the All-Star break, Tampa had the league's fourth-lowest ERA. With Jesus Colome, Victor Zambrano and Travis Phelps, the bullpen is well stocked. Left-handers Joe Kennedy and Nick Bierbrodt (acquired from Arizona for Albie Lopez) anchor the starting staff. Tanyon Sturtze (8–5, 3.68 in the second half) can shut down the best teams. It's hard not to pull for the star-crossed Rays. They have talent—catcher Toby Hall, 2B Brent Abernathy, outfielders Carl Crawford and Josh Hamilton—but they still have to face the Yankees, Red Sox and Jays for more than a third of their games. The Rays have never won 70 games. With the threat of contraction hanging over the franchise, they may never get the chance.

After finishing at 63–98 and posting their fourth straight losing season, the **Orioles** were expected to be big players in the off-season free agent bazaar. But it was a quiet winter in Baltimore. Owner Peter Angelos quashed a trade that would have brought over Phillies star Scott Rolen, and the O's halfheartedly pursued Juan Gonzalez, who wound up back in Texas. Aside from signing Marty Cordova and trading for centerfielder Chris Singleton, Baltimore's biggest move was to restore Camden Yards to its original dimensions—bringing in the fences seven feet. We're not sure how much good that will do the Orioles, who went 30–50 at home and were outhomered 94–58. Closer fences won't help a team that was shut out a league-high 14 times, held to three runs or less in 68 games and hit a league-low .248. Even with a little pop from Cordova, Tony Batista (a smart waiver pickup in June) and a healthy David Segui, Baltimore still has one of the AL's weakest lineups. Things aren't as bleak on the mound, where youngsters Jason Johnson, Willis Roberts and Josh Towers showed promise last season. The first year of the post–Ripken era will be a lean one. Angelos believes the O's can contend in 2003, but a look at the farm system suggests he needs to revise his timetable.

AMERICAN LEAGUE CENTRAL

A 14–29 start was too much for the **White Sox** to overcome in their bid to


Dirty Duck® by Bobby London
WEEVIL, I DON'T CARE IF WE DID TRAVEL ALL THE WAY TO LAS VEGAS ON A SENIOR CITIZEN PACKAGE TOUR, I'LL BE DAMNED IF I'M GOING TO SPEND THREE DAYS SIPPING CREAM SODA AND PLAYING KENO WITH A BUNCH OF SENILE OLD SHITTERS.
BESIDES, THIS TOWN DOESN'T EVEN RESEMBLE THE LAS VEGAS I USED TO KNOW... THEY'VE TAKEN THE THINKING MAN'S SODOM & GOMORRAH AND TURNED IT INTO A THEME PARK.
I MEAN, WHO EVER THOUGHT WE'D LIVE TO SEE THE RAT PACK VERSION OF BEATLEMANIA... AND WHY SHOULD I PAY GOOD MONEY TO SEE NEW YORK, NEW YORK WHEN I CAN STAY AT HOME AND TRY TO HAIL A CAB FOR FREE?
MSG
AND IN NATURAL SCALE, TOO.
I'VE NO OBJECTION TO FAMILY ENTERTAINMENT, BUT THIS IS TAKING GOOD TASTE TOO FAR. THE BIG CORPORATIONS HAVE MOVED IN AND MADE THIS PLACE AS SAFE AS MILK.
SPEAKING OF WHICH...
EXCUSE ME, YOUNG LADY, BUT I HAVE A WAGER WITH MY FRIEND HERE THAT YOU'RE INTO THE EQUESTRIAN ARTS... WHAT WOULD IT COST US FOR AN HOUR OF RIDING SIDESADDLE?
BEAT IT, BUSTER, I'M JUST A DANCER ON HER CIGARETTE BREAK.
NOW CAN WE GO SEE SIEGFRIED AND ROY, MR. DUCK?
LEAVE ME ALONE.
A-HENH!
LONDON

repeat as division champs. Frank Thomas' season-ending injury in late April left a hole in the lineup, and 11 pitchers, including three starters, came up lame. The Pale Hose made strides in the second half, playing even with the Tribe and getting good auditions from several young hurlers. In his first full season, Mark Buehrle notched 16 wins and had the league's fourth-best ERA (3.23). Buehrle joins Todd Ritchie (37–35 over the past three seasons in Pittsburgh) at the top of the rotation. Jim Parque will be counted on to come back from a bum shoulder and establish himself as a reliable starter. Jon Garland and either Dan Wright or Gary Glover need to step forward. Ace closer Keith Foulke (43 saves, 2.33) heads a bullpen that will be better with the return of four relievers (Bobby Howry, Antonio Osuna, Lorenzo Barcelo and Kelly Wunsch). If the Big Hurt is healthy, the South Siders will put runs on the board. Even without Frank, the Sox clubbed the second-most homers in the AL, and their .268 team batting average was the league's fifth-best. Rightfielder Magglio Ordonez has emerged as one of the game's most productive hitters. Last season he became the first AL batter to record a .300 average, 30 home runs, 100 RBI, 40 doubles and 25 stolen bases. Paul Konerko (32 homers, 99 RBI) is a tough out at first, and leftfielder Carlos Lee is coming into his own. Top prospects Joe Crede and Joe Borchard could ease into the lineup by midseason. The Sox may be a year off, but they should be good enough to win the Central.

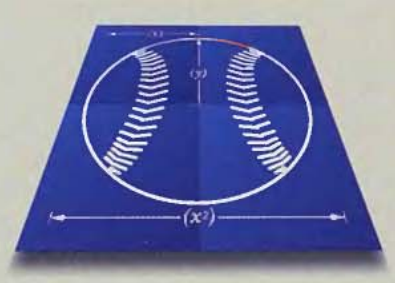
The John Hart era ended when the Cleveland **Indians** blew a 2–1 lead to Seattle in the league division series. New GM Mark Shapiro gets to clean up Hart's mess. Last season the Indians seemed bored having to run around the bases. This year Shapiro is emphasizing pitching and hustle. Many of the changes are dictated by budget. In trading high-maintenance star Roberto Alomar to the Mets for OF Matt Lawton, relief pitcher Jerrod Riggan and outfield project Alex Escobar, Cleveland got snookered. But Shapiro earns points for getting younger. The Tribe bullpen, the hardest-working relief crew in the AL, is one of baseball's deepest. The starters' 5.26 ERA sucked. The Tribe will call on Ryan Drese (3.44 in 36⅔ innings in 2001) and Danys Baez (2.50 in 50⅓ bullpen innings) to round out the rotation behind 21-year-old C.C. Sabathia and Bartolo Colon (who threw 3650 pitches last year, most in the league). Offensively, the Indians need a lift from human air conditioner Russell Branyan (37 homers in 550 career at bats) and centerfielder Milton Bradley. If the Tribe gets any pitching from Charles Nagy, Chuck Finley or Jaret Wright, they again have a chance for the division title. There will likely be more housecleaning—perhaps by midseason. Shapiro will be out from under most of Hart's bad contracts in 2003, and there's an abundance of pitching in the minors.

The Twins were baseball's feel-good story for much of the 2001 season. Despite having the lowest opening day payroll in the game, Minnesota got off to a 20–7 start and stood atop the Central at the All-Star break. They faded in the second half but managed a second-place finish and their first winning season since 1992. The good feelings didn't carry over, though, as the Twins shared winter billing with the Expos on Bud Selig's contraction hit list. They were granted a stay of execution by the Minnesota Supreme Court, but with no stadium deal in sight and an owner in a hurry to cash out, the franchise's future looks grim. The outlook on the field is a lot better. The Twins boast a Gold Glove centerfielder (Torii Hunter, 27 homers, 92 RBI), one of baseball's best infields (led by All-Star shortstop Cristian Guzman) and a trio of starters (Eric Milton, Brad Radke, Joe Mays) who combined for 47 wins. New manager Ron Gardenhire will have to find some help at the bottom of the rotation and in the bullpen—he could also use more power in the outfield—but his team should be in contention again this season. This could be the last year for the Twins in the Twin Cities, so Minnesotans ought to get out to the Hump and root for the (for now) home team.

It was a short honeymoon for the Detroit **Tigers**, who drew only 1.9 million paying customers in Comerica Park's second season. Fans didn't have much to cheer for: Visiting teams hit well in Comerica, but the Tigers managed only 58 homers at home in their eighth straight losing season. The team was 17–17 on May 12 but went on a 2–12 slide and decided to spend the rest of the season bickering. The Tigers took a beating in the uneven schedule. They compiled a 42–44 record against teams outside the AL Central but lost 52 times (against 24 wins) to teams in their division. Minnesota beat them 15 out of 19 games. The Tigers had the fourth-worst offense in the AL. First baseman Tony Clark was Detroit's lone rep at the 2001 All-Star game. Worried about his back (and his big contract) and unable to trade him, Detroit waived Clark, who was snapped up by Boston. The Tigers made out like bandits when they sent Juan Encarnacion to Cincinnati for Dmitri Young. The team anticipates big things from Dean Palmer, who missed much of last year with an injured shoulder. Manager Phil Garner plans to use inexperienced Robert Fick (.235 after the All-Star break) in right. Twenty-year-old shortstop Omar Infante could be a regular this season. The starting staff is iffy, with Jeff Weaver (13–16, 4.08) and knuckleballer Steve Sparks pulling most of the weight. Nate Cornejo pitched well in the minors and will probably help. The bullpen is shaky, too, but Matt Anderson has hit his stride as a closer. The best thing to happen in Detroit was the hiring of Dave Dombrowski as team president. He'll put GM Randy Smith and Garner on the hot seat, and he will revive the Tigers' fallow farm system.

Go figure the 65–97 **Royals**. Jermaine Dye, Johnny Damon and Rey Sanchez were dealt because management said it couldn't afford to keep them. The Royals even canceled their winter banquet to save money. So why did Kansas City sign 33-year-old free agent Chuck Knoblauch (.250 with the Yankees in 2001) and 30-year-old Michael Tucker (.252 last year, with a career-high 61 RBI)? That just takes at bats away from younger players such as Dee Brown and Mark

Inside Baseball



Most infield hits in 2001: Ichiro Suzuki (63), Juan Pierre (51), Luis Castillo (44), Jason Tyner (36), Roberto Alomar (34), Roger Cedeno (34).

Most RBI with the fewest HRs: Rey Sanchez (37, 0), Juan Pierre (55, 2), Omar Vizquel (50, 2), Luis Castillo (45, 2), Rey Ordonez (44, 3).

Fewest RBI with the most HRs: Barry Bonds (137, 73), Jose Valentin (68, 28), Luis Gonzalez (142, 57), Sammy Sosa (160, 64).

Fouled off the most pitches: Todd Helton (509), Shannon Stewart (499), Aramis Ramirez (488), Manny Ramirez (484), Tony Batista (484).

Best two-strike batters: Juan Pierre (.325), Matt Lawton (.294), Mark Grace (.294), Todd Helton (.273), Bret Boone (.271), Jason Giambi (.271).

Best hitters with two outs and runners in scoring position: Ichiro Suzuki (.468), Rondell White (.444), Frank Catalanotto (.396), Moises Alou (.388), Jason Tyner (.385).

Best 0–2 hitters: Mark Kotsay (.357), David Eckstein (.351), Brent Mayne (.348), Mike Lowell (.343), Tony Womack (.342).

Most walks with bases loaded: Tony Batista (4). Most walks, batting number one in lineup: Rickey Henderson (76).

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Quinn—or Brandon Berger, who hit 40 home runs last year in AA Wichita. Why give money to "proven veterans" such as pitcher Paul Byrd and catcher Brent Mayne when you're going nowhere? And what exactly does a manager have to do to get fired? Going into his sixth season Tony Muser has won 309 games while losing 416. KC does have decent young players. Based on his incredible second half, clutch-hitting centerfielder Carlos Beltran (24 HRs, 101 RBI, 31 steals in 32 attempts) is ready for the top shelf. Mike Sweeney hit .304 and had 29 round-trippers. The pitching should be better this year. Workhorse Jeff Suppan has pitched 644 innings over the past three seasons. Jose Rosado is expected back after nearly two years away on sick leave. The franchise has a surfeit of young arms—Chris George, Kris Wilson, Jeff Austin, Chad Durbin, Dan Reichert, Mike MacDougal—and the Royals have nothing to lose by pitching them (last year's staff was the AL's 11th best). Two years ago it looked as if they were on the way up, but now the Royals look like they're sinking to the bottom of the AL Central.

AMERICAN LEAGUE WEST

Alex Rodriguez wasn't far off the mark last spring when he said, possibly in jest, "The **Mariners** can win 110 to 115 games without me." Despite losing future Hall of Famers Randy Johnson, Ken Griffey and Rodriguez over the previous three years, Seattle won 116 games to tie the 1906 Cubs for most wins in a season. The Mariners led the AL in hitting, fielding and pitching—the fourth team ever to lead in all three. They also were tops in stolen bases and on-base percentage. On the strength of a 40–12 start, Lou Piniella's squad led wire to wire (only the eighth team ever to do so—Lou's 1990 Reds was another). But the magic came to an end in eerie Gotham. After struggling to get by Cleveland in a tense division series, the Mariners were again spooked in the Bronx and fell to the Yankees in five games. American League MVP Ichiro Suzuki and Bret Boone keyed the Mariners' banner year. Boone, who led the AL in RBI with 141, set league records for RBI and homers (37) by a second baseman. Ichiro led the league in batting (.350), hits (242, the most since Bill Terry in 1930), stolen bases (56) and hitting with runners in scoring position (.449). He was the first player since Jackie Robinson to lead the majors in hits and stolen bases. Centerfielder Mike Cameron came into his own with 25 homers and 110 RBI. Jeff Cirillo (obtained in a trade for Jose Paniagua) will be an upgrade over David Bell at third. Aaron Sele has gone to Anaheim, but there are plenty of starters left, including Freddy Garcia, Jamie Moyer, Paul Abbott, John Halama, Joel Pineiro and James Baldwin. Gil Meche (who's out until June) and minor leaguers Ryan Anderson and Rafael Soriano look ready to go. Seattle's great pen will be led by Kazuhiro Sasaki (45 saves) with support from Diamond Arthur Rhodes (8–0, 1.72 ERA), Jeff Nelson (2.76) and free agent Shigetoshi Hasegawa. GM Pat Gillick has figured out that it pays to spread out your payroll and not tie up too much in any one player. (The Mariners are third in the majors in local broadcast revenue, so Gillick has a lot of dough to work with.) Seattle won't match last year's win total, but they'll take the West again.

Such plays decide a franchise's fortunes. The Yankees, down 2–0 in the league division series, held a 1–0 lead in game three when the scuffling **Athletics** fought back in the bottom of the seventh. With two outs and Jeremy Giambi on first, Terrence Long doubled to right and Giambi was waved home. Shane Spencer's throw missed the cutoff men, but Derek Jeter—in the right spot to cover the overthrow—made a backhanded flip to the plate, where Jorge Posada tagged a surprised Giambi. End of rally, start of Yankees comeback. Giambi's decision not to slide may turn out to be a defining moment for baseball in the East Bay. The A's lost 18 of their first 26 games, and many figured their cause was lost. But Billy Beane, the best general manager in the game, stuck with free agent Jason Giambi and picked up Jermaine Dye from the Royals in July. Dye responded with 59 RBI in 61 games, and the team went 58–17 after the break, the best second half since the 1954 Indians. The A's will again be back in the postseason. There's enormous talent, despite the departures of Jason Giambi, Johnny Damon and closer Jason Isringhausen. With Tim Hudson (3.37), Mark Mulder (3.45), Barry Zito (2.29 and 11–2 in the second half) and surprising Cory Lidle (13–6, 3.59), Oakland starters had the best ERA in the league. Billy Koch comes from Toronto to replace Isringhausen. Beane made a great trade with Texas to pick up highly touted first baseman Carlos Pena. Along with David Justice, Pena will do a creditable job in Giambi's

"I wanted to do full figure with total frontal nudity, but the damn decency commission turned me down."

absence. Terrence Long, Eric Chavez (32 HRs, 114 RBI—the best year ever by an Oakland third baseman), catcher Ramon Hernandez and shortstop Miguel Tejada (31 HRs) will provide the lumber. Will Oakland hitters look like stiffs when they play New York again?

The Anaheim Angels dropped 19 of their last 21 and finished a franchise-worst 41 games out of first. It was a decent season, nevertheless—that's life in the AL West. But the Angels' off-season was more interesting. As always, there were mixed messages from the suits at Disney. A rebuilding trade that would have sent Darin Erstad to the White Sox was nixed by upper management. Then the front office committed $24 million to add Aaron Sele (69–35 over the past four seasons) to the rotation and shipped disgruntled Mo Vaughn back East to the Mets for Kevin Appier. Is Disney playing to win or is this window dressing for the long-rumored sale? The addition of Sele and Appier gives Anaheim one of the AL's best rotations. With Ramon Ortiz (13–10), Jarrod Washburn (11–10) and Scott Schoeneweis (10–11), the Angels have five starters who each worked at least 193 innings last season. Closer Troy Percival—who had his issues with the front office—signed a two-year extension. The pen will be lighter without Shigetoshi Hasegawa and Mike Holtz, but Al Levine (2.38 in 75⅔ innings) and Ben Weber (3.42 in 68⅓ innings) should fill their shoes. The question is whether the Angels can score runs. Troy Glaus (41 HRs, 108 RBI) and Garret Anderson (194 hits, 123 RBI) were the only consistent hitters in Anaheim last year. Brad Fullmer, acquired from Toronto, should help at the DH (a weak spot for the Angels, who used 15 players to hit a combined .212 with 56 RBI). If Anaheim gets comeback seasons from Tim Salmon and Erstad, they could make a run at the wild card.

Last spring, the Rangers talked about winning the pennant. Newcomers Alex Rodriguez, Andres Galarraga and Ken Caminiti would allow them to bludgeon the opposition. Texas scored 890 runs and hit 246 homers, but had the worst pitching in all of baseball and ended up 73–89, good for last place in the AL West. The Rangers won two more games with Rodriguez than without him. The Rangers led, at one point, in 53 of their 89 losses. So new GM John Hart went shopping with Tom Hicks' money. In addition to bringing in a few more hitters, Hart loaded up on relievers, signing Todd Van Poppel, Jay Powell, Steve Woodard, Dan Miceli, Rudy Seanez and Hector Carrasco to fill seats in the bullpen. The big haul was Chan Ho Park, who inked a five-year $65 million contract to become the ace. One possible glitch: Over the past five years, Park had a 4.66 ERA away from Dodger Stadium. He'll join Kenny Rogers (6.19), Doug Davis, Ismael Valdes, Hideki Irabu, Dave Burba (6.21 with Cleveland) and Mario Ramos (who came from the A's in the odd trade for Carlos Pena) in the starting rotation. John Rocker, who brings his circus act from Cleveland, will push Jeff Zimmerman (28 saves in 31 chances). The Rangers won't struggle to score runs. Alex Rodriguez, coming off the best year ever by a shortstop (.318, 52 HRs, 201 hits), will be supported by a better crew. Rafael Palmeiro (47 home runs) has hit at least 38 homers for the past seven seasons. A surprisingly weak outfield (10th in the AL in RBI) will be strengthened by the arrival of Juan Gonzalez (.325, 140 RBI) and Carl Everett. But catcher Ivan Rodriguez, who'll be a free agent after this year, could be on the way out. If Hart finds enough pitching—and if Jerry Narron can keep this fractious bunch together—the Rangers may break even. But they're at least a year away from making a run in the West.

NATIONAL LEAGUE EAST

The Braves were lucky to get to the league championship series last year. They won only 88 games and had to fight the Phillies right until the end. Despite a losing record at home, and an offense that outscored only three NL teams, Atlanta won its 10th straight divisional title. They beat Larry Dierker's Astros in the league division series but fell apart in a pivotal fourth game of the LCS against Arizona, giving up six unearned runs on four errors. Attendance was off again, and even Jimmy Carter doesn't do the tomahawk chop the way he used to. But as long as the Braves have Maddux and Glavine, they keep winning. The Braves' starters, who combined for a 3.54 ERA, were again the NL's best. (The Braves have allowed the fewest runs in the league for 10 straight years.) Glavine was 16–7 with a 3.57 ERA. Maddux (17–11, 3.05) hasn't had an ERA above 3.57 since the Dow was below 2000. He has won at least 15 games in 14 consecutive seasons—a feat equaled only by Cy Young. The pen was second best in the NL last season, but it will be better now with John Smoltz (10 saves in 11 opportunities, 1.59) in for a full year as closer. With John Burkett back in the American League and with Kevin Millwood's career on the rocks (he was 18–7, 2.68 in 1999; 7–7, 4.31 in 2001), the starting staff could be thin. But free agent Albie Lopez will get the Leo Mazzone treatment and Jason Marquis (2.69 in 11 postbreak starts) looks ready. As usual, there are a boatload of hurlers (Tim Spooneybarger, Damian Moss, Billy Sylvester) coming from the minors. Gary Sheffield will definitely energize the offense. Shef, who hasn't had an on-base percentage under .400 since 1994, should slug .600 in Atlanta. He'll

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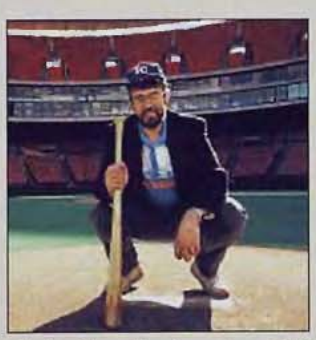
make up one third of the game's most potent outfield. (With 34-year-old Vinny Castilla returning to Atlanta to play third, Chipper Jones moves to left.) Andruw Jones will be helped by Sheffield's presence in the lineup. Chipper, who had 76 extra-base hits, became the first third baseman to put together six consecutive 100 RBI seasons. He'll see more pitches batting in front of Sheffield. First base ought to be fun to watch, with Wes Helms (.222, 36 RBI) and 37-year-old B.J. Surhoff trying to supplant Julio Franco, who began his big-league career 20 years ago in Philadelphia. The Braves have three fine young infielders, with Rafael Furcal back from injury and Marcus Giles vying for time with 20-year-old shortstop Wilson Betemit and Mark DeRosa. Look for Atlanta to make it 11 straight.

The Mets were a shell of their former selves last season. A year after making it to the World Series, they barely broke even, slipping to third place in the NL East with an 82–80 record. The problem? An anemic offense that hit .249 and scored the fewest runs of any outfit in baseball. General manager Steve Phillips got busy and overhauled the lineup, adding a dozen new players. The big prize is Roberto Alomar, perhaps the best second baseman of his era, who came over from Cleveland at surprisingly little cost. The biggest risk is Mo Vaughn, who missed last season with a torn biceps tendon. Free agent Roger Cedeno and Jeromy Burnitz (acquired as part of an 11-player, three-team trade) return to Flushing to patrol the outfield. Manager Bobby Valentine calls this the best-hitting team the Mets have ever had. But the 2002 mound corps won't be the team's best ever. Beyond Al Leiter, there are questions about the durability of new starters Jeff D'Amico (12–7 with a 2.66 ERA in 2000), Shawn Estes and Pedro Astacio. Leiter and Mike Piazza show signs of wear, and Edgardo Alfonzo's back bothered him last season (.243, 49 RBI). If the players stay healthy—and that's a big if—the Metropolitans could upset the Braves.

On the strength of a 21-game turnaround, the long-floundering Phillies nearly went from worst to first. They settled for second place and their first winning season since 1993. This raises hopes along the Schuylkill, but the Phils will have a hard time keeping up with the Mets and Braves in 2002. General manager Ed Wade wasn't able to do much to improve the team over the winter. He tried to get pitchers John Smoltz and Aaron Sele, but had to settle for Terry Adams, a career reliever who had success as a starter in Los Angeles. If he's healthy, Adams will pitch behind Robert Person (15–7, 4.19) and Randy Wolf. Brandon Duckworth and either David Coggin or Nelson Figueroa fill out a pretty good starting five. The bullpen, an embarrassment in 2000 when it lost 37 games with a league-high 5.72 ERA, was a strength in 2001. Jose Mesa (2.34) converted 42 of 46 save opportunities and allowed only four homers in 69⅓ innings. Students of Mesa's game may question his ability to repeat such a performance. The lineup gets a boost with the return of catcher Mike Lieberthal, who missed most of last season after tearing up his knee. The Philadelphia offense blends speed and power, with Scott Rolen (25 HRs, 107 RBI), Pat Burrell (27 HRs, 89 RBI), Bobby Abreu (31 HRs, 110 RBI, 36 SBs) and Travis Lee providing the clout, and All-Star short-

A TALK WITH BILL JAMES



Someday, Bill James will be in the Hall of Fame. By putting stats into a meaningful context, he has had a profound influence on how baseball is viewed and played. He combines clear, nonsense writing (and dry wit) with an astute sense of history. In the past few months, James has published two books. *The New Bill James Historical Baseball Abstract* (Free Press) is the long-awaited revision of his 1985 classic. *Win Shares* (Stats, Inc.) is an ambitious work that attempts to define a player's value to a team. It will change how we compare performances in different eras. Both books are essential for any fan. James answered a few questions for us.

Who do you think is the most underroted guy in each league?

Craig Biggio of Houston has outplayed and outproduced Ken Griffey Jr. almost every season of his career. Griffey hits more home runs than Biggio and drives in more runs—and Biggio does everything else better. In the American League I'd say Miguel Tejada. In ordinary times he'd be the All-Star shortstop, but the league has three superstar shortstops, so nobody notices him.

What two rule changes would you make?

One: Eliminate 99 percent of the pitching changes in the middle of the inning. Strategy, my ass. Strategy is when you have to make hard choices, not when you get to change your mind with every batter. Let the game move. I'd have a rule that when a pitcher takes the mound, he stays in the game until he is charged with a run. Some people favor a rule that he has to face at least three batters. That doesn't really matter. What matters is getting rid of repetitious stop-action pitching changes that have half the entertainment value of a dentist appointment. Two: Stop calling time out after the batter gets in the box. Same reason. Watching a hitter step out of the box repeatedly is just not preferred entertainment.

Can baseball survive—let alone flourish—without increased revenue sharing?

Revenue sharing, in that it relies on the generosity of the rich, won't work. What baseball has to have, eventually, is revenue restructuring. Suppose you were in a fantasy league where you got $20 to buy players, but some other guys got $50, $70, $100. Would you agree to play in a league like that? Of course you wouldn't, unless Jenny McCarthy were in the league or something. Would you think you were smart enough that you could win the league anyway? Of course not. If you were smart enough to win with half the money somebody else was spending, you'd be smart enough to find a league with fair rules. The economic structure of baseball, if not corrected, will ultimately cripple the existing leagues, causing them to be pushed aside by new leagues. But in no way do I blame George Steinbrenner or Ted Turner for this situation. Turner and Steinbrenner are doing what you or I would do in their Guccis. It's the small-market owners, in Kansas City and Oakland and Pittsburgh and Cleveland, who ultimately have to stand up, dump Bud Selig in the East River and tell the rich teams to renegotiate or find somebody else to play ball with.

Which stats are best ignored and which should be given more emphasis?

Well, batting averages still fool a lot of people. You know which team had the highest batting average in baseball last year? Colorado, and they lost 89 games. You can hit .320 and be a lousy player; you can hit .240 and be a very good player. Better things to focus on are on-base percentage and slugging percentage. And the reason that's true is no team can win consistently by just hitting singles. A lot of runs—more than half—result from walks, and from power. On-base percentage and slugging percentage focus on walks and power. Another overrated stat is saves. Announcers love to tell you that, in modern baseball, you can't win a pennant without a quality closer. Only every year, somebody does.

Will baseball ever work in Montreal?

It could. Only in sports do we blame the consumers if the product stinks. The lesson of Olympic Stadium isn't "baseball won't work in Montreal." It's "never let a French architect design a baseball park."

Does the game of baseball have a demographic problem?

Properly staged, baseball is fun to play and fun to watch. An awful lot of young people don't know this, because the game has been badly staged for a long time. Baseball will survive in other places—Japan, Cuba, Latin America—even if the American and National leagues do an Enron on us. And, because it would survive in other places, it would eventually come back in America.

Who's your favorite owner?

Gussie Busch, I guess. A cranky, eccentric old bastard who balanced his love of the game against a strong distaste for wasting money. Now they're all corporations. The best owners love baseball. Corporations love money.

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stop Jimmy Rollins (46 SBs) and second sacker Marlon Anderson lighting up the basepaths. There's more talent in the minors—watch out for Marlon Byrd (.316, 28 HRs in AA), who will eventually take centerfield away from Doug Glanville. This season will make or break 2001 Manager of the Year Larry Bowa. If free-agent-in-waiting Rolen is traded, the Phillies won't be able to play with the big boys. But if he signs or stays the year, Philadelphia could win the wild card.

Thanks mostly to impressive years from Cliff Floyd (31 HRs, 123 runs) and Kevin Millar (.931 OPS), the **Marlins** scored a franchise record 742 runs last season. And Florida has the best young starting rotation (Brad Penny, Ryan Dempster, A.J. Burnett, Matt Clement and Josh Beckett) since the 1969 Mets. That's the good news in Miami. Attendance was abysmal, second worst in the majors. Players groused and threw tantrums for most of the year. A 9–20 August killed any hope of respectability. But virtually nothing could be done over the off-season because no one was sure who owned the team. Team owner John Henry, who bought into the Red Sox franchise, sold the Marlins to ex-Expos owner Jeffrey Loria, the miracle worker of Montreal. A month before spring training, Marlins employees were told to look elsewhere for work because Loria was bringing his staff with him from Canada. It may be unfair to expect new manager Jeff Torborg and GM Larry Beinfest to do much more than learn the names of their players, but the Marlins might surprise us this season.

The **Expos** will walk the plank after this season. Already a ghost team, they have no owner, no management, no coaches and no future (except, perhaps, in Washington). Last year, attendance was only 642,743; the AA team in Round Rock, Texas drew more fans. Baseball could have worked in Quebec. The team had 2.3 million customers in 1983 but ran into terrible luck. If not for Rick Monday's ninth-inning homer off Steve Rogers in game five of 1981's NLCS—and if not for the strike that ruined 1994, when the Expos (at 74–40) were the best team in baseball—French baseball would have a future. Inept ownership hasn't helped. Claude Brochu and Jeffrey Loria finished off any chance this franchise may have had. If Bud Selig wanted to save the Expos, he'd move them to New Jersey. Failing that, he'd swap them to the AL East, where they would play 28 home games with the Red Sox, Blue Jays and Yankees. But no one is interested in saving Montreal baseball. In preparation for their final run at the NL pennant, the Expos picked up pitcher Ed Vosberg, outfielders Lyle Mouton and Glen Barker and bon vivant Jose Canseco. Manager Frank Robinson will have an interesting time running these lame canards. And Vlad will look good in pinstripes.

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The **Cardinals** kicked into high gear in the second half but came up short against the Astros on the final day of the season. That dropped the Redbirds into the wild card slot and sent them on the road to Arizona, where they ran into he-man Curt Schilling. The Diamondbacks' right-handed ace held the Cards to one run over 18 innings and bested Matt Morris in two classic pitching duels. Look for the Cards to go further in the postseason this year. They'll make do without Mark McGwire, who turned down a $30 million contract extension after struggling all year with a bum knee. Big Mac will be missed in St. Louis, but ex-Yank Tino Martinez should be a more than adequate replacement at first. He'll complement a powerful lineup that's led by outfielders J.D. Drew (.323, 27 homers) and Jim Edmonds (.304, 30 homers, 110 RBI) and Rookie of the Year third baseman Albert Pujols (.329, 37 homers, 130 RBI). St. Louis starters combined for a league-high 75 wins and the NL's third-best ERA (3.97). The Cards boast two frontline stoppers, Matt Morris (22–8, 3.16) and Darryl Kile (16–11, 3.09), as well as a good supporting cast. If Woody Williams and Bud Smith pitch as well this year as they did in the second half of last season and Rick Ankiel regains his control, the Cardinals will easily have the league's best rotation. Relief pitching, a weakness last year, was tightened up with the addition of free agent signee Jason Isringhausen, who'll take over the closer spot and allow manager Tony La Russa to make better use of durable lefty Steve Kline. The Cards look to be the class of the league and have a good shot at their first World Series since 1987.

"It's a recurring theme, or nightmare, isn't it? We didn't come up with the big hits, but you've heard that story before." That was Jeff Bagwell's comment after the Astros were swept by the Braves in the first round of the playoffs. Houston, which has taken the Central four of the past five seasons, hasn't won a postseason series in its 40-year history. In seven series, the Stros have hit .203 and scored 2.6 runs a game. Like it or not, the Astros could be back for another postseason. Houston boasts a talented core of young arms headed by Wade Miller (16–8, 3.40) and Rookie of the Year runner-up Roy Oswalt (14–3, 2.73). Vets Shane Reynolds and Dave Mlicki aren't bad. Chris Redding or Carlos Hernandez—both of whom impressed as rookies—will get a chance in the starting rotation. The pen features ace closer Billy Wagner and setup man Octavio Dotel, who led major league relievers with 128 strikeouts (in only 84 innings). Even without Moises Alou, Houston's outfield remains deadly. The newest Killer B, Lance Berkman (.331, 31 homers, 126 RBI), led the majors with 55 doubles and is a legitimate MVP candidate. The team counts on Richard Hidalgo to rebound from a season in which his numbers dropped (.314 to .275 and 44 homers to 19), and Daryle Ward finally gets a shot in left. On the left side of the infield, rookie Morgan Ensberg could stick at third and slick-fielding Adam Everett is a good bet to take over at short alongside Craig Biggio. Maybe all those Enron signs can be sold on eBay.

Jumping out of the gate with a 15–9 April, the Cubs raced to a 23-game improvement in 2001, the second-best in baseball. But they faded down the stretch. Led by 20-game winner Jon Lieber, Kerry Wood, Jason Bere and 23-year-old Juan Cruz, the Cubs' starting staff was fifth-best in the league. The bullpen was the North Siders' secret weapon, with Tom Gordon, Kyle Farnsworth (107 strikeouts in 82 innings) and Jeff Fassero fronting a staff augmented this year by lefty Jesus Sanchez (acquired from Florida) and rookie right-hander Scott Chiasson. With 160 RBI—the third-highest total in league history—Sammy Sosa drove in 94 more runs than any of his teammates. He's become the most productive hitter in baseball in a park that abuses hitters. Sammy was walked intentionally 37 times, which may have stemmed from manager Don Baylor's predilection for small ball. (The Cubs led the majors in sacrifice bunts.) Free agent signee Moises Alou (.331, 27 HRs, 108 RBI in Houston) takes pressure off Sosa. Fred McGriff (who hit .282 with 12 HRs in 49 games with Chicago) will help, although Wrigley is a brutal park for lefties. With Eric Young and Ricky Gutierrez lost to free agency, the Cubs have a new double-play combo this season. Alex Gonzalez, brought over from Toronto, will field the ball well at short, and either Delino DeShields or rookie Bobby Hill will lead off and play second. Reinforcements are on the way. Watch for USC right-hander Mark Prior (the second pick in the 2001 draft) and Carlos Zambrano (10–5, 3.88 in AAA Iowa) to be in the bigs by July. The Cubs probably won't win the division this year, but with their farm system, they'll be a force by 2003. Look for Chicago's first back-to-back winning seasons since Ron Santo was at third.

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Andruw Jones OF
The best defensive outfielder who ever lived.

Torii Hunter OF
The man most responsible for the Twins' good 2001 season.

Mike Cameron OF
The Mariners have two great outfielders—Cameron and Ichiro.

In 1999 the **Reds** finished 96–67; last year, at 66–96, they were the low-rent team of the NL Central. Since Ken Griffey Jr. joined the Reds, the team has been 22 games under .500. With Cinergy Field torn up for construction of a new stadium, attendance was way down. The team responded with an MLB-worst 27–54 home record. If it wasn't terrible defense (third-worst in the majors), it was immature pitchers, injuries (to Aaron Boone, Griffey and Barry Larkin) or front-office bungling (see Deion Sanders or Justin Atchley). The off-season was barely better. Forced to unload Dmitri Young because the team couldn't afford to go through arbitration, the Reds got chronic underachiever Juan Encarnacion from the Tigers. Starting pitchers averaged only 5⅓ innings last year (worst in the NL) and put a strain on the league's best pen. GM Jim Bowden rounded up bargain-basement pitching—Brian Bohanon, Jose Silva, Brandon Kolb, Jimmy Haynes—to keep fans interested until Great American Ball Park opens in 2003. By then he hopes to have lefty Ty Howington ready and Scott Williamson and Seth Etherton all the way back from shoulder surgeries. Cincinnati is loaded with prospects in the outfield. Adam Dunn hit 19 homers in 244 at bats in the bigs last year and could hit 35 homers and drive in 100 this year. Austin Kearns (who hit .371 in the Arizona Fall League), Ruben Mateo and 20-year-old Wily Mo Pena may be just as good. There's even more hitting at AA. If Bowden figures out a way to keep Danny Graves and Aaron Boone while the hitting matures, the Reds can elbow their way into the Central race next year.

Bad luck is often the residue of bad design. Pittsburgh general manager Cam Bonifay planned to rely on the surgically repaired arms of Francisco Cordova and Jason Schmidt when the **Pirates** inaugurated PNC Park last season. But neither Schmidt nor Cordova made it out of Bradenton. Ace-in-waiting Kris Benson tore up his elbow. The Bucs lost three starting pitchers in spring training and a fourth in the second game of the year. Eleven starting pitchers failed to do the job. It was a bad, unlucky year, and Bonifay lost his job in June. With the second-worst ERA in the NL, Pitt pitching was pathetic. And the hitting was a joke. The

Pirates essentially fielded a three-man offense: Brian Giles (.309, 37 HRs), future All-Star Aramis Ramirez (.300, 34 HRs) and Jason Kendall (.266, 10 HRs). After losing 100 games in their ninth straight losing season, the Pirates decided to raise ticket prices this season. That will help pay for bloated contracts with Kevin Young, Pat Meares and Derek Bell, but it won't win new fans. Elbow rehab will keep Benson out until June. New general manager Dave Littlefield may entertain offers for Giles and Kendall. He made a great trade in December when he sent Todd Ritchie (11–15, 4.47) to the White Sox for pitchers Kip Wells, Sean Lowe and Josh Fogg. Armando Rios, Craig Wilson and free agent signee Pokey Reese should improve the offense. With good luck, the Bucs could win 75 this year.

The Milwaukee **Brewers** were the senior circuit's worst team following the All-Star break. They finished the season 68–94 for their ninth straight losing year—and their worst record since the days of Jim Gantner and Moose Haas. There was plenty of blame to go around. The Beertown Whiffmeisters set a major league record for strikeouts (1399). They were the first team in history to amass more strikeouts than hits. It's OK today to swing at a 3–0 pitch, or to hurt yourself swinging too hard at a two-strike curveball. But Milwaukee's feast-or-famine approach did not serve them well. They were third in the league in homers but 11th in runs scored—and the team's .319 on-base percentage was the NL's second worst. One of the free swingers, Richie Sexson, blossomed into a big-time power hitter with 45 homers (he hit .293 in the second half). Geoff Jenkins slugged 20 HRs and had 63 RBI in 105 games. In trading away Jeromy Burnitz to the Mets, the team lost a player who had hit 163 homers and had driven in 511 runs over the past five years. But the Brewers say the trade enabled them to sign free agent second baseman Eric Young and pick up Alex Ochoa. Milwaukee had the league's sixth-worst ERA, but the starting pitching is intriguing, especially with new pitching coach Dave Stewart. Ben Sheets (10–5, 3.59 in his first 16 starts), Ruben Quevedo, Nick Neugebauer (who is coming off shoulder surgery) and Glendon Rusch (who pitched better than his record shows for the Mets) offer hope for the future. In the meantime the Brewers might be better off with manager Davey Lopes and coaches Dave Stewart, Gary Matthews and Dave Collins playing on the field. The highlight for Milwaukeeans this summer will be the All-Star game.

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NATIONAL LEAGUE WEST

The **Giants** won 90 games and finished two games off the pace. But the season belonged to Barry Bonds, who may have had the best offensive season ever. In addition to hitting 73 homers, he set other records, with 177 walks (surpassing Babe Ruth's 1923 mark) and an .863 slugging percentage (breaking Ruth's 1920 standard). Bonds reached base 343 times and twice homered in six consecutive games. His .515 on-base percentage was the best in the National League in the modern era. He slugged an unbelievable .910 against right-handers. And he did it during a pennant race. When Larry Dierker told his Astros pitchers to stay away from Bonds in October, Barry refused to swing at bad pitches. Most amazing of all, he hit 37 homers in Pac Bell Park, the toughest park in the majors for a left-hander to homer in. In January, general manager Brian Sabean re-signed Bonds—who may be the best leftfielder of all time—to a five-year contract. San Francisco had two problem areas last year: right field (where Eric Davis and Shawon Dunston were too old) and third base (where Russ Davis and Pedro Feliz couldn't cut it). So Sabean traded Shawn Estes to the Mets for Tsuyoshi Shinjo and Desi Relaford, then swapped Relaford to the Mariners for third baseman David Bell. He signed Reggie Sanders (coming off a career-high 33 homers in Arizona) to play right. Shortstop Rich Aurilia had a magnificent season, hitting .324 with 37 homers, 97 ribbies and a league-high 206 hits. Aurilia and Jeff Kent are a muscular keystone combo. Livan Hernandez was supposed to be top dog on the staff, but he went 13–15. And Russ Ortiz (17–9, 3.29) had a career year. Kirk Rueter (14–12), Jason Schmidt (7–1, 3.39 in SF) and either Jay Witasick or Kurt Ainsworth fill a deep rotation. Closer Robb Nen struggled in May and June but still converted 45 of 52 save opportunities. Felix Rodriguez (9–1, 1.68, 32 holds) is the best setup man in the game. Unlike other teams, the Giants have to pay millions each year for their mortgage on privately funded Pac Bell Park, which obviously cuts into money available for free agents. But this season the division could belong to San Francisco.

The **Diamondbacks'** go-for-broke strategy paid off last year. In just their fourth season, Arizona won the World Series in an epic seven-game matchup against the Yankees. Twin aces Curt Schilling (22–6, 2.98) and Cy Young winner Randy Johnson (21–6, 2.49, 372 strikeouts) were first and second in the National League in innings pitched. The pair put together a 9–1 record in the postseason, with an ERA of 1.31 in 89⅔ innings. Arizona had the NL's best defense and a strong bench (led by David Dellucci and Erubiel Durazo) that tied a major league record with 14 pinch-hit home runs. Bob Brenly won't win the Cap Anson award for smartest manager

in baseball. Byung-Hyun Kim, the kid reliever who threw 98 innings during the 2001 regular season, had a 61-pitch outing in the World Series. And Brenly hauled him back out to pitch the next night. (Kim blew both games.) But Brenly knows how to motivate the old dudes. Luis Gonzalez, 34, had a career year, hitting .325 with 57 homers and 142 RBI. Mark Grace (38), Steve Finley (37) and Matt Williams (36) also had better-than-expected seasons. But Arizona will have a tough time repeating. Reggie Sanders went to Frisco, opening right field for Series hero Danny Bautista. General manager Joe Garagiola Jr. signed Rick Helling in the off-season to be his third starter, but Helling allowed an AL-high 256 hits, 124 earned runs and 38 homers with Texas last year. The franchise is overextended and the future doesn't look hot. Attendance fell for the third straight year. Arizona has plenty of old players and a weak farm system that doesn't offer much. Then there is the $120 million in deferred salaries that have to be paid in the next few years. Maybe Jerry Colangelo succeeded in establishing baseball in the desert, but the day will come when he'll have to reckon up. The D-backs finished only two games ahead of the Giants last year, and the Giants have improved since then. But you can't count out any team that has both Johnson and Schilling.

Strange to say, but the Dodgers overachieved in 2001. With Kevin Brown (19 starts), Andy Ashby (two starts) and Darren Dreifort (16 starts) ailing for much of the year, the team with the major league's third-highest payroll struggled to finish at 86–76, six games behind Arizona. The team showed moxie in doing so, but changes had to be made. In January the Dodgers traded Gary Sheffield to the Braves for Brian Jordan and pitcher Odalis Perez. In 526 games with Los Angeles, Sheffield hit .312 and drove in 367 runs. When he's healthy, 35-year-old Jordan is a gamer, but he won't hit like Sheffield. With eight starting pitchers this season—Ashby and Brown (both coming off elbow surgery), 28-year-old left-hander Kazuhisa Ishii ("the Japanese Randy Johnson"), Omar Daal, Eric Gagne, Perez, Hideo Nomo and Terry Mulholland—GM Dan Evans probably has a few deals up his sleeve. Since the team didn't pick up Jeff Shaw's option, the Dodgers need a closer. Matt Herges may be a stopgap. And with the second-worst pen in the National League, LA could use a few more guys in middle and long relief. (Paul Quantrill, who was acquired from Toronto for Luke Prokopec, will help.) Beyond a few big bats, there isn't a lot of slugging. Last year's surprise was Paul Lo Duca, a 30-year-old catcher-infielder who posted a .320 average with 25 homers. Shawn Green hit 49 home runs and drove in 125. Third baseman Adrian Beltre ought to bounce back from a year in which he had two abdominal surgeries. Jim Tracy is a very good manager. But he'll have to pull a rabbit out of his hat to get the Dodgers to the postseason.

General manager Kevin Towers has done a smooth job in rebuilding the Padres, stockpiling pitchers in the fashion of the Oakland A's. Towers picked up Brett Tomko from Seattle to go along with Kevin Jarvis, Brian Lawrence and Brian Tollberg. The Friars lost promising pitchers Adam Eaton and Kevin Walker for at least half the year with injuries, but there are still plenty of suitable candidates. Dennis Tankersley, Jake Peavy, Jason Middlebrook, Ben Howard and Mark Phillips could be heard from this year. The pen is also on the upswing. Trevor Hoffman remains one of the top closers in the game. Jeremy Fikac (1.37 in 23 appearances) held hitters to a .165 batting average. The Pads don't get a lot of hits or home runs, but they led the majors in walks. The defense was again the worst in the majors, but will be improved by the move of Phil Nevin (.306, 41 homers, 126 RBI) from third to first. Rookie of the Year candidate Sean Burroughs takes over at third and Ryan Klesko will move to right. Mark Kotsay is in center and Ray Lankford and Bubba Trammell will platoon in left. Ramon Vazquez—who was MVP of the Puerto Rican Winter League—should get the nod at shortstop. D'Angelo Jimenez (.276) moves from short to second, which relegates Damian Jackson to the bench. Wiki Gonzalez replaces Ben Davis behind the plate. After 16 lawsuits and a 16-month delay, the new stadium is on target to open in 2004. The Padres will be a contender by then, if not sooner.

Owner Jerry McMorris got it right when he said the Rockies "bet the farm last year and it didn't work out." After coughing up $172 million for starters Denny Neagle and Mike Hampton, McMorris expected Colorado to make it to the postseason. But he didn't get much bang for his buck, and the Rockies wound up with their second last-place finish in three years. Neagle (9–8, 5.38) was a bust and Hampton had a better year at the plate (7 HRs, .291, .582 slugging) than on the mound. Despite a strong start, he finished 14–13 (in his last 19 starts, he was 5–11, 7.37). As usual, Dealin' Dan O'Dowd was busy over the winter, but unlike in years past, he looked more to pare payroll than to improve the team. Saddled with $363 million in salary commitments to four players (Neagle, Hampton, Todd Helton and Larry Walker), the Rockies are downsizing for the first time in their 10-year history. They face an uphill climb, but all is not lost. Hampton can turn in a better season, and young hurlers Shawn Chacon, Jason Jennings and John Thomson looked good late last year. If they can avoid the Coors trauma unit, the Rox could have something to build on. As always, there's an abundance of offense, led by Walker (.350, 38 homers), who won his third batting title in four years, and Helton, who has 91 homers and 293 RBI the past two seasons. Juan Pierre tied with the Phillies' Jimmy Rollins for the league lead in stolen bases and defied the dreaded Coors effect, hitting nearly as well on the road as at altitude. Rookie shortstop Juan Uribe hit .300 in 72 games. Along with second baseman Jose Ortiz, he gives Colorado a strong keystone. Coors question: Will the mile-high stats keep Walker and Helton from Cooperstown?

"My parents let me watch violence as long as the people aren't nude!"

Statistical assistance provided by Stats, Inc.

Milla Jovovich

(continued from page 119)

7

PLAYBOY: What is the most useful way to get through a fashion shoot?

JOVOVICH: The best way to get through a fashion shoot is to have as few thoughts as possible. In the end, people want to make you look a certain way, and the more you fight the longer it takes to get there. I do what they ask me to. I'm professional. Fashion shoots for me are pretty much automatic. I do my job, I'm nice and polite, and then I go home. Modeling does nothing for anybody, artistically speaking, unless you're the photographer or the stylist. The models are the lowest rung in the fashion industry. They are the least creative. There are some models who really know style and bring their own style to a shoot, but they're few and far between. Modeling is quick money, easy money and good money. It's not that big a deal.

8

PLAYBOY: Did you enjoy being a girl?

JOVOVICH: Yeah, I had a great time. I think I had a pretty special childhood because there was a balance of good and bad magic. I had a lot of problems on a personal level, family things, but on the other hand I was working and understanding things. I was very creative, took lots of classes, played guitar. I was hanging out with my friends and being bad, doing all the things a teenager wants to do. Thank God I'm here to tell the story. I had a chance to have an adult lifestyle at an early age and at the same time express myself and be a kid. Now I'm 26 and my life is pretty stable. It's not like I'm 26, straight out of college and saying, "What am I going to do?" I've got a lot of plans. I have my company, I just bought a house and I'm paying attention to make other sensible investments. I like being in my mid-20s and being on top of everything and not confused and crazy.

9

PLAYBOY: How proficient were you in disguising your age? Have you had to actually lie about it?

JOVOVICH: When I was 15, 16 and 17 and going out to clubs, my friends and I had fake IDs that looked nothing like us because they were from wallets we would find in rest rooms. I don't think people really care that much. As long as you're young and beautiful, they're like, "Come on in."

10

PLAYBOY: You've cut a wide path through available guy talent. Apparently it does not take much to pique your interest, but what does it take to sustain it?

JOVOVICH: It's hard to say because none of my relationships have lasted. I've mostly been in relationships of the two-to-four-year type since I was 17. When guys first meet me, they're mystified by my independence. They like the fact that I'm young and pretty, have money and stability and don't need anything from them. They don't know what to do to get me. Then they start resenting the things they loved about me in the first place. It's, "You're always working," or "You have to cancel this trip," or "You didn't call." I hate the phone. I have two cell phones, but I don't know where one of them is. I check my answering machine once a week. I'm really the worst person if you're trying to call me. I'll say, "Let's just make a date right now to see each other because I don't like talking on the phone." So if you're my boyfriend you're not going to talk to me on the phone that much. Maybe once a day I'll call to ask how are you, to say I love you, bye. But I'm not into having major conversations on the phone. That pisses some people off. It's this possessiveness people have. I'm guilty of it myself, but most of the time I wish guys would give me more space. My days are filled—with research, reading, playing guitar, making business calls, going on auditions. It seems as soon as your professional life is great, your personal life is a disaster. As soon as your personal life is wonderful, you know you haven't been working. But my boyfriend right now is amazing. We've been going out for almost a year. I've had a lot of things that have been emotionally trying, and he's stuck with me. So I don't know, maybe he's the one.

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11

PLAYBOY: How do you protect a guy from feeling used?

JOVOVICH: I thought guys liked feeling used. I didn't know that was something you had to protect them from. Use me, baby, abuse me. Talk to me in a year, because I have to use this new information and see how it works.

12

PLAYBOY: Your ads for Donna Karan show you with Gary Oldman in Paris and Jeremy Irons in Vietnam. Can you explain?

JOVOVICH: We figured I would play an international, independent woman dating older, sophisticated men. I love them and leave them, then go to some exotic place with another one. At the end of the last shoot we did, I said the next one should be for Donna Karan maternity wear. I said, "Listen, she's going to look like a complete slut if she has a different guy on the next campaign." But they used another model anyway, so it's like the guy got a new girlfriend. I didn't know the relationship would end that way.

13

PLAYBOY: Where do you rank shoplifting on the spectrum of thrill seeking?

JOVOVICH: Pretty low. Free Winona!

14

PLAYBOY: Let's assume you've received a presidential pardon. What were your

worst offenses?
JOVOVICH: Not bad enough for a presidential pardon, that's for sure. I don't really have any vices. Actually, I just got back from skiing, and, like an idiot, I went on the moguls and wiped out so hard I can't do anything. I'm so mad. Why did I do that? I could be skiing right now. But no, I had to take a crazy risk.

15

PLAYBOY: Models want to become actors and actors want to become rock stars. Which of these vocations is the most wholesome?
JOVOVICH: The entertainment business isn't wholesome. It just isn't. Maybe the Olsen twins are wholesome, but they just hit puberty, so I don't know. You have to be competitive as an actor. It screws up your principles. Actors would be much nicer to each other if there weren't so much pressure from agents and managers. If you want a wholesome career, don't get into the entertainment business. There are too many temptations. Saying that, I don't know a business that is wholesome. Capitalism is unwholesome. It's not about loving your brother; it's about looking out for number one. That's the American lifestyle, and there's nothing wrong with it.

16

PLAYBOY: Which career is the riskiest?
JOVOVICH: Modeling, because there are no laws. It's something the government has passed over. There are no child laws regarding how long you can work, or whether you're being schooled. At least with acting, you have to have a teacher on the set. In Milan there are a lot of 14-year-old girls doing shows with 15-, 16- and 17-year-old girls who are experimenting with things that are dangerous. A lot of these girls are not with their parents and they're confused. They've dropped out of school and they're just naive little oysters waiting to be scooped up. Unfortunately, if your parents aren't around, or somebody who knows better, you'll get taken advantage of. In acting and music there are people behind the artists who got them to where they're disciplined enough. Modeling is not that way. The work is boring and it can take all day, but it's not hard. It's not mentally stimulating. It's like being a fifth grader in a first grade class. After a week, it gets really boring and you want something to challenge you. To be young, out of school, with no parents, a boring job—the only interesting part is after work when you go out to clubs and stuff. When I do a film, the work that goes into it is really difficult, so when I get home, all I want to do is sleep.

17

PLAYBOY: Are soccer hooligans part of the fun or a necessary evil?
JOVOVICH: Both. My boyfriend, who's English, says part of the experience of going to a soccer game is the violence. He says the difference between American football and English soccer is that football is a family sport and soccer isn't. Only crazy people take their children to English soccer games because everyone throws things at the opposing fans. One guy ended up with a dart in his head. It's not a family sport.

18

PLAYBOY: All the famous Ukrainians we know are figure skaters, weight lifters or gymnasts. How did you escape?
JOVOVICH: If my mother had been a ballerina or a figure skater, I would have been one, too. But my mother was an actress, and that inspired me when I was little. But trust me, if my mom had been a figure skater, I'd be the best figure skater in the world now.

19

PLAYBOY: What do you consider to be the worst interior design excesses of the rich and famous?
JOVOVICH: I'd have to say MTV's *Cribs*. There's something wrong with showing people your home, especially with the money these people make and the taste they have. To bring a TV crew to your home is kind of trashy. It makes people envious of you. I know I feel that way when I watch those shows, and I hate it. I thought Mariah Carey's lingerie closet was a bit much, but there are two couches in her house that are to die for.

20

PLAYBOY: You've described your character in *Resident Evil* as a hard-ass, and you've described yourself as a hard-ass. Do men ever get to see the soft side of Milla?
JOVOVICH: I'm a hard-ass when it comes to my work, and I'm not scared to take risks. On a social level, I'm not hard at all. Maybe with certain men, the ones who say, "Hey!" That kills me. Anyone who says hello by pointing a finger at me I will hate for life. There's no second chance.

"She says you'll remember her when you see her."

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BILL O'REILLY

(continued from page 68)

a needle in his arm when he's already under anesthetic and he's out in two minutes? I know which I'd take. Tim McVeigh was begging for the needle.

PLAYBOY: You have criticized the war on drugs. What's your objection to it?

O'REILLY: In its current form, it's a joke. Drugs are a health problem. If you're caught with drugs in your bloodstream when you do a crime, the judge should order you into mandatory, coerced drug rehab. They're doing it in 10 states. And not for 30 days, which doesn't work. It's got to be a year. Not only do you have to wean people off drugs, but you have to teach them how to read, you have to give them psychiatric help, teach them life skills, too. If you come back again, it's two years. If you come back a third time, it's three years.

PLAYBOY: Would you legalize or decriminalize marijuana?

O'REILLY: I'd decriminalize it. But if you leave your house and you're stoned, I'm going to fine the hell out of you and use the money for rehab. If you want to smoke pot in your house and be an idiot in front of your kids, go ahead.

PLAYBOY: Have you tried drugs?

O'REILLY: Never. I've never smoked a marijuana cigarette, never been drunk.

PLAYBOY: Weren't you curious?

O'REILLY: No. Because I always saw what they did to people around me. I was constantly having to take them to the hospital. They were always throwing up. Girls were sleeping with guys and the next day they were sobbing. Intoxication held no attraction for me. I was lucky, because there's a lot of alcoholism in my family.

PLAYBOY: Do you use alcohol socially?

O'REILLY: No. My mandate is to be totally sober every second so I can see and hear what's going on. I don't do anything that detaches my senses from the here and now. As a journalist, it's a tremendous advantage.

PLAYBOY: Fox News anchor Brit Hume told PLAYBOY that Fox is fair and balanced, echoing the network's slogan, but do you admit that its point of view is most often conservative?

O'REILLY: The main thing Roger Ailes created is a network that gives people voices you won't hear on the other networks. That said, the news portion of Fox, which runs from nine until five, is unbiased. Once the news analysis programs kick in, the dominant personalities are conservative. Sean Hannity is a knee-jerk right-winger. Hume isn't, though he certainly is conservative. I come in and try to give balance. You don't know what I'm going to say. No matter what you hear about me, I'm the guy who's fair. Everybody gets treated the same. Everybody gets asked the hard questions, whether Republican, Democrat, Clooney or Ashcroft. Nobody escapes. Do something stupid, no matter who you are, and I'll call it stupid. Do something noble and I will recognize that, too. As long as politicians and other public figures keep doing stupid things, I'll be in business. How long will politicians keep doing stupid things? I think I'll be around awhile, let's put it that way.

"If you're going to lie to me I can't represent you. I'll refer you to one of our junior partners."

BLACK VALOR

(continued from page 72)

vividly recounted a story that typifies his best and worst experiences with white soldiers. A two-star general visiting the hospital where McConnell was recovering passed all the beds and greeted each man. At McConnell's bed, the general said, "What's wrong with you, boy? Got the clap?" McConnell was too surprised and angry to respond, but a white 26th infantryman in the next bed said, "Hey, General, if he got it, he got it from your mother."

Solidarity among the races was growing. Popular white Captain David Williams II of the 761st A Company described himself as "a young punk out of Yale who changed as the action went along." He considered himself a "most unlikely candidate" for black troops. (Many all-black units were led by white officers.) "But I got my manhood with them," Williams told *The New York Times*. "These guys were better than heroes because they weren't supposed to be able to fight, and they were treated worse than lepers. I can tell you, it took a rare sort of character to go out there and do what they did. I used to ask myself, why the hell should these guys fight?" In 1997 a posthumous Medal of Honor went to A Company Staff Sergeant Ruben Rivers. Williams had first recommended him for it in 1944. (No Medals of Honor were awarded to blacks in World Wars I and II prior to 1997—even though they had won them in every war before and after. Seven Medals of Honor were awarded that year, the result of a mid-Eighties campaign by the military to recognize black military valor. The only living recipient, then-Lieutenant Vernon Baker, had first been recommended for the Medal in 1945. "I was an angry young man," Baker told interviewers when asked about military racism. "We were all angry. But we had a job to do and we did it.")

Despite the heroic exploits of black soldiers, die-hard racists at home were furious at the possibility of armed blacks fighting in an integrated Army. Consequently, blacks fought two different wars on two different fronts. Witness this letter written in December 1944 by Robert Byrd, future U.S. senator from West Virginia. "I am a typical American," Byrd wrote to Mississippi's notoriously racist Senator Theodore Bilbo, "a Southerner, and 27 years of age, and never in this world will I be convinced that race mixing in any field is good. I am loyal to my country and know but reverence to her flag, but I shall never submit to fight beneath that banner with a negro by my side. Rather I should die a thousand times, and see Old Glory trampled in the dirt never to rise again, than to see this beloved land of ours become degraded

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by race mongrels." Unlike the black soldiers with whom he would "never submit to fight," Byrd didn't serve in the military in World War II.

Meanwhile, the Battle of the Bulge marked a change in the military's attitude toward integration: It was now a matter of necessity. Following heavy casualties during the initial German assault in December 1944, black soldiers were asked to volunteer to reinforce the front lines. Although the plan was to insert individual black soldiers to fight in white units, blacks were ultimately kept in small groups with white platoon leaders and squad leaders. Still, it was a radical new plan.

Bruce Wright, an Army medic, was one of thousands to volunteer for duty in the Bulge. He had already earned a Purple Heart on Omaha Beach on D day, and in the aftermath of the Bulge he'd earn a second Purple Heart and a Bronze Star. At the front line he was called a nigger by a captain—a common experience for these pioneers. But in general, integration was successful. (Before the experiment, only 33 percent of white Army officers were in favor of integration. Afterward, 77 percent favored it.) Even as a decorated veteran after the war, Wright was exposed to bigotry. As he boarded a troop ship to go home wearing all his medals, he heard a white Navy officer say, "I didn't know that niggers were fighting." Wright turned around and went AWOL to Paris. Only lightly punished because of his combat record, he still came home to America in chains. (He later entered New York University Law School on the GI Bill and became a New York Supreme Court justice as well as an author and poet.) Every man in the integration experiment was a combat veteran, entitled to a trip home and a 30-day furlough before being sent back into combat. But as soon as the fighting stopped, men were returned to labor battalions scheduled for shipment to the Pacific. In 1998, five veterans of the experiment who had lobbied to have their ranks restored and combat service entered into their records were awarded Bronze Stars.

In 1948 President Harry Truman, a man of compassionate pragmatism, officially desegregated the U.S. military by executive order. However, the military wasn't truly desegregated until halfway through the Korean War. (While the new Air Force swiftly and quietly integrated its ranks, the Army tried dancing around the order with plans for "separate but equal" units.) In August 1950 Private First Class William H. Thompson of the segregated 24th Infantry became the first American to win the Medal of Honor in Korea. Honored posthumously, Thompson died at his machine gun. He had laid down covering fire

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until the last of his company had withdrawn, and until he was mortally wounded. Cited for actions in August 1950, he was not officially recommended for his Medal until January 1951. Thompson's commander had at first refused to submit the recommendation.

The next president to make major military changes was John F. Kennedy, who, like other younger World War II officers, believed segregation was both immoral and inefficient. Sweeping the last vestiges of organized racism out of the military, he insisted that commanders oppose discrimination against personnel and dependents both on and off base. Southern military bases in the early Sixties were often islands of integration in the midst of Jim Crow seas. And Vietnam became the first war since the Revolution that was integrated from the outset.

Things looked different in 1965. Then Captain John Cash, like Colin Powell and many other black officers, believed there was no better place for a confident young black man in America than in the military. According to Cash, military morale was "tremendous," and the racial atmosphere was "sweetness and light." There was only one color: Army green. "It was a great Army," Cash said. The Army that was great in race relations and morale was also great in idealism and courage. It all came together in 1965 at the Battle of Ia Drang, the first major confrontation of the war. The 1965 Army is called the "Kennedy Class" in Lieutenant Colonel Harold Moore and Joseph Galloway's account of Ia Drang, *We Were Soldiers Once . . . and Young*. Echoing Kennedy in his inaugural speech, the 1965 Army asked what it could do for its country. "John F. Kennedy waited for us on a hill in Arlington National Cemetery," wrote Moore and Galloway. "In time we came by the thousands to fill those slopes with our white marble markers and to ask on the murmur of the wind if that was truly the future he had envisioned for us." By 1968, after the assassinations of Martin Luther King Jr. and Robert Kennedy, the idealism was gone. American streets and Vietnam jungles weren't far apart; an unfair draft united them and drugs were ubiquitous in both locales. So were anger against racism and anger against the war. Military soul brothers insisted on being black, not green—though, as in all wars, there were as few racists in foxholes as there were atheists.

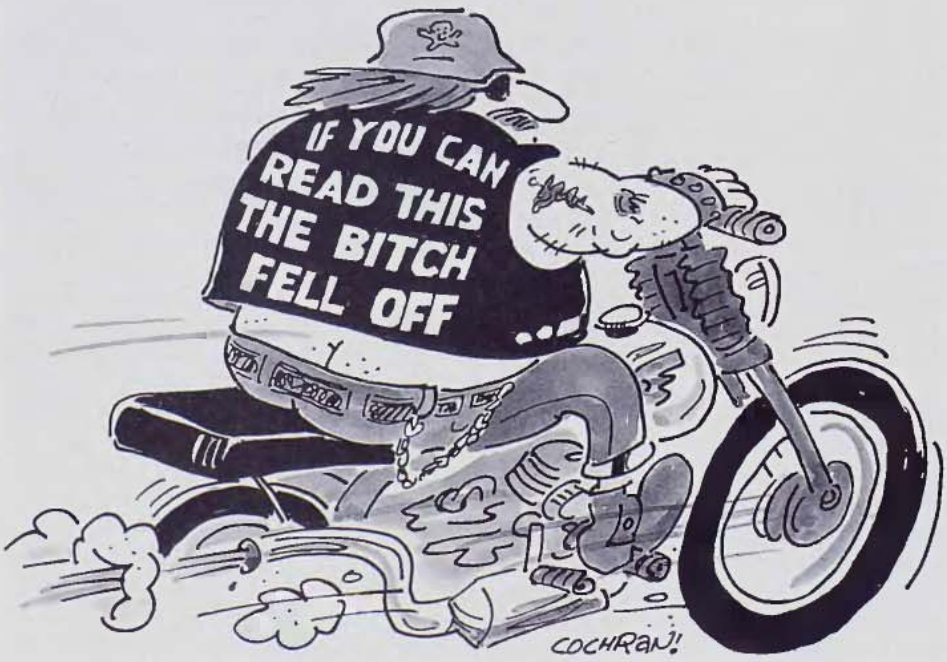
The new crop of Vietnam veterans was different from those of previous years. They were survivors of a problematic war and a disastrous defeat. Yet vets managed to seize personal victory from the jaws of defeat. Throughout 1965, George Brummell, then a young sergeant at base camp near Cu Chi, heard the sound of digging under U.S. positions—but his superiors ignored reports of what became the famed Cu Chi tunnels. In 1966 Brummell was blinded by an antitank mine. Grateful for both an understanding family and Army rehabilitation, today he is an officer of the Blinded Veterans' Association. Duery Felton, who was turned down by the Navy because of a heart murmur, joined the Army in 1967. After being seriously wounded, he returned home and eventually became curator of the Vietnam Veterans' Memorial Collection. Wayne Smith went to Vietnam as an Army medic in 1968. The former altar boy from Providence turned against the war and lost his faith but signed up for a second tour because he didn't want to leave the men. "Nobody wanted to die alone in Vietnam," he told me. "The men always said, 'Doc, stay with me.'" He is now the executive director of the Justice Project, a research and advocacy group for veterans.

After the war the Army itself said, "No more Vietnams." A young Kennedy Class Vietnam officer named Colin Powell was one of the men drafted to create the New Army—all-volunteer and race-and-gender neutral. Once the most racist public entity in America, the Army turned itself around in the Seventies and Eighties after the debacle of Vietnam. It called for people of all colors and both sexes to "Be all you can be." The poster person for the slogan was, of course, General Powell. Jimmy Carter appointed the first black secretary of the Army, Clifford Alexander, who opened the general officers' list to Colin Powell. Ronald Reagan made Powell the first black national security advisor, and George Bush made him the first black chairman of the Joint Chiefs. The story of Colin Powell, whose color is almost irrelevant to his fame, is crucial to the black military story. Powell himself said that he didn't believe in separating his race from his nationality. With Operation Desert Storm, the antidote to the Vietnam syndrome, the military came full circle. Powell was chairman of the Joint Chiefs, General Calvin Waller was second in command to General Norman Schwarzkopf, and the first American to down a Scud missile over Riyadh was a black woman, Lieutenant Phoebe Jeter.

Black Americans have fought in Afghanistan, and blacks have died. These days, though, it is not the color of their skin that is significant, only the tragedy of their loss. The images from halfway around the world of black and white men and women are not censored. The names of our black heroes are no longer banished.

In January, when an American KC-130 refueling plane crashed in Pakistan, Sergeant Jeannette Winters of Gary, Indiana was one of seven Marines on board. She was the first servicewoman to die in the war. Her story was reported throughout the nation not because she was black or a woman, but because she had died for her country.

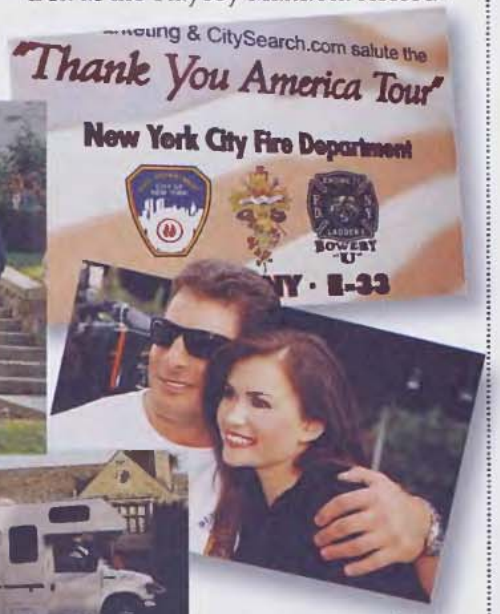
It's important not to dwell on past evils to the exclusion of celebrating how they were overcome. Black military history is a success story because it produced from its ranks so many successful men and women, all of whom believed that real patriotism has only one race. In fighting their country's enemies at home and abroad, they were also fighting for their country to be true to its own best promise. Their stories are as important for white Americans as blacks. This is not just the black view of history—this is the completed view.



PLAYMATE NEWS

THANK YOU, AMERICA

On November 11, six New York firefighters from Engine 33, Ladder 9 kicked off a cross-country bicycle trip to honor the 10 members of their company who died on September 11. Dan Rowan, Ralph Perricelli, Drew Robb, Matthew Hornung, Salvatore Princiotta and Gerard Dolan wanted to thank Americans for their support. They started at ground zero, cruised through such cities as Philadelphia, Memphis, Oklahoma City, Albuquerque and Phoenix and finished their trek at the Playboy Mansion. According to a journal entry written by Perricelli, "Every corner we turn, we have support. It could be 200 people outside a diner or a mom and her kids waving flags on the side of the road. We are trying to thank every last person." "The planning and realization of this bike ride—as if the guys hadn't already done enough—made a big impression on me," says Miss January 1996 Victoria Fuller, who greeted the firefighters at the Mansion. For more information, go to fdnythanksamerica.citysearch.com.



New York City firefighters stopped by Hef's crib to mingle with Playmates Lauren Michelle Hill and Victoria Fuller.

35 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

On her Playmate Data Sheet, Miss May 1967 Anne Randall said she was studying drama at San Francisco City College and that her ambition was to become an actress. After her Centerfold debuted, she quit her job as a receptionist and hit the audition circuit, landing roles on such television shows as *The Monkees*, *Cannon*, *Barnaby Jones* and *Hee Haw*. Anne's relationship with Mr. Playboy is still solid; Hef threw a 25th anniversary party at the Mansion for Anne and her husband, singer Dick Stewart.

Anne Randall.

SCRAMBLED LEGS

Everyone knows that Lisa Dergan is a consummate golfer, so it was only natural that she was chosen as the spokeswoman for the Playboy Scramble Golf Tournament in Las Vegas. After a party at Shadow in Caesars Palace, Lisa (whose handicap is 18) and 25 of her Playmate pals joined hundreds of golfers on the links. A portion of the proceeds will benefit Athletes and Entertainers for Education. "It was three days of golf, fun and Centerfolds," Lisa says. Clockwise from left: Lisa (center) and the pink ladies on the green; Vanessa Gleason, Neferteri Shepherd and Shannon Stewart shore o cart; all dolled up; Julie Cialini with a lucky dude; Shannon, Ava Fabian and Elan Carter; Nicole Wood swings; Lisa on the cover of *Orange County Golf*.

PLAYMATE NEWS

My Favorite Playmates By Wayne Brady

I have a couple of favorites: Marilyn Monroe, because she was the icon of beauty before you had to be 96 pounds, and Jenny McCarthy, who is one of the only women out there who isn't afraid to look stupid. She has a great sense of humor and she plays just like a boy.

HAVE A HEART

"When I was a baby, my father was killed during World War II," says Victoria Valentino. "I never knew him. His name was Jim Bartlett. He was awarded a Purple Heart for military merit. My mother held on to it throughout my childhood. It was passed on to me, but I let my aunt, his sister, have it because she had nothing of his that was tangible. When she died, we looked for the Purple Heart but could not find it. One day, PLAYBOY called and asked if I wanted to be the Playmate recipient of a Public Service Award from the Veterans Administration. As you know, Playmates do a lot for vets, such as honoring them in parades and visiting them in hospitals. I've always loved to participate. I wanted to hold my father's Purple Heart in the award photo, but we still couldn't find it. Later that same day, I received a package in the mail from my cousin. It was a packet of letters from my dad to his mother, including one he wrote just before he shipped out. It also contained his journal as well as the Purple Heart. I couldn't believe it. The award is hard to see in this photo, but I'm proud to be holding it."

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS

May 4: Miss January 1998
Heather Kozar
May 8: Miss October 1971
Claire Rambeau
May 14: Miss September 1982
Connie Brighton
May 23: Miss February 1997
Kimber West
May 28: Miss October 1960
Kathy Douglas

AROUND THE WORLD WITH ANNA-MARIE

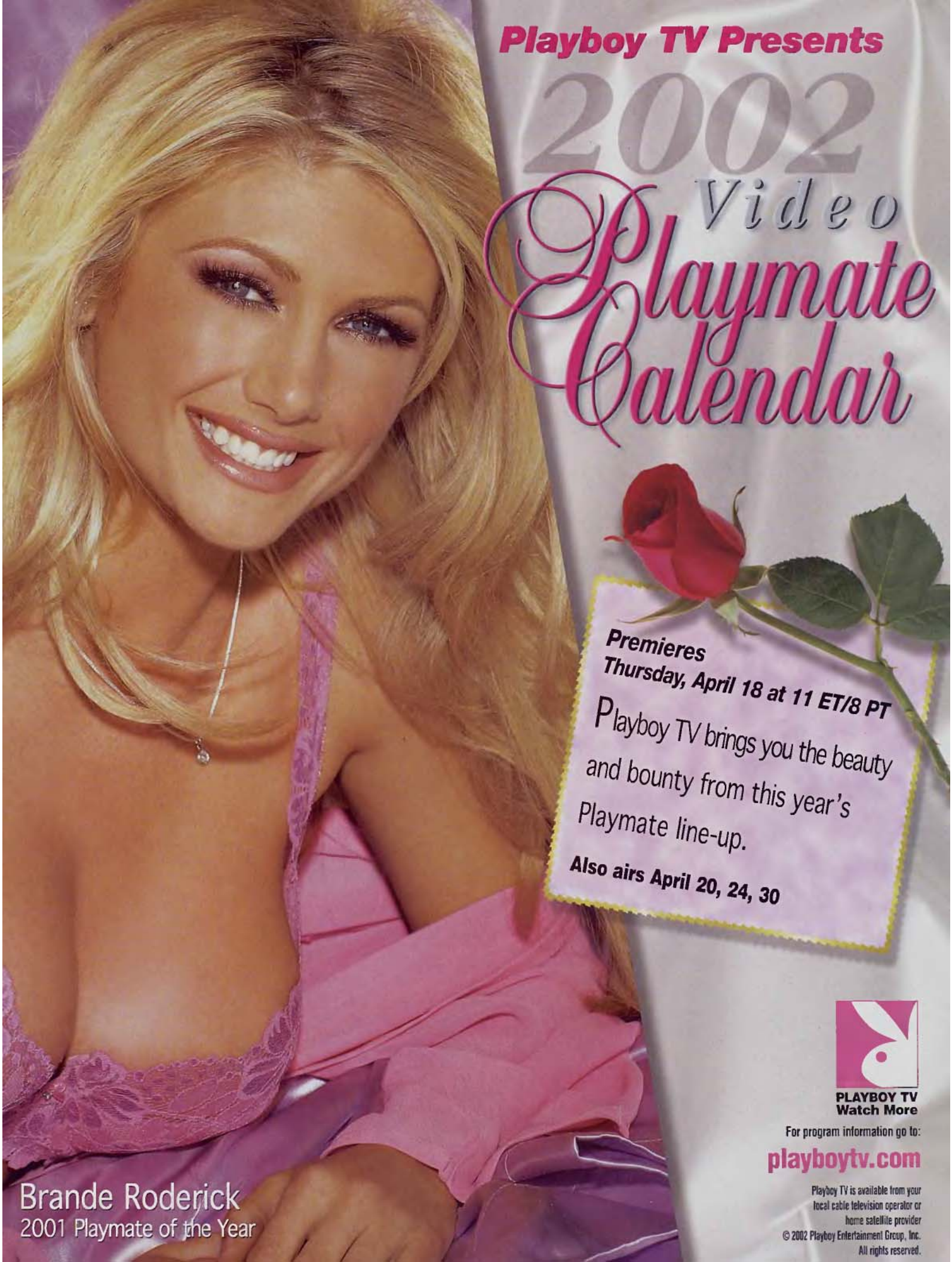
"My career is rocking," reports Miss January 1994 Anna-Marie Goddard. "I'm in the new Dana Carvey movie, *Master of Disguise*, and I play a henchman in the next *Austin Powers* movie." Clockwise from left: her *Playboy Netherlands* cover; Anna-Marie wigs out; chef's night out; streaking; a Kirin commercial with Ben Stiller.

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Operation Playmate online has received more than 5000 e-mails since its launch in November, 2001. **Vanessa Gleason, Stephanie Heinrich** and **Neferteri Shepherd** (pictured) dressed as military Bunnies to help promote the service. . . . **Bebe Buell's** *New York Times* best-selling autobiography, *Rebel Heart*, will be released in paperback this summer. . . . Look for **Nikki Ziering** in the next *Austin Powers* flick. . . . **Shanna Moakler** and **Nicole Lenz** appear in the new **Elton John** video for *This Train Don't Stop There Any More*, which stars **'N Sync's Justin Timberlake** as a young Elton. Shanna portrays **Dorothy Stratten** in a Hollywood party scene. Also, keep your eyes open for Shanna's swimsuit poster, in stores soon. . . . **Jami Ferrell** and **Victoria Fuller** hawk with **Hef** in a print ad for Tanqueray. . . . **Jennifer Walcott** shows up in the independent film *Nantucket*, starring **Melissa Joan Hart**. . . . **Danelle Folta** and other members of the **Playboy X-Treme Team** raced on water walkers from the San Francisco coast to Alcatraz on the show *Ripley's Believe It or Not*. . . . **Brande Roderick** plays Tanya, the second female lead, in *Dracula: Resurrection*. . . . Don't miss **Lisa Dergan** (below) as the scorekeeper on *Smush*, the USA Network's game show hosted by **Ken Ober** of MTV's *Remote Control* fame. Play online at usanetwork.com.

Military Bunnies salute.

Smush stars Ken and Lisa.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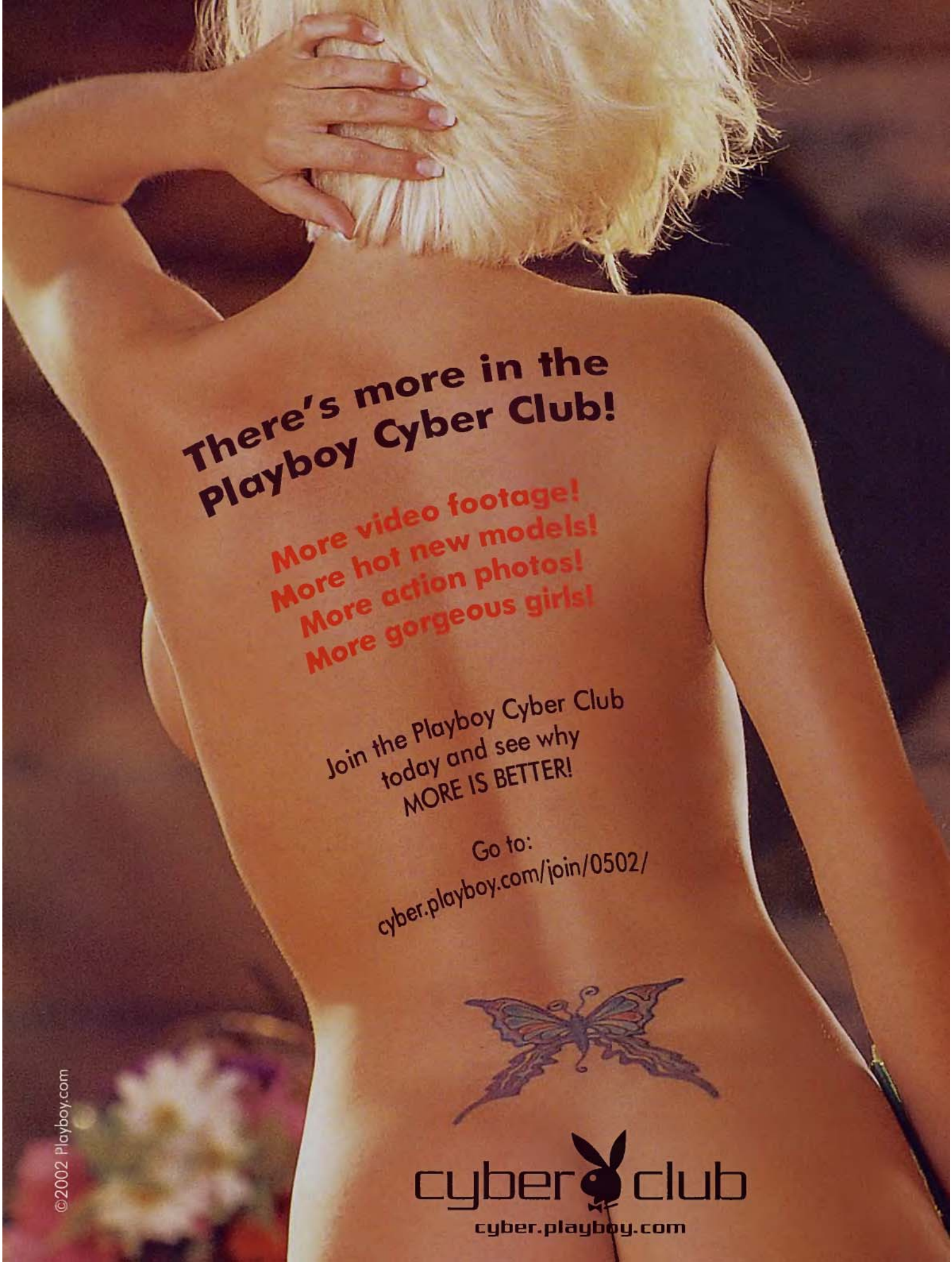
Brande Roderick
2001 Playmate of the Year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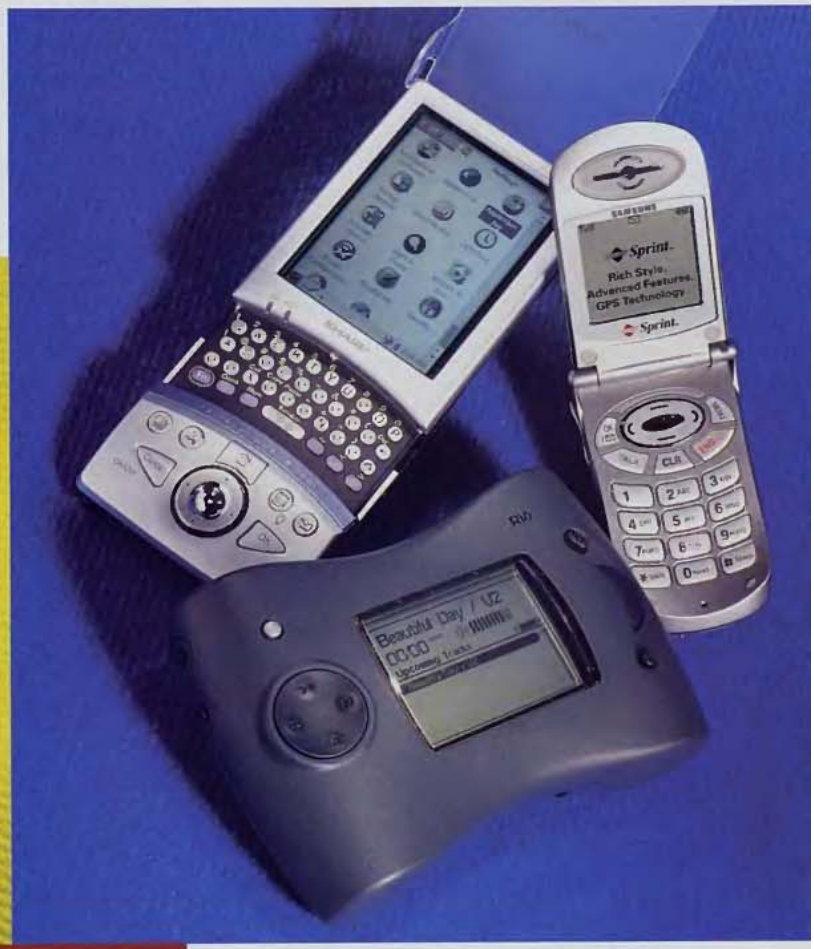
PLAYBOY on the scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

ELECTRONICS 2002 AT LAST

For techno junkies like us the International Consumer Electronics Show is torture. Every year we compile a wish list of the best electronics from the convention's 2000 exhibit booths. Then we're stuck waiting months for that digital camera to hit the stores while we use an antique that seemed state-of-the-art a minute ago. So we've learned to be patient. But here's the plan. Right away we're upgrading from our current MP3 player to Sonicblue's Rio Riot. Its 20GB hard drive holds 5000 songs (roughly 400 CDs) that can be sorted into folders for easy navigation. Plus, it has an FM tuner. We know we want Panasonic's SV-AV10—even if we aren't sure what to call it. Using a 64MB SD memory card, the SV-AV10 can play digital music and record 30 minutes of video or 880 images that can be played back on its two-inch LCD screen. Once we start carrying Samsung's SPH-A400 mobile phone, we'll have two options when we're lost: Call for directions or use the telephone's GPS function. If you still have a hard time writing on a PDA, opt for Sharp's Zaurus SL-5500. It has a hidden keyboard, 206MHz processor and 64MB memory. —JASON BUHRMESTER



Top right: When it's detached from its USB-port docking station, Creative's PC-CAM 600 operates as a 1.3 megapixel digital camera ($150). Bottom right is Panasonic's SV-AV10, a digital video/audio recorder with an LCD screen ($450).

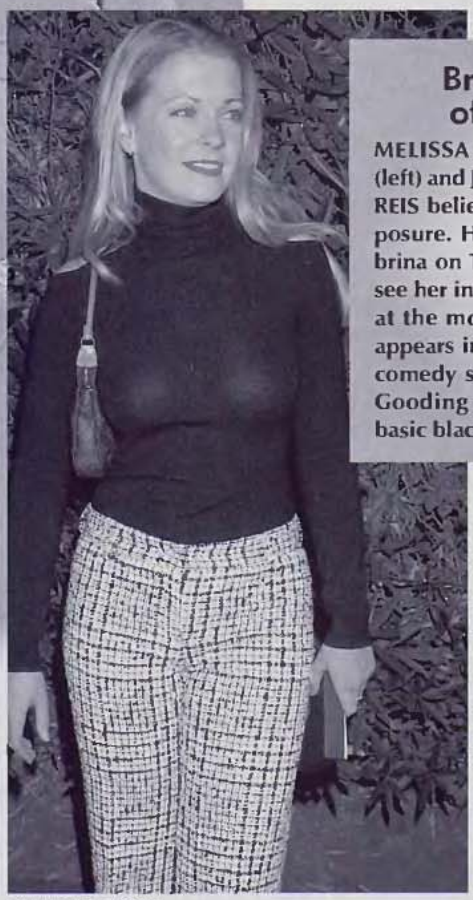
Above: Sharp's Zaurus SL-5500 has a hidden keyboard in case you're not proficient at writing on a PDA ($550). The GPS chip in Samsung's SPH-A400 phone provides location-based services such as directions and traffic updates ($200). Use the handy scroll wheel on Sonicblue's Rio Riot MP3 player to navigate through the 5000 songs stored in memory ($400). Left: Motorola's DCP500 will cut your stereo space to one shelf. It's a home theater receiver with a DVD and CD player and a digital cable receiver ($1000).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

Grapevine

A Sight for Sore Eyes

We hope this fashion trend lasts forever. **JULIETTE LEWIS** has three new movies this year—*Hysterical Blindness*, *Enough* and *Old School*. At the launch of *Crush* magazine, Juliette gave partygoers more than enough.



Breast of All

MELISSA JOAN HART (left) and **JENNIFER GAREIS** believe in full exposure. Hart plays Sabrina on TV, and you'll see her in *Rent Control* at the movies. Gareis appears in *Boat Trip*, a comedy starring Cuba Gooding Jr. Here's to basic black.

Hello Holly

HOLLY MADISON is a Hooters calendar girl and a Hawaiian Tropic model and has appeared on the E channel's *Wild On* series. Here her lingerie takes center stage.

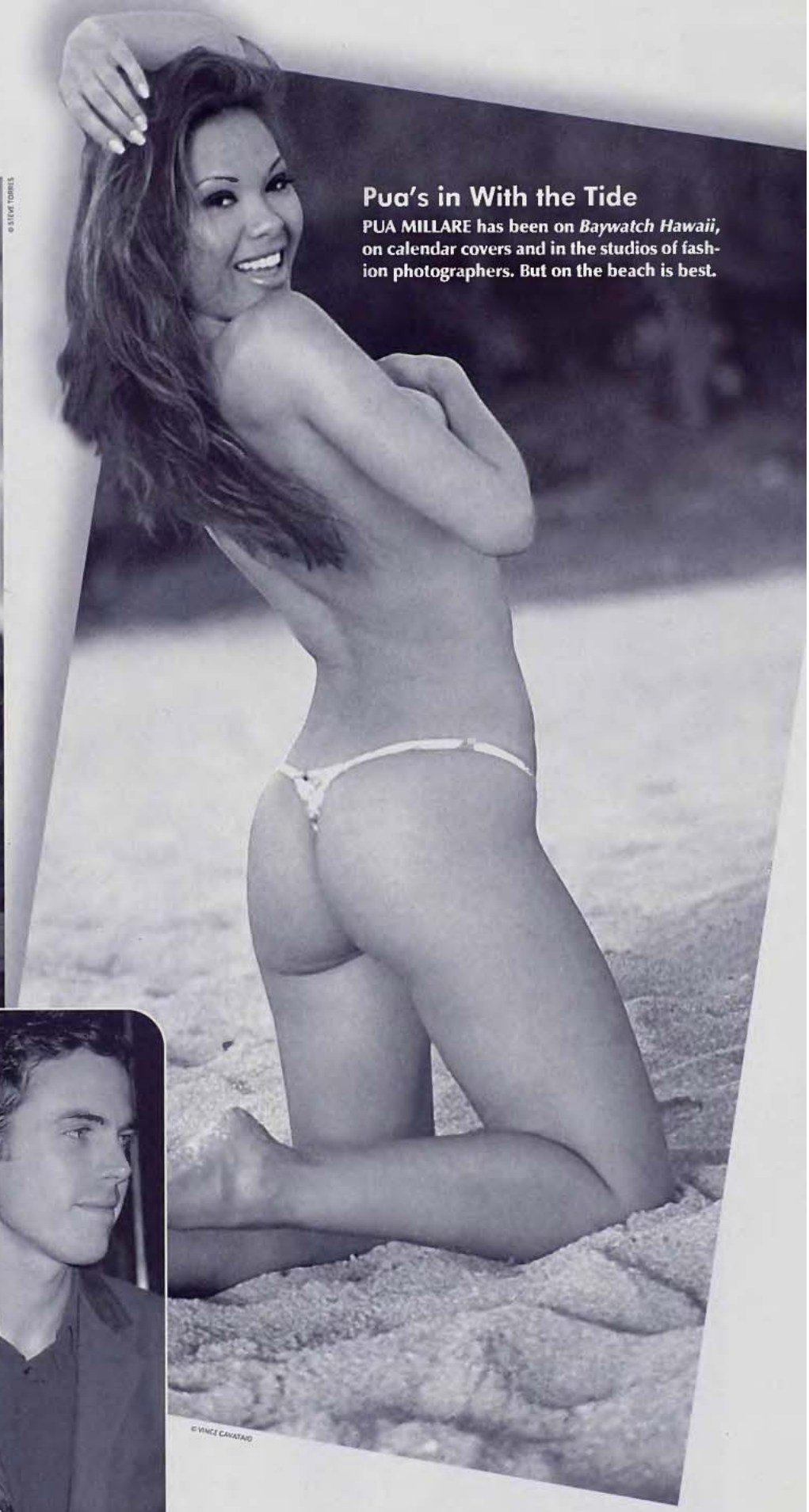
Yvette Suits Up

Model and Miller Beer ad girl YVETTE RACHELLE has an official website, yvetterachelle.com, which is ranked third among those of Net models worldwide. We'll drink to that.

© STEVE TORRES

Pua's in With the Tide

PUA MILLARE has been on *Baywatch Hawaii*, on calendar covers and in the studios of fashion photographers. But on the beach is best.



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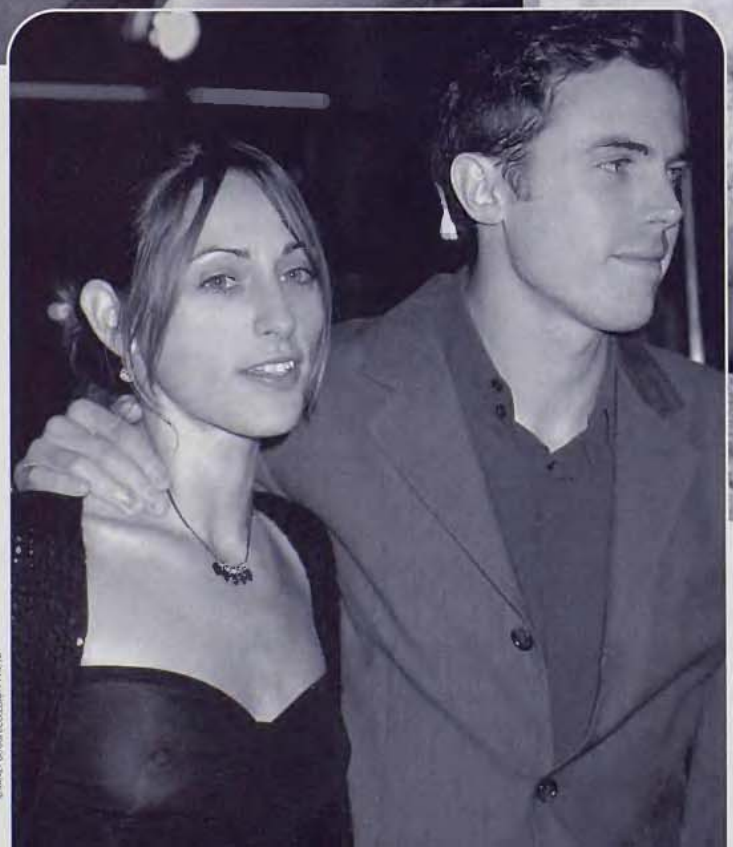

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Casey Hits a Home Run

SUMMER PHOENIX, sister of Joaquin and River, and CASEY AFFLECK, brother of Ben, are dating, and each has a thriving movie and TV career. Look for Casey in *Gerry* with Matt Damon, and Summer playing Samantha in *Wasted*, an MTV movie about addiction.

LET'S GET SHAGGED

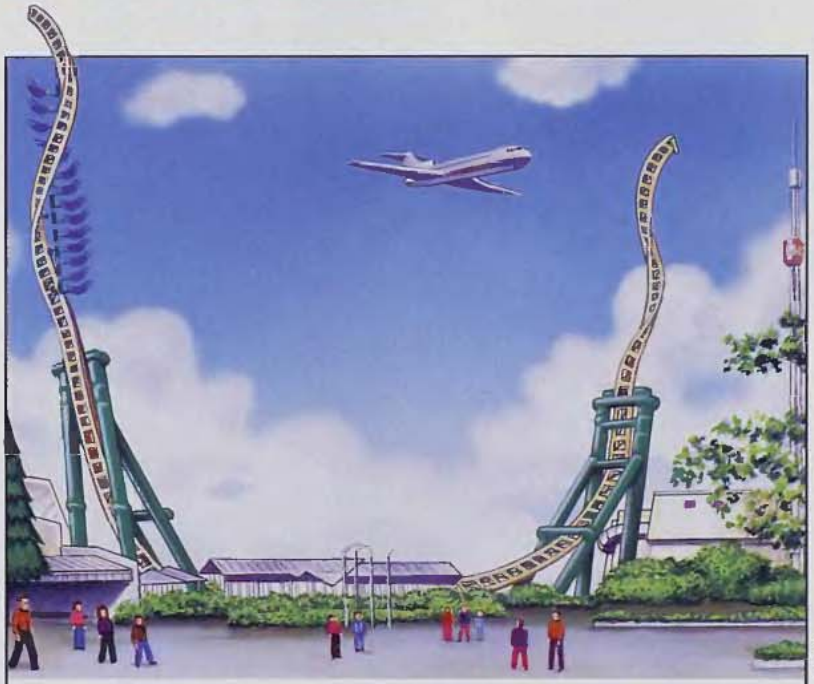
You won't find *Shag Party* on Martha Stewart's bookshelf. Adam Rocke and pop artist Shag (a.k.a. Josh Agle) have created a collection of eight Fifties-themed parties such as Bongo Beat Bash and Seduction for Two. The book's "cocktails and appetizers to seduce and entertain" include a kool kat cooler, Kerouac's hummus and Rotarian rumaki. Our favorites: a mondo martini accompanied by last-dance cheese dip. Price: $12.95. Surrey Books is the publisher.

BLOOMING LOVELY

Can't decide whether to give your girlfriend flowers or lingerie? Go to sexyflorist.com and get the best of both worlds. The store specializes in bouquets of imported silk flowers that come with G-string panties or thongs tucked into each one. "You select the kinds of flowers your lover likes and the type of lingerie you want her to wear, and we make the fantasy come true," says sales manager Amy Le Nguyen. A bouquet of three flowers is $60. A half dozen costs $90 and a dozen is $150. Sexyflorist.com also sells bikini briefs and thongs for guys. Animal-print briefs and camouflage thongs are popular choices.

STRONG AND STRONGER

Jim Koch, founder of the Boston Beer Co., is one tough brewmaster. Two years ago he proclaimed Samuel Adams Millennium "the world's strongest beer." Now he's gone one better and introduced 48 proof Utopias MMII, an ale aged for a year in scotch, cognac and port barrels. The result is a fruity beverage that's as rich as port. Drink it at room temperature after dinner as you would a liqueur. It's bottled in a replica of a brewmaster's kettle (below). Price: $100 each.

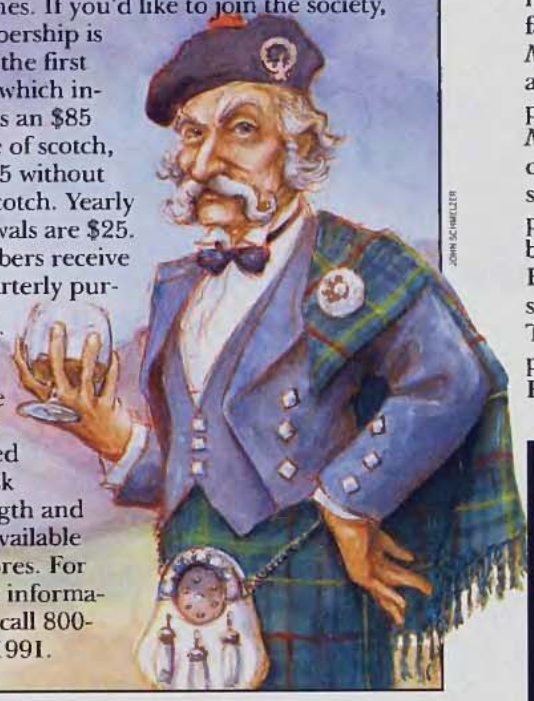


TWIST AND SHOUT

Wicked Twister isn't for the faint of heart. The newest roller coaster at Cedar Point amusement park in Sandusky, Ohio launches its passengers forward and up a 215-foot twisted steel tower before the cars streak back down the structure and into the station. Then riders are launched backward up an identical tower for more "air time" (that feeling of floating that serious coasterians crave). Five trips (three forward and two backward) complete the ride. The Wicked Twister experience comes with bragging rights: You hit 72 mph in two and a half seconds. Go to cedar point.com for the park's location and hours.

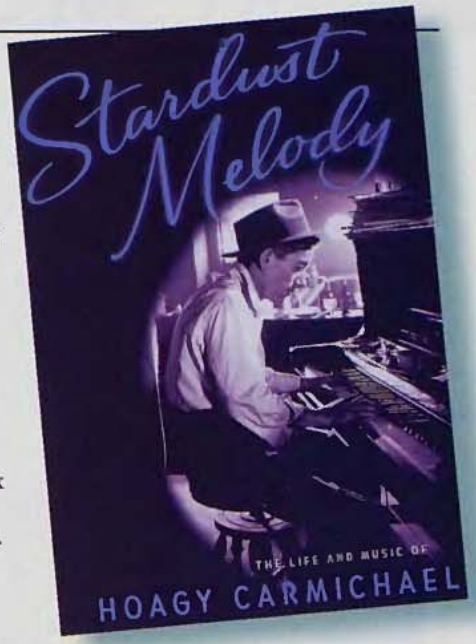
HAVE A WEE DRAM, LADDIE

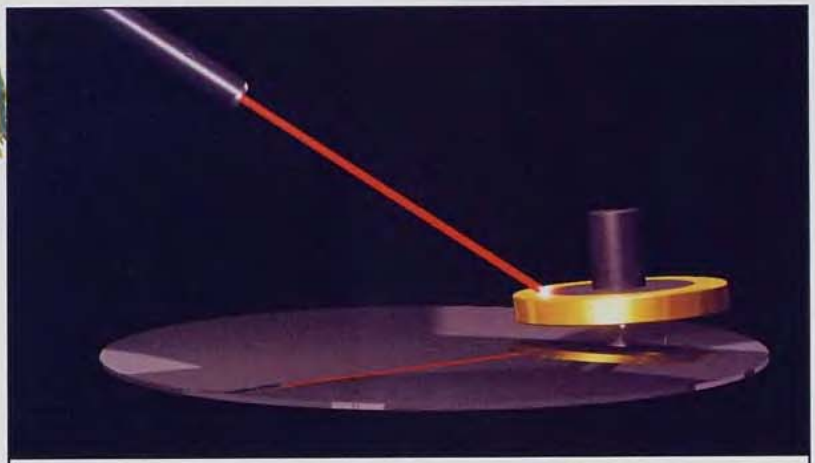
The Scotch Malt Whisky Society of America has just announced the cities for its tastings of some of the world's finest scotches. If you'd like to join the society, membership is $149 the first year, which includes an $85 bottle of scotch, or $75 without the scotch. Yearly renewals are $25. Members receive a quarterly purchase list of fine single malts bottled at cask strength and not available in stores. For more information, call 800-990-1991.



MR. STARDUSTER

In *Casino Royale*, Ian Fleming says of James Bond, "He reminds me rather of Hoagy Carmichael." That's just one curious fact in Richard Sudhalter's fascinating biography *Stardust Melody*, which explores the life and music of the man who composed *Stardust*, *Georgia on My Mind*, *Skylark* and many other classics. Besides being a gifted songwriter, Carmichael appeared in films, recorded with big-band greats and counted Bix Beiderbecke and Louis Armstrong among his closest friends. Truly an American icon. The price: $35. Oxford University Press is the publisher.





TOP OF THE WORLD

If you want to win bar bets galore, invest in the Quark spinning top and bet you can make it revolve for 15 minutes with just a twist of two fingers. What those betting against you won't know is that the Quark comes with a glass surface for spinning, leveling shims, balancing weights and a laser beam gizmo for additional precision. Price: $49.95 in brass or $149.95 in tungsten. Visit miclog.com or call 201-447-6991 to order.

GENTLEMEN, START YOUR VCRS

The cars that compete today at the Indianapolis 500 are so sophisticated that one tends to forget the sport's raw roots. To experience Indy's roadster era (from the Thirties through 1964), order a two-volume set of videotapes from Rare Sportsfilms. All footage is in black-and-white, and much of it has never been available before. Price: $44.95. Call 630-527-8890 or go to raresportsfilms.com.

OUR FAVORITE BUNNY

Glamour photographer Bunny Yeager has been a contributor to PLAYBOY almost since the first issue. Her last feature in the magazine, *Bunny's Honeys*, appeared in May 1994. "I am always searching for that special girl who could be accepted as a Playmate," says Bunny. Now you can reacquaint yourself with some of her most beautiful models, such as Bettie Page (right), in *Bunny Yeager's Pin-Up Girls of the Fifties*. The $24.95 Schiffer softcover is available from 610-593-1777. The book's text is by Bunny, too.

Next Month

PMOY

POSSIBILITY OF LOVE

FAA

PRIME-TIME PLAYMATES

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR—IT'S TIME FOR OUR 2001 PMOY, **BRANDE RODERICK,** TO HAND DOWN HER TITLE AND BESTOW PLAYBOY'S HIGHEST HONOR. WHO WILL TAKE THE COVETED CROWN? ANOTHER HISTORIC PICTORIAL

AIR SICK—THE FEDERAL AVIATION ADMINISTRATION HAS LET THE AIRLINES WRITE THE RULES. IT HAS DOWNPLAYED PROBLEMS IN TRAINING, MAINTENANCE AND ENGINEERING. WORRIED ABOUT SECURITY? ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT TO READ THIS? BY **BRIAN KAREM**

CURT SCHILLING—THE WORLD SERIES HERO AND DEEP THINKER DISCUSSES PITCHING TO DEREK JETER (BUST HIM INSIDE), PLAYING PRANKS ON ROOKIES (PINE TAR, YES; URINE, NO) AND SEX IN THE MINORS (TRY TO GET A ROOM IN A HOUSE WITH FIVE COEDS). A FASTBALL INTERVIEW BY **KEVIN COOK**

BUILDING A BETTER BATTLE—WAR MOVIES AND COMBAT VIDEO GAMES HAVE BECOME SO REALISTIC THAT THEY'RE NOW USED TO TRAIN REAL SOLDIERS AND MARINES. HERE IS THE TRUE STORY BEHIND THE MAKE-BELIEVE MAYHEM. BY **OWEN WEST**

OSCAR DE LA HOYA—BOXING'S GOLDEN BOY TAKES A SHOT AT 20Q. INCLUDED: BEING A LATINO ROLE MODEL, HOW TO WIN A BAR BRAWL, WHY IT'S GREAT TO CRACK SOMEONE IN THE FACE AND WHY HE WOULD NEVER WANT TO SCRAP WITH A WOMAN. **ROBERT CRANE** IS OUR MAN IN THE RING

HAVANA HEARTBREAK—HEMINGWAY, CHE GUEVARA AND CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS WOULD AGREE ON ONE THING: CUBA BOASTS THE WORLD'S MOST EXTRAORDINARY WOMEN. **A.J. BENZA** HOPS A PLANE TO HAVANA TO TRY HIS LUCK WITH THE LOCALS

A POSSIBILITY OF LOVE—SARA WAS AN ARTIST. LINDSEY WAS A STALKER. BRIDGET WAS PRIM. EVERY EX-GIRLFRIEND TAUGHT HIM SOMETHING. BY THE TIME HE MET LIZA, YOU WOULD THINK HE'D KNOW HOW TO MAKE IT WORK. FICTION BY **ETHAN HAUSER**

PRIME-TIME PLAYMATES—YOUR FAVORITE CENTERFOLDS ARE ALL OVER THE AIR—FROM *FEAR FACTOR* AND *THE WEAKEST LINK* TO A SPORTS SHOW ON FOX. NETWORK TV WOULD NEVER SHOW THEM NUDE—BUT WE CAN

CALL OF THE WILD—WHEN YOU'RE A ROCK STAR, STYLE IS AS KEY AS GROUPIES. WE DRESSED **TANTRIC** AND JAZZ GUY **CHRIS BOTTI** IN THE COOLEST STAGE GEAR. PENNY LANE AND THE BAND AIDS WOULD BE PROUD

DADS AND GRADS—KICK-ASS GIFTS FOR GUYS WHO HAVE EVERYTHING—GOLF CLUBS, A POCKETKNIFE, CIGARS, SUNGLASSES, A CAMCORDER AND MORE

PLUS: EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT DIRT-BOARDING, THE BEST PORN DOCUMENTARIES (ACCOMPANIED BY AN A-TO-Z GUIDE TO PORNSPEAK), COOL PLACES TO SHACK UP AND PLAYMATE **MICHELE ROGERS**